★ Mar. 16, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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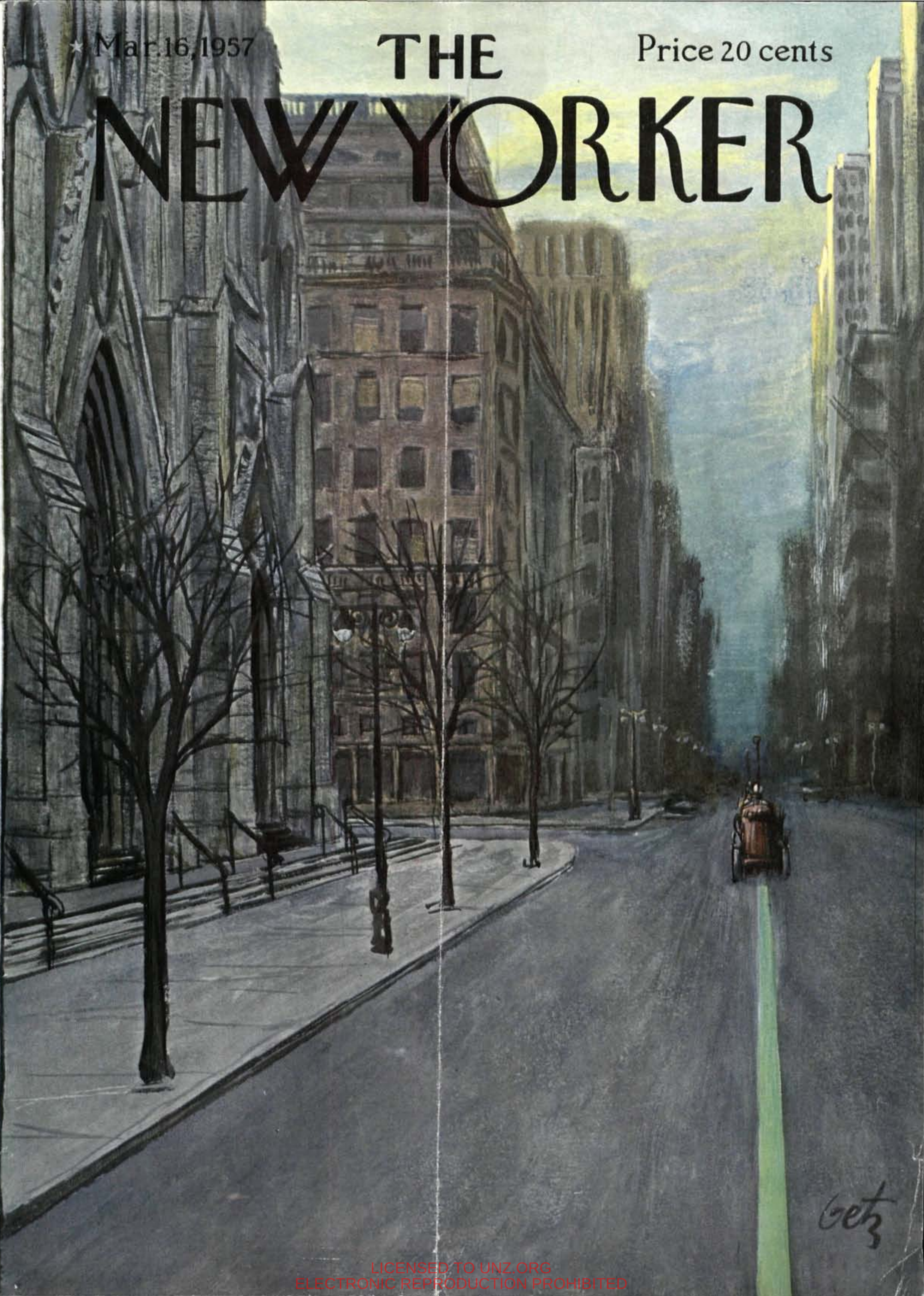

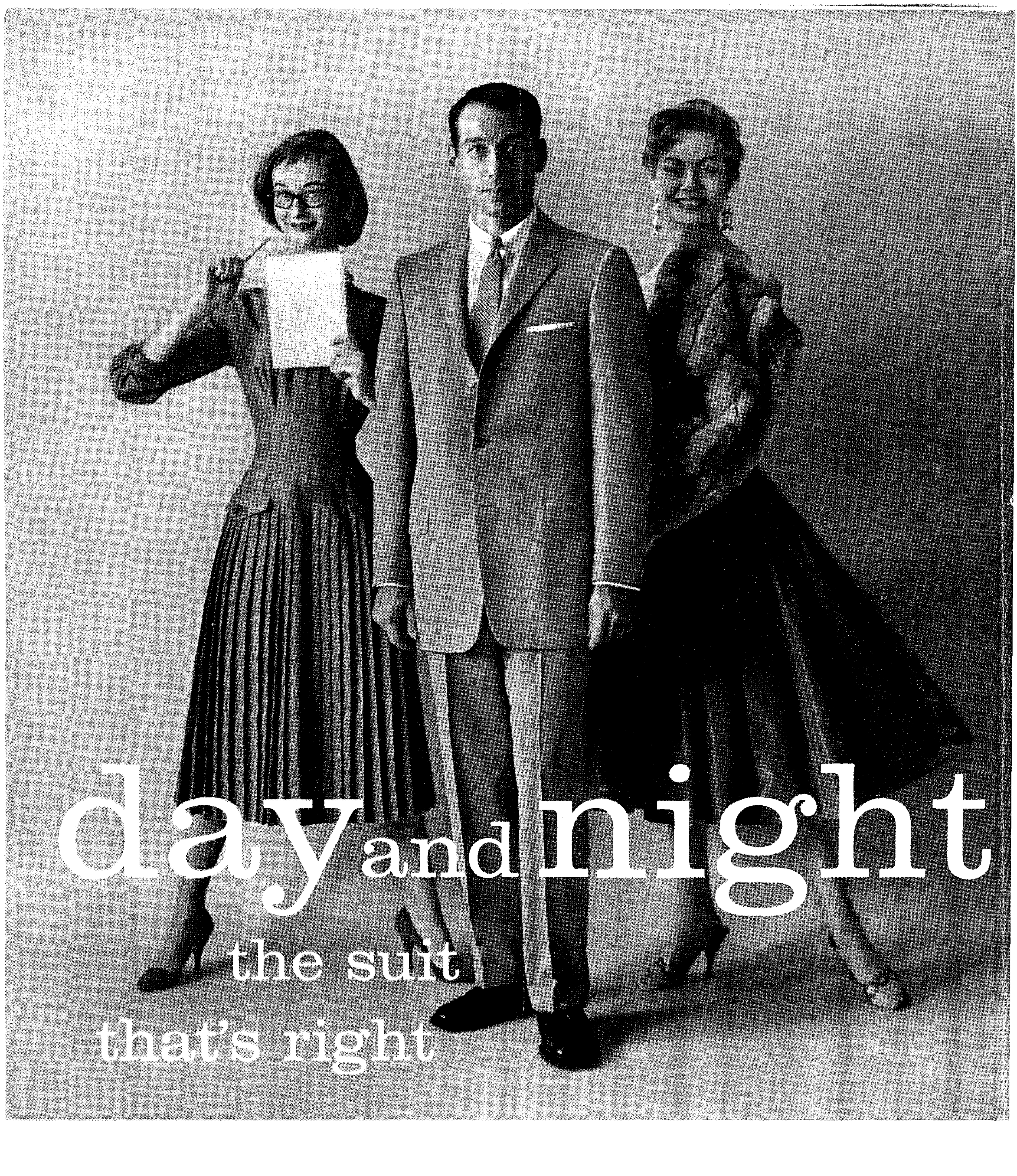

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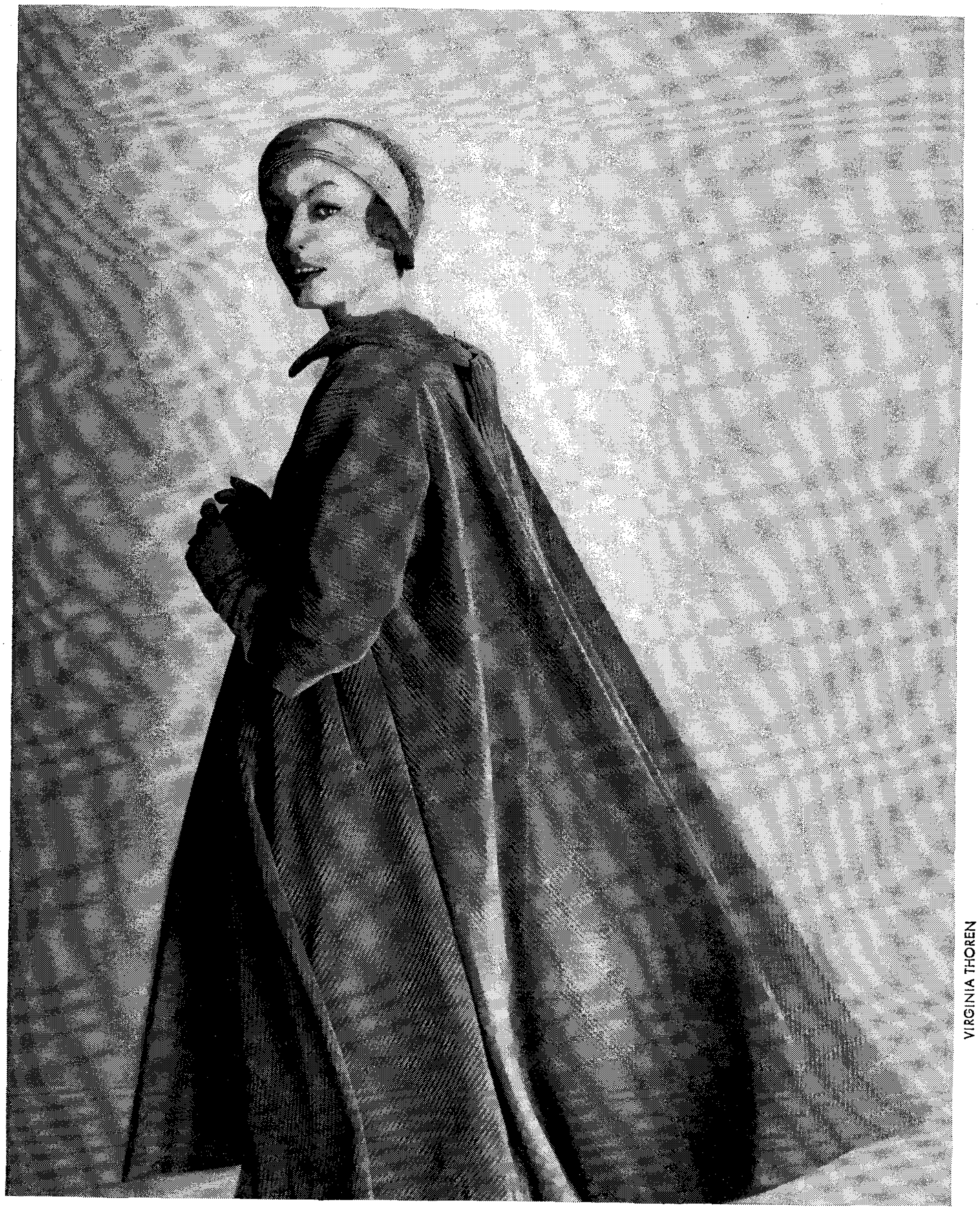

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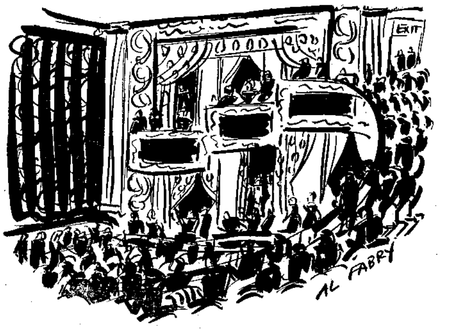

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Anyone who delights in comedies about bizarre relatives will probably like this adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. For those who may conceivably find themselves dismayed by so much cuteness, there is always Rosalind Russell, who is enchanting in the title role. The cast includes Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of a novel about the Biddles of Philadelphia, which he wrote with one of them, is occasionally funny but generally pretty laborious. Walter Pidgeon plays the freewheeling hero, and among his assistants are Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Hidden River—This is a play dealing with every man's political responsibility, and it makes its point. Ruth and Augustus Goetz adapted Storm Jameson's novel, and their admirable cast includes Dennis King, Robert Preston, and Lili Darvas. Robert Lewis is the director, and the Gallic interior was designed by Stewart Chaney. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 16.)

A Hole in the Head—Paul Douglas is fine as a good-natured slob in Arnold Schulman's rather dull and inconclusive play, and there are other admirable performances by David Burns, Kay Medford, Joyce Van Patten, Lee Grant, and Tommy White. Garson Kanin directed, and Boris Aronson designed the apposite set. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Holiday for Lovers—Ronald Alexander's sentimental travelogue is for the most part just a tedious oddity. Don Ameche, Carmen Mathews, Audrey Christie, and George Mathews are among those who are stuck with it. (Longacre, 48th St, W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Brilliantly directed by José Quintero, and beautifully enacted by Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., this posthumous work by Eugene O'Neill, which explores the tragedies of his youth, is as impressive a play as we're likely to see this season. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Major Barbara—Shaw's provocative item about poverty considered as a crime has been given a stunning production, with Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Anne Jackson, and Eli Wallach in the leading roles. Mr. Laughton directed, and Donald Oenslager designed the unusually effective sets. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Potting Shed—Graham Greene, who has a way with suspense stories, has applied his technique to an up-to-date miracle play, and the result is fascinating—sporadically, anyway. The performances, especially those of Robert Flemyng, Frank Conroy, and Dame Sybil Thorndike, are eminently praiseworthy. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Separate Tables—The first play in this double bill by Terence Rattigan is a more or less routine effort, but the other, a study of two beaten people saved by their neighbors' compassion, is mature and sensitive. Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are magnificent in leading roles in both offerings. Among the supporting players are Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. They were directed by Peter Glenville. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Tunnel of Love—Joseph Fields' and Peter De Vries' adaptation of Mr. De Vries' novel about adultery and kindred amusements in Westport hasn't much style or a great deal of taste, but it is often quite funny on its low-comedy level. Tom Ewell is excellent as a badgered cartoonist, and Nancy Olson, Darren McGavin, Elisabeth Fraser, and Elizabeth Wilson assist him very nicely. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Uncle Willie—Unless you think that Menasha Skulnik's art is enough in itself, this comedy by Julie Berns and Irving Elman about some early settlers in the Bronx may prove fairly disconcerting. Robert Douglas directed a cast that includes Arline Sax, Norman Feld, and Edith Fellows. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 17.)

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A Visit to a Small Planet—Gore Vidal's fantastic comedy about a Spaceman who drops in on a Virginia household is wonderfully comic and ingenious, and Cyril Ritchard and Eddie Mayehoff are superlative in the leading roles. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, and Sibyl Bowan also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed himself. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—This Anouilh play about the career and end of an elderly Don Juan has a style and urbanity all its own. Ralph Richardson, Mildred Natwick, Meriel Forbes, John Abbott, and John Stewart perform very well, and Harold Clurman has directed them with his customary intelligence. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK:** An account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. Dina Doronne is now playing the young girl, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are her father and mother. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **INHERIT THE WIND:** A variant on the Scopes trial, with Paul Muni as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley as William Jennings Bryan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT:** Edward G. Robinson in Paddy Chayefsky's play concerning a middle-aged man and a young girl. Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** All about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force. At present, with Charles Hohman, Rex Everhart, Arte Johnson, Royal Beal, and Howard Freeman. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Sin of Pat Muldoon—James Barton and Elaine Stritch in a play by John McLiam. Directed by Jack Garfein and produced by Richard Adler and Roger L. Stevens. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday does practically everything but play a musical saw in this comedy about a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The book, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, is a bit cluttered, but their lyrics are good and so is the score by Jule Styne. Besides Miss Holliday, the cast includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—The return of Ethel Merman is just about all the good news there is concerning this big and rather foolish piece, which has something to do with Philadelphia and Monaco. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse ground out the book, and Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs. The supporting cast includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—Some funny songs and some fine dances do a lot to make this adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip at least intermittently

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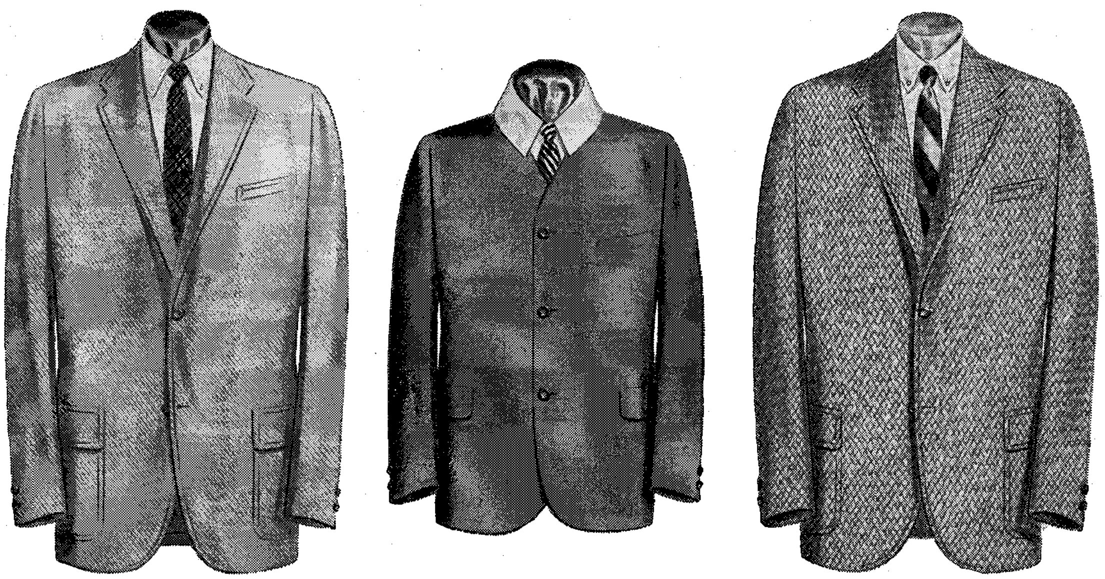

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

good fun. The book is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, and Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and the music, respectively. Edith Adams and Peter Palmer head a cast that includes Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Charlotte Rae. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—In spite of Beatrice Lillie's heroic work and Billy De Wolfe's almost equally indomitable assistance, this offering is hardly superior to the average television program. The other performers include Harold Lang, Helen Wood, Jane Morgan, Micki Marlo, and Carol Lawrence, and Raoul Pène duBois designed the not always intentionally comic scenery and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—damn yankees: George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Gretchen Wyler is now the lady from Hell, Ray Walston her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. Mr. Walston will be replaced on Friday, March 15, by Nathaniel Frey. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the most happy fella:** Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Art Lund, and Susan Johnson are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Orpheus Descending—Maureen Stapleton and Cliff Robertson in a new play by Tennessee Williams. Directed by Harold Clurman and presented by the Producers Theatre. Opens Thursday, March 21. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera," adapted by Richard Baldridge, with Shirley Jones, Jack Cassidy, and Paula Laurence, is the first in this season's series of five musicals. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 24.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, March 15: "Tosca." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, March 19, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—Margaret Phillips and Henry Brandon in a revival of Christopher Fry's comedy "The Lady's Not for Burning." (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 56th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

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Circle in the Square—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Jan Hus House—Louis Gossett heads the cast in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—John Webster's Elizabethan thriller "The Duchess of Malfi," with Jacqueline Brookes and Hurd Hatfield. Previews Saturday through Monday, March 16-18, at 8:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 19. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Shakespearewrights—Presenting the American Savoyards in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia, Limited." (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Dolly Haas, James Mitchell, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"Riders to the Sea," "In the Shadow of the Glen," and "The Tinker's Wedding." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Jean Erdman—With her company and Donald McKayle. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 23, at 8:30.)

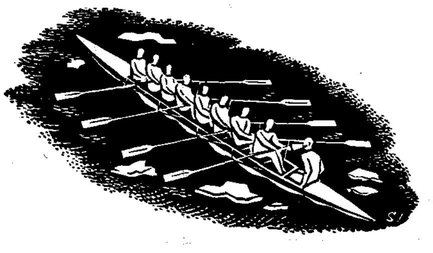
Carmen Amaya—With her company of flamenco dancers, singers, and musicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 23, at 8:40. For tickets, call EL 5-5372.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, which represents Park Avenue before Park Avenue became an office building, gets along with placid dinner music until ten, after which Chauncey Gray's dance orchestra and a rumba brigade cut loose. Closed Sundays.



El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The nightly spectaculars are impromptu affairs provided by the customers, not the management. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band perform for any one who'd rather dance.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Frank Parker, a voice from the past, and a well-tempered one, is in the Cotillion Room meting out a lot of effortless arias and one or two jokes that would not amuse the Watch and Ward Society. The dance music is the work of an excellent band headed by Joseph Sudy and a rumba group headed by Alan Logan. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jacqueline François, who represents French without tears, is perking merrily at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. She, her songs, and Jack Elliott's progressive-jazz group all seem to have been just made for one another. Bringing up the rear is the band of Ted Straeter, from which dance music flows like wine, and Mark Monte's smaller group. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra holds forth at the cocktail hour in the noble old Palm Court, where tea is just as popular as the cocktail. No dancing. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group is also heard in the lofty council chamber called the Edwardian Room, in which dinner music (but no dancing) is the custom of the house.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's band is rumbling along in the Grill for anyone who hasn't given up dancing for Lent. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, that sumptuous manor house, is presently host to Monique Van Vooren, who, though still a valuable bit of bric-a-brac, was a more amusing *cantatrice* in her original, diamond-in-the-rough state than she is in her new, buffed-and-polished state. She'll sashay about the room through Wednesday, March 20. The next evening's arrival will be Geneviève, an import of graver mien and more dulcet voice. Before, after, and in between, there'll still be dancing to the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Café Rouge offers Freddy Martin's dance orchestra, which is again whispering sweet nothings. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, at dinner and supper, Benny Goodman is bringing back some, if not all, of the good old days when bands were simultaneously big and bold. Among the dramatis personae are Buck Clayton, Mel Powell, Jimmy Maxwell, Budd Johnson, Mousie Alexander, and Steve Jordan. The dance bands of Nat Brandwynne and Mischa Borr are in action the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's listening music by the trios of Jozsi Ribari and Bernie Leighton from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one. They're away Sundays, when Mr. Borr's dance band performs from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, from which every prospect pleases and only the smog is vile, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, along with a handful of

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SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Under a meticulously manicured greenwood tree, Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): At one end of this long-established water hole, lions and lambs sit down side by side to quench their thirst; at the other end, George Rosner plays Continental piano all evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The alumni and alumnae of Goldie Hawkins' earlier pubs forgather here of an evening to pick up the latest campus gossip. This, along with hustle-and-bustle piano, is supplied by Mr. H.; more sentimental études are supplied by his alter ego, Wayne Sanders. The music often begins at six, and where it stops, nobody knows. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A my-compliments-to-the-chef affair, combined with a gala holiday for strings (the violin choir of Theo Fanidi), which is in full force from dinnertime until one or two in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In this lofty hall of mirrors, Renato Rossini's guitar speaks eloquently of amorous nights on the Spanish Main. He is mild from nine to eleven, fervent from eleven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This must have been one of those Douglas Fairbanks castle sets, but nowadays it serves as a pleasant stage on which Norbert Faconi and his come-fly-with-me violin make sweet music together, from dinner through supper, every night but Sunday. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, the father superior of the entire congeries of drawing-room pianists, puts on a brilliant exhibition of his ten-finger specialties in the bar from six to eight and again from ten to one or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The amusement at the dinner hour is the picture gallery along the walls; the amusement after ten is Hubbell Pierce, from whose ivory tower (Mason & Hamlin, props.) issues an ample supply of well-chosen words and music. He is spelled by Warren Vaughan, who is also in good voice and also a handy man at the keyboard. Mr. Pierce is on leave Mondays, Mr. Vaughan on Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish rodeo set forth here is all quite jovial, and rather a relief from the mambo. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Tommy Wolf, whose internal rhymes are always the unexpected ones, sings them at the piano after ten in a good-looking Scott Fitzgerald setting that's just as unexpected as he is. He takes time out on Mondays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Boudoir décor, French cuisine, and an air of ease, to say nothing of wandering minstrels whose music is all valentines. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): It's really the fancy bar of the Sherry-Netherland, with regional American cuisine, regional Manhattan clientele, and (except Sundays) piano by Steve Weltner, whose music has Hungarian and Venezuelan overtones, from dinner through supper. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Zimbalons at play, along with all the appropriate Central European trimmings. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music by the yard and by the hour, the best of which comes from the voice of Monica Boyár and from the vigorous six-man band when it takes a flying leap at an entire Lehár operetta. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old show tunes, is at the piano after eight, in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, where there's always a spate of casual piano.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): How to be funny in a couple of easy-to-take lessons: (1) Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder, that is), whose conversation and cantatas are all persiflage; (2) Alice Pearce, the Blue Angel's own Mad Hatter, whose most innocent ballads turn out to have a lunatic fringe on top. Johnny Mathis, the other incumbent, plays some clever and some frantic tricks on his jump songs. These proceedings are underscored by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard. The Davises, by the way, are absent Mondays. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, Alex Fogarty cranks out quiet cocktail and dinner piano for the small fry in the lounge, where, from 2 to 4 A.M., except Saturdays and Mondays, the Davis and Lyons families play catch-as-catch-can lacrosse. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk's school for comedy is holding its annual commencement exercises, which involve June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews (all of whom are most likely to succeed) in a revue constructed mostly of spoof. The words are the work of such semanticists as Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery; the music is the two-piano team of Gordon Connell and Stan Keen. The rites begin at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, that All-America plunging fullback, is wreaking glorious havoc on everything she sings. Faith Winthrop's songs are more from the heart; Bob Gibson's are from the plains, the mountains, and the backwoods. Clarence Williams' dance trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, is in action between shows. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The merriment here is not for literal minds. As proof, there is Kaye Ballard, whose fertile brain is a Pandora's box that no one has ever been able to keep locked; and Phil Leeds, a mere wisp of a doom-prone raconteur. Among other embellishments are Felicia Sanders, whose vivid love songs sometimes have a predatory sound; the dizzy music of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames; and Jimmie Daniels' boulevardier chanteys. Mr. Leeds checks out on Sunday, March 17; Johnny Haymer, a funnyman most recently visible in "New Faces," checks in on Tuesday, March 19. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Mabel Mercer casts her calm seeing eye over the love affairs of us moderns and offers, in the rhymed phrases of a woman who understands, her encouragement and her consolation. The balladry begins at ten; Sam Hamilton's nostalgic piano begins a bit later. The pair of them are off Sundays. People who've been wondering what ever became of Hazel Webster may wish to know that she's now playing piano here at cocktail time every afternoon and at dinner every evening. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Bobby Short, California's most prominent all-night watchman, allows no sleeping on his beat, for he, his piano, his trio, and his ditties are largely revivalist at heart. He's away Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews, one of the last of the whooping cranes, is stalking her favorite big game (mankind) in the barroom of this hotel, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years. She sings every night but Sunday, when old-time movies are added; Dick Smart sings every night but Monday, which is amateur night.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon comprise the local varsity, which has now had an eleven-year winning streak without even a tie. Teddy Roy and Buzzy Drootin are the interlude piano-and-drums corps. Jam sessions Tuesdays. The prevailing winds, as customary, are from the South. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Above the table talk is always audible the occasionally quite unruly music and the quite unnecessary calisthenics of two skilled operators, the Jonah Jones quartet and the Dorothy Donegan trio. They start their shadowboxing at nine. Sundays, when the regulars are off, the floor is held by other Golden Glovers. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney de Paris, vice-president of the old music house of Wilbur de Paris, is running the show while the Maestro is away. He and his confreres—Cecil Scott, Benny Morton, Harold Hill, and Herbie Nichols—never deviate from the traditional American norm. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Behind the feverish bar is a quiet cenacle where Bernard Peiffer, French exponent of *le jazz frais*, brings a dazzling technique and some original thinking to bear on his piano. He heads a trio, and there is also the music of the Mitchell-Ruff duo, which is sometimes happy, sometimes austere, and always literate. The duo is off Sundays, the Peiffers Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the Juilliard stalwart, is the piano modernist from six to nine in the evening, except Sunday and Monday, when he is there all night, and Saturday, when he is off. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Through Wednesday, March 20, the podium will be occupied by Tito Puente and his or-

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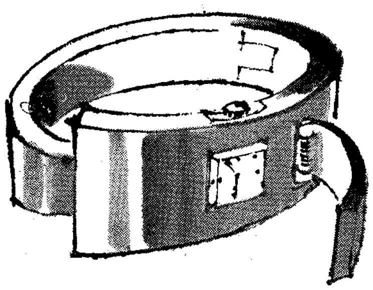

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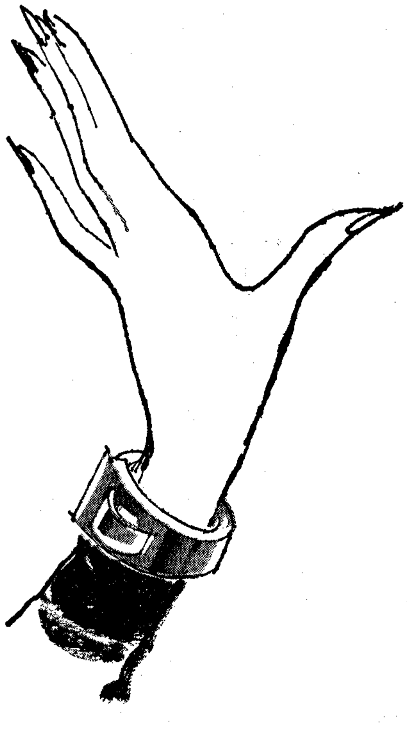

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER AND WHITE PLAINS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chestra, which is white-hot Latin, and Ralph Sharon's sextet, which is North American progressive. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. On Thursday, March 21, Count Basie returns to town in all his brassbound glory, along with Joe Williams, the John Bunyan of the blues singers; Johnny Smith's quartet; and the foursome of Pat Moran, new to this area. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The hollow in the oval bar is filled, after ten, by Bobby Scott's trio, one of the newest and most promising groups around town. From nine on, there is also Frannie Thorne, an Ivy Leaguer who has escaped from all that to the pianoforte. His last night is Sunday, March 17. Absolute silence Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by the Billy Maxted band, the Voice of the South. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE PLAYROOM**, 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): The most recent conservatory of futurism is headed by the life-giving trio of Cy Coleman, a piano man of infinite variety. There are usually other musicians underfoot, but they often come and go like swallows. The first note is struck at eight-thirty every evening. The Colemans are absent on Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): This week (and every week thereafter), "East Lynne," or a rabid Dixieland parody of it that could easily knock your ears off. Among the players in a practically continuous performance are Ken Kersey, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3:30 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon play host to Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Anyone who looks over his shoulder here at the music of the past is instantly turned into a pillar of salt for his pains. Roy Eldridge's quartet winds up its tour of duty on Sunday, March 17, but Gil Mellé's quadrangle will hang on a little longer. Its new playmate will be Ronell Bright's trio. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Eastern Intercollegiate Athletic Association life in its most extracurricular manifestation. On Friday and Saturday, March 15-16, the roster calls for the following old-school cheerleaders: the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Charlie Shavers, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Johnny Windhurst, Willie the Lion Smith, Jo Jones, Art Trappier, Dick Wellstood, and Arvell Shaw. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM**, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): A bit of the Henry Hudson Hotel is devoted, evenings from nine to one, to a six-man exposition of music from south of the border (Mason-Dixon). The moderator is Bobby Hackett, and among his advanced students are Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Emile Bernard—The first American exhibition of paintings by an artist who is now (unfairly) best known for his friendship with Gauguin and van Gogh; through Saturday, March 23. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Sandra Blow and William Gear—Ten abstract oils apiece by two young British painters; through April 6. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Frederick Childs—Richly colorful still-lifes and figure studies, in his first exhibition in seven years; through Saturday, March 16. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

José Luis Cuévas—Fantastic figures in black-and-white, slightly Goyaesque in manner, by a twenty-four-year-old artist who has been causing some stir in his native Mexico; through March 30. (Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Adolf Dehn—About twenty-five cityscapes and farm scenes, done in oil or water color; through Saturday, March 23. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

Robert Grilley—The first New York one-man show of paintings (1953-57) by this native of Wisconsin; through March 30. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Paintings and collages, all having to do with New York's lower East Side; through March 28. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Hans Hartung—Abstractions by a French artist known for his calligraphy; through April 20. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Genichiro Inokuma—Abstract oils, subtly Oriental in flavor, by a Japanese artist who is having his second showing in this country; through Saturday, March 23. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Alexej von Jawlensky—Fifty-one 1905-36 paintings (heads, the seasons, still-lifes, and so on), a number of them on loan from collections here and abroad; through March 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Shirley Kaplan—A young painter's fourth local solo show, comprising a dozen of her latest oils and gouaches; through Saturday, March 23. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Jonah Kinigstein—Still-lifes, an Ethiopian procession, and an altar in Italy are among the subjects of the eleven oils on view; through Saturday, March 23. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Henry Koerner—Vienna is the principal theme of a set of oils and drawings; through March 30. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Franz Lerch—Darkly Expressionist and quite handsome oils, mostly landscapes, in his first exhibition since 1943; through Saturday, March 23. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Linda Lindeberg—Large abstract canvases turned out during 1955 and 1956; through Saturday, March 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz—His current exhibition consists of thirty-three sculptures done in the past two years, in addition to selections from earlier work; through March 30. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joan Mitchell—Abstracted landscapes in oil, for the most part painted in Paris; through Saturday, March 23. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

Walter Murch—Recent oils, including still-lifes among other things; through March 30. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Antonio Music, Kazu Wakita, and Lindsay Daen—Graphics by the Italian Music, paintings and lithographs by the Japanese Wakita, and bronze sculptures by the New Zealand-born Daen, who now lives in New Orleans; through March 30. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Channing Peake—Nicely organized abstractions, large in scale, by a Colorado artist new to New York; through Saturday, March 16. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Ten canvases, chiefly land-

IE RELAXED HORN
MILES DAVIS

e of the brightest lights the modern jazz scene, and official headmaster of the w school of relaxed trumpet iying, is 30-year-old Miles vis. The Davis tone is ft, rich, intimate in its eathy warmth. He seldom es in for frantic effects. His le is an almost paradoxical nd of outward relaxation d inner, emotional tension. vis, whose sound reminds l-time fans of the great e Smith, served his prenticeship with Dizzy lespie; learned the ground es of harmony at the lliard School and figured as e of Charlie Parker's nchmen on 52nd Street, st before the strip-teasers ok over. In 1955 he ganized the phenomenally pular Miles Davis Quintet, ich makes its Columbia but this month.

UND ABOUT MIDNIGHT: The es Davis Quintet. CL 949 $3.98

MR. BIGGS CONTINUES HIS TRAVELS

This past summer, organist E. Power Biggs made a project of performing and recording the little known organ music of Spain and Portugal on the centuries–old instruments found in those countries. Mr. Biggs, who goes about his profession in a very scholarly manner, insists that organ music should be played on the instruments for which it was written . . . in this case the Iberian organs, whose Trompeta Real (external trumpet stops, in fan-like array) are spectacular to eye and ear alike. This adventure in sound is the fourth in a series which includes "The Art of the Organ" and "A Mozart Organ Tour."

ORGAN MUSIC OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL: E. Power Biggs. KL 5167 $5.98

HAPPY HOLLIDAY

There is a school of thought which holds that Judy Holliday could make even Lady Macbeth a lovable, ingratiating character. In fact, if she ever undertakes the part, we intend to see every performance for a week solid. In the meantime, however, Miss Holliday is illuminating a breezy musical called "Bells Are Ringing," and the glow she puts forth is visible for miles at sea. Judy, in case you haven't heard, plays a switchboard operator for a telephone answering service, who is secretly in love with a subscriber she has never seen. She sings in a voice with a power and range that will surprise those who know only her dramatic roles. With a sure comic touch, she builds her part into a touching, heart-warming individual . . . a happy achievement that is just as evident in this recording as it is on stage at the Shubert Theatre.

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UPPER FIFTH AVENUE
AT 52nd ST., N. Y.
LINCOLN ROAD, MIAMI BEACH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

scapes, from the past year and a half; through March 30. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

John Piper—Landscapes, mainly of France, in both oil and water color, by this modern British painter; through Saturday, March 23. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Louis Schanker—Abstract Expressionist paintings executed during the past two years; through March 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gérard Schneider—Ten abstract oils by a French artist who made his début here last spring; through Saturday, March 23. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Antonio Tàpies—Oils and a few drawings by a Spanish abstractionist; through Thursday, March 14. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Esteban Vicente—Non-objective paintings, depending mainly on color contrasts for their effect, by a Spanish-born artist now living in this country; through Saturday, March 16. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Jacques Villon—The second section of a two-part survey of his prints and drawings, these dating from 1910 to the present time; through March 30. (Deitsch, 51 E. 73rd St.)

Howard Warshaw—Abstract oils, agreeably varied in texture, by a young California artist; through Saturday, March 16. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-second annual exhibition, composed of over two hundred oils and sculptures, submitted by members and non-members; through Sunday, March 17. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters—The eighth exhibition of work by candidates (all non-members) for Institute Grants in Art. Among the artists invited to participate are Milton Avery, Daniel Brustlein, Vaclav Vytlacil, Hugo Robus, and Seong Moy. Starts Saturday, March 16. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, 633 W. 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: Impressions of New Mexico (oils, water colors, and drawings) by Georgia O'Keeffe, John Marin, Marsden Hartley, John Sloan, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through March 30.... **grand central moderns**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "The Old and the New," an exhibit tracing, over the past decade, the trends in the styles of various painters and sculptors, including Leo Manso, Arthur Osver, and Louise Nevelson; through March 27.... **new york city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: The March offering contains about fifty oils chosen by Jack Tworkov, Arthur Osver, and Raphael Soyer; through March 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)... **rehn**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: A selection of two or three water colors each by Edward Hopper, Charles Burchfield, Reginald Marsh, and Henry Varnum Poor; through March 30.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **meltzer**, 38 W. 57th St.: Paintings and other works by Jankel Adler, Rhys Caparn, Louis Bunce, and other artists of the gallery; through Saturday, March 16.... **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: American and French painters and sculptors, including Braque, Matisse, and Maldarelli; through March 30.... **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Kay Sage, Joseph Glasco, Leonardo Cremonini, Afro, and other painters and sculptors; through April 6.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **carstairs**, 11 E. 57th St.: Dufy, Rouault, and Dali are among the painters showing recent works; through Saturday, March 16.... **heller**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by three of the younger artists in Rome—Renzo Vespignani, Marcello Muccini, and Graziella Urbinati; through Saturday, March 16.... **new gallery**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Léger, Nolde, Schwitters, and other twentieth-century artists; through Saturday, March 23.... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Forty-five paintings by modern French masters, borrowed from the collection of Peter and Elizabeth Rübel; through April 13.... **world house galleries**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Contemporary Italian painters and sculptors, including Giorgio Morandi, Antonio Music, and Marino Marini; through Saturday, March 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5; and Tuesday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **cadan**, 150 E. 78th St.: Robert Gates; starting Monday, March 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 3 to 6.)... **carstairs**, 11 E. 57th St.: Maurice Grosser; starting Tuesday, March 19.... **fried**, 40 E. 68th St.: Adja Yunkers; starting Monday, March 18.... **heller**, 63 E. 57th St.: Alex Redein; starting Tuesday, March 19.... **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paul Emile Borduas; starting Tuesday, March 19.... **meltzer**, 38 W. 57th St.: Group show; starting Tuesday, March 19.... **passedoit**, 121 E. 57th St.: Maurice Sievan; starting Monday, March 18.... **wellons**, 17 E. 64th St.: Morris S. Lazaron; starting Monday, March 18. (Weekdays, noon to 8.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Some seventy fifteenth- to twentieth-century masterpieces of European art (by, among others, Titian, Goya, Cézanne, van Gogh, and Modigliani), lent by the São Paulo Museum of Art, in Brazil; starting Thursday, March 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Recent acquisitions—approximately fifty paintings and sculptures, most of them by younger artists in the United States (including Hedda Sterne and Helen Frankenthaler), and some of them by Latin-Americans; through April 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

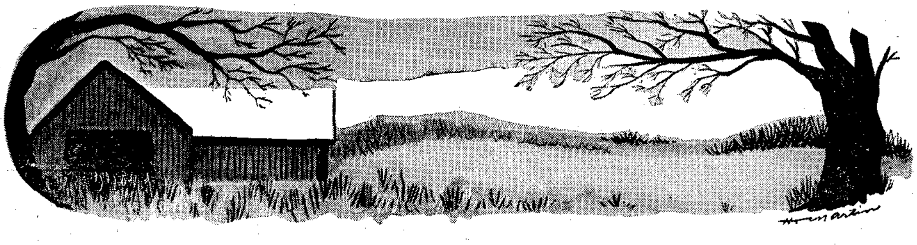
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Golden Years of American Drawing, 1905-56," comprising a hundred and seventy-five examples, many on loan, by William Glackens, George Luks, Marsden Hartley, Ben Shahn, and others; through Sunday, March 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition entitled "New York School—Second Generation," made up of paintings, drawings, and collages by such young artists as Elaine de Kooning, Robert Goodnough, and Allan Kaprow; through April 28. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A new museum founded by Nelson A. Rockefeller, with some five hundred objects he has gathered from all over the world (the earliest piece dates from about 20000 B.C.), supplemented by gifts from other collectors. Currently on view are about sixty items, including stone sculptures, carvings in greenstone, ivories, wood masks, pottery figures, and gold jewelry. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Drive, at 103rd St.—The Knickerbocker Artists' tenth annual exhibition, national in scope and consisting of about a hundred and forty paintings, sculptures, and graphic works by non-members as well as members; through March 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by thirty Americans under thirty-five years of age in a lively,



diversified showing called "Young America 1957;" through April 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, March 14, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Lucine Amara, Martha Lipton, Albert Da Costa, Otto Edelmann, and Lawrence Davidson. . . . ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8: "La Traviata," with Renata Tebaldi, Gianni Poggi, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 2: "Il Trovatore," with Antonietta Stella, Jean Madeira, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Delia Rigal, Irene Dalis, Jussi Bjoerling, Ettore Bastianini, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 17, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Heidi Krall, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera. (A benefit for the Metropolitan Opera Employees Welfare Fund; for tickets, call TE 2-9489.) . . . ¶ Monday, March 18, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Regina Resnik, Gianni Poggi, Leonard Warren, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 20, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Gianni Poggi, Frank Valentino, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Renata Tebaldi, Helen Vanni, Daniele Barioni, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . ¶ Friday, March 22, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, and Frank Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Kurt Baum, Robert Merrill, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 2: "Tosca," with Licia Albanese, Jussi Bjoerling, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Irene Jordan, Brian Sullivan, Theodor Uppman, and Jerome Hines.

JUILLIARD OPERA THEATRE—A double bill, presented in English—Ravel's "The Child and the Apparitions" ("L'Enfant et les Sortilèges") and Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi"—under the direction of Frederic Cohen, and with the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Frederic Waldman. For the benefit of the Juilliard Student Aid and Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, March 22, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 23, at 2:30 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

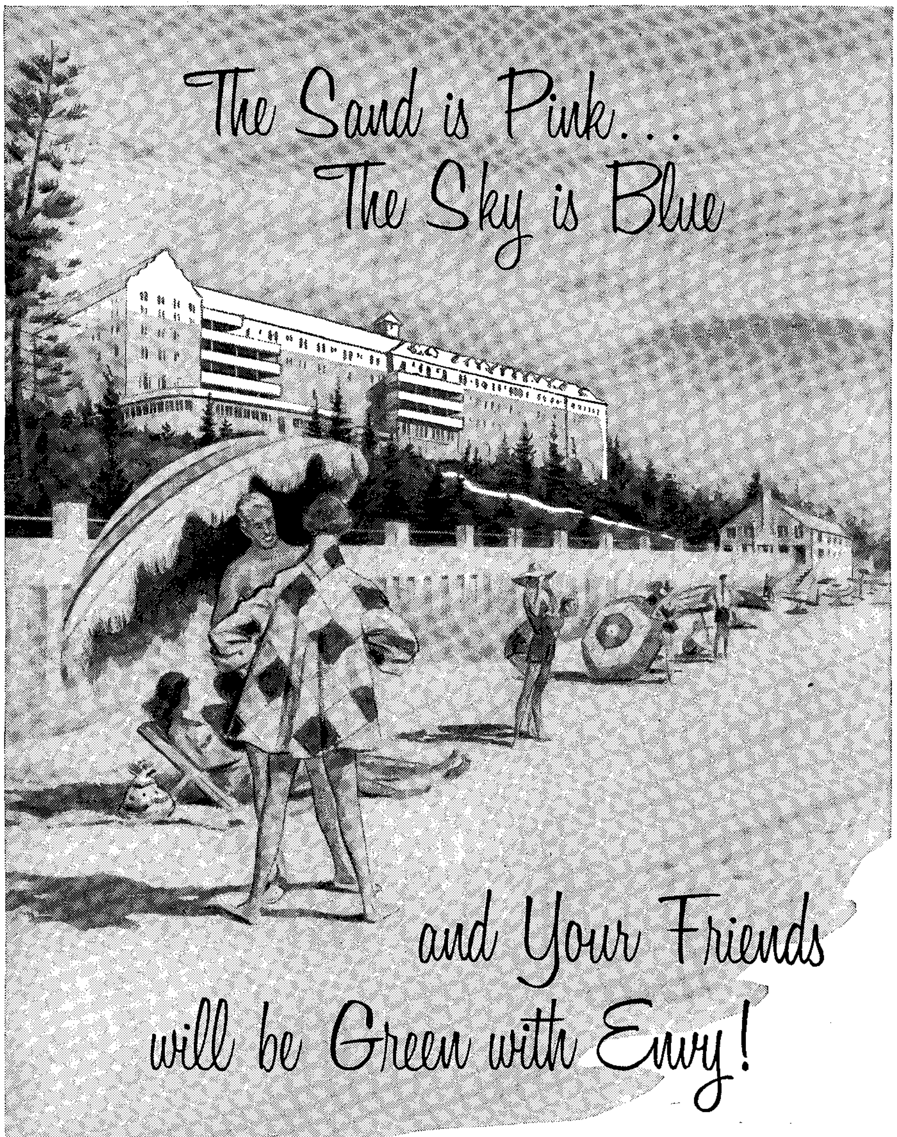
PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Thursday, March 14, at 8:45, and Friday, March 15, at 2:30 (both with Clifford Curzon, piano); Sunday, March 17, at 2:30 (*no soloists*); Thursday, March 21, at 8:45, and Friday, March 22, at 2:30 (both with Erica Morini, violin); and Saturday, March 23, at 8:45 (with Rudolf Serkin, piano).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Charles Munch conducting the final performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 20, at 8:45, with Gino Cioffi, clarinet; and Saturday, March 23, at 2:30, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 22, at 8:30, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK—Enrico Leide conducting a free concert, with Joyce Flissler, violin, and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, March 15, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, March 17, at 2.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Robert Scholz conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Place at 16th St. Saturday, March 16, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Town Hall. Tuesday, March 19, at 8:30, the last in a series of three concerts, with Walter Hautzig, piano.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," in concert form, with Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Teresa Stich-Randall and Pierrette Alarie, sopranos; and the American Concert Choir. The last in a series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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of eight concerts. (Town Hall. Monday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Orchestra da Camera—Remus Tzincoca conducting, with Margarita Zambrano, soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Cantata Singers—Alfred Mann directing an all-Buxtehude program, with Helen Boatwright and Charlotte Bloecher Anderson, sopranos; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; and William Warfield, baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 21, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Knickerbocker Chamber Players—Conducted, in part, by Paul Wolfe, with Luigi Dallapiccola, composer-conductor; Valerie Lamoree, soprano; and Abba Bogin, piano. The last in a series of five programs. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Jacob Lateiner—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 15, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Peter Mennin and Vincent Persichetti, performed by Renato Bonacini, violin; the Master Singers, directed by Joseph Liebling; and others. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

Budapest String Quartet—The last two in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 16, and Saturday, March 23, at 8:40.)

Zvi Zeitlin and Claude Chiasson—Violin and harpsichord. A program sponsored by the Friends of Albert Schweitzer Fellowship. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 17, at 2.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-57—The fifth in a series of eight concerts, each followed by a discussion period with several composers present. It will involve the New Art Wind Quintet; Max Pollikoff, violin; and composers Louis Calabro, Ray Green, Herbert Haufrecht, Otto Luening, and Robert G. McBride. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 17, at 5:30.)

Chamber Music Associates—The Phoenix String Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Oscar Brand—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Sigi Weissenberg—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Tudor and Elizabethan music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 23, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Calypso Concerts—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 8:40 and at midnight.)

Benefit Concert—Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Gina Bachauer, piano; and John Modenos, baritone. A benefit for the Hellenic Society of Constantinople. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 17, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 15: Ike Chestnut vs. Gil Cadilli, featherweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, March 22: Miguel Berrios vs. Carmelo Costa, featherweights, 12 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 17, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night.

(Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 30. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, March 16.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—The final children's concert of the season by the Little Orchestra Society, with Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 23, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Play—The Hunt-King Productions presenting "Clown Face," a play with music. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturday, March 16, at 1:30 and 3:30, and Sunday, March 17, at 1.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "The Story of the Moon," provides a closeup view of the earth's nearest neighbor, traces its history, and examines its present-day influences. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

St. Patrick's Day Parade—A hundred thousand Hibernians in their annual salute to Ireland's patron saint. Starts at noon on Saturday, March 16, at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, and disperses at 96th St.

Drama Readings—A group of actors, sponsored by Helen Hayes, in readings from Shakespeare. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 19, at 8:30, "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, March 20, at 8:30, "The Merchant of Venice.")

National Antiques Show—The past in all its glory, re-created by two hundred dealers and featuring displays of furniture, china, jewelry, and the like. Among the more unusual items this year are a lock of George Washington's hair, prehistoric sandals, and a collection of Israeli antiquities. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 14-16, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 17, from 1 to 7.)

New York, City of Authors—An exhibit of books, portraits, and memorabilia of such literary figures as Washington Irving, Edgar Allan Poe, William Cullen Bryant, and James Fenimore Cooper; through July 31. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 15-16, at 1:45: French and English furniture and decorations, Nanking and Oriental Lowestoft porcelain saltcellars, silver, Herend and other table porcelains, paintings, tapestries, and a small group of carpets; from the estate of Ludwig Charell and from other sources.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

dep
MIDNIGHT SHOW

Around the World in 80 Days—Michael Todd's variation on a long Cook's tour. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the piece is both funny and colorful, if perhaps a bit protracted. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Gold of Naples—A number of enormously entertaining residents of southern Italy are caught in all kinds of interesting dilemmas in this Italian film, directed by Vittorio De Sica. There are four separate episodes, and the cast includes such talented people as Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, Paolo Stoppa, Pasquale Cennamo, and Mr. De Sica himself. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Great Man—Some of the unsavory aspects of the television industry as set forth in a film written by Al Morgan and José Ferrer. Mr. Ferrer also directed the picture and, for good measure, serves as its leading character—a commentator probing into the background of a deceased television luminary. The cast, which is fine, includes Keenan Wynn, Dean Jagger, and Ed Wynn. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Lust for Life—As good a color film as we're likely to see for some time to come. It deals with Vincent van Gogh (well played by Kirk Douglas) and his colleagues, among them Seurat, Pissarro, and Paul Gauguin. The last is splendidly depicted by Anthony Quinn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Private's Progress—This first-class British comedy finally proves that there's a lot of humor to be found in the military life. The hero is Ian Carmichael, who plays a scholarly and bemused private; he is assisted skillfully by Richard Attenborough and Dennis Price. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 19-20.)

The Rainmaker—Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster in a pleasant film about a girl who thinks she is homely and a confidence man who persuades her that she isn't. Adapted by N. Richard Nash from his play of the same name, the film includes Wendell Corey, Lloyd Bridges, Earl Holliman, and Cameron Prud'homme in its cast. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through March 16. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting March 20, tentative.)

The Silent World—Life underwater, including everything from ravenous sharks to giant rays, filmed by the cameras of Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau in the course of his submarine peregrinations. A French film, with an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; March 14, tentative.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—A first-rate adaptation of the Kaufman-Teichmann comedy about the financial adventures of a flighty lady who ends up directing the destinies of a corporation about the size of the du Pont empire. Judy Holliday is hilarious as the lady, and Paul Douglas is a big help as a powerful man of business. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; March 14, tentative.)

The Spirit of St. Louis—An overly roguish, but still frequently stimulating, description of how Charles A. Lindbergh accomplished the most celebrated aerial feat of our times. James Stewart, whose feathers are getting a trifle gray, is cast as the Lone Eagle. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

La Strada—This strange Italian film deals with the fortunes of a subhuman professional strong man, a half-witted girl who serves as his slave (he buys her from her mother for ten thousand lire), and a carnival clown more prescient than most. Directed by Federico Fellini, the picture is full of good passages even if it does go on rather lengthily. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tea and Sympathy—A sensitive, courageous adaptation of the Broadway play of three years ago that dealt with a youth falsely accused of homosexuality and a woman who was able to convince him of his normality. Directed by Vincente Minnelli, the film is superbly enacted by Deborah Kerr, John Kerr, and Leif Erickson. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 16.)

Tempest in the Flesh—A beautifully acted French film that doesn't delve very deeply into nymphomania, its alleged subject, but that still extracts a good deal of melodrama from an investigation of the career of a young woman who has irregular ideas about monogamy. Françoise Arnoul and Raymond Pellegrin lead a fine cast. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Ten Commandments—This spectacular account of the life and times of Moses, as cooked up by Cecil B. deMille, makes the Biblical story look pretty stark. Wandering among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Wee Geordie—The story of a youthful weakling in Scotland who gets as mighty as Man Mountain Dean by devoting his spare time to a correspondence course in physical culture and winds up as the greatest hammer thrower ever seen. A British film that moves along amiably and has the benefit of some lovely Scottish scenery. Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young are happy as the principals. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through March 19, tentative. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 20, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 17-19.)

Cinderella (1950)—Disney's interpretation of the fairy tale. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Marie du Port (1951)—A village barmaid helps a world-weary big-city fellow out of his ennui. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 19-20.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—The Eric Ambler novel concerning underworld doings in Europe. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Faye Emerson. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; March 17-19. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; March 18-19.)

They Made Me a Criminal (1939)—John Garfield as a fighter with gangster troubles. Ann Sheridan and the Dead End Kids. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 17-18.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through March 20, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through March 16: "Perfect Understanding" (1933), with Gloria Swanson and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ March 17-20: "On the Avenue" (1937), with Madeleine Carroll and Dick Powell. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through March 19: "Full of Life," Judy Holliday, Richard Conte.
From March 20: "The Brave One," Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through March 18: "Battle Hymn," Rock Hudson, Martha Hyer.
From March 19: "Men in War," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Incredible Shrinking Man," Grant Williams, Randy Stuart.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Tattered Dress," Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Crain.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
March 14: "The Big Land," Alan Ladd, Edmond O'Brien.
From March 15: "Three Brave Men," Ray Milland, Ernest Borgnine.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
March 14 (last showing at about 6:45): "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!," Dan Dailey, Ginger Rogers.
From March 14, at 8:30: "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through March 19: "Edge of the City," John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier.
From March 20: "Fear Strikes Out," Anthony Perkins, Karl Malden.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Lost Continent," an Italian documentary film on Indonesia and Malaya, with an English narration; and "The Red Balloon," a French film without dialogue.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
TEMPEST IN THE FLESH (in French).

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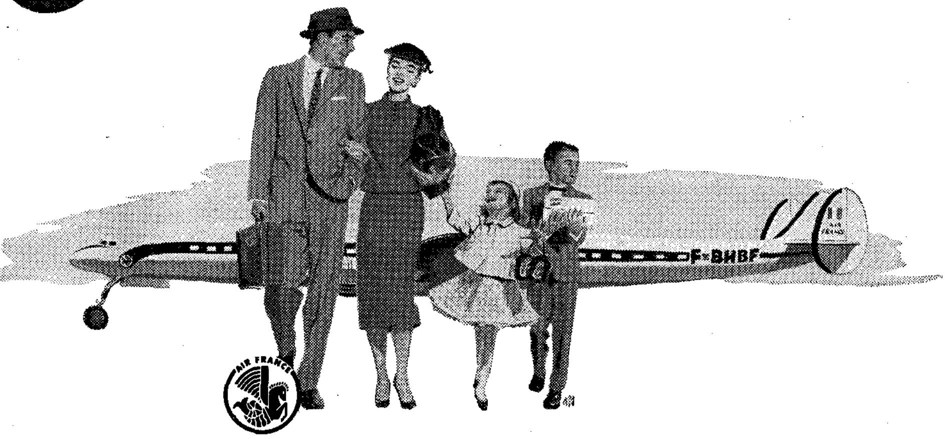

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TWO million Americans—over one per cent—live in "mobile homes," a phrase that stands in relation to "trailer" as "abdominal region" does to "belly." Three hundred thousand of these Americans are retired. King Saud owns a mobile palace, made in Tulsa. Mrs. Mobile Homemaker (Mrs. Peggy Swanbom, of Ryder's Trailer Park, Milford, Connecticut) wouldn't trade her rubber tires for all the foundations in Christendom. Anxious to see what we were all coming to, we attended, at the Coliseum, the Twentieth Annual National Mobile Homes Show, in the very syllables of which there is noticeable momentum. The two hundred and fifty trailers on view ranged from fifteen to fifty-one feet in length. Beginning modestly, we stepped inside the fifteen-foot Birtle Mercury. It was shaped like a womb and equipped with Tolex plastic seats, a fifty-pound icebox, vented side walls, ten Hehr windows "that open," and three slogans: (1) "As Modern as Tomorrow's Cars," (2) "Ask the Man Who Tows One," and (3) "Skip the Highways—Travel the Byways." While we were in there, two sizable men entered, sealing off the exit and pushing us back into the rounded, or crick-in-the-neck, end of the Mercury.

"It's the same birch all over," one of the men said.

The other asked, "What about a window here?"

"This is a do-it-yourself job. If you want to put in a window, the window framing is in; knock it out, the window costs ten dollars. Same thing over here—" They lumbered toward us, and we squeezed into a niche equipped with plumbing fixtures. "Here's the space for the water tank, if you want one. You buy it and put it in yourself. Ten dollars. Everything's ten dollars."

We took a deep breath, and the expansion of our chest forced the two men into the breakfast nook; thus we escaped.

Warier, we thenceforth stuck to the mobile homes with two doors—three-tone, many-ton craft with chintz curtains and names like Magnolia, Vagabond, Melody Home, General, and Morada. The people we encountered in them were, by and large, from Oklahoma. The women wore buttons and bows, and the tan faces of the menfolk were creased by the squint peculiar to people who frequently see a horizon. Accents were tangy. "Ah neveh knew him, but they saey he's a mahteh fine feller," we overheard in Morada, while over in Vagabond a youth was saying, "Who tol you we wuz down to see the naaht show, Jerry?" "Hyeah" was the answer. Wide brims, high shoe tops, and softly mouthed cigars were as constant a feature of these living rooms as porcelain whatnots and black-framed bas-reliefs of Cupid and Psyche. The interior decoration seemed to be emerging from a long apprenticeship to motel design into the comparatively less stringent realm of the Inland Domestic, or Jes' Comfy. Since highway commissions tend to sulk at the sight of a mobile home wider than ten feet, the height of the furniture had been scaled to the necessarily restricted width, and we had the furtive but pleasant sensations of a weasel ravishing a series of doll houses. There were elaborate homey touches: the cookie jar in the form of a chipmunk, the wax grapes and paper vines, the crockery cock and hen on top of the refrigerator, the tray painted with floral designs and the slogan "*Guten Appetit.*" Eighty miles an hour down Route 101, and *Guten Appetit* to you. Only one living room that we saw had a bookcase; empty candy bowls filled it. Seen from the balcony, the mobile homes looked like burnished railroad cars waiting on an enormous siding for an engine that would perhaps never come.

The size of many trailers was so imposing we asked an informative-looking exhibitor how the poor little Fords and Plymouths could pull them. He said (we'll skip any artful rendition of his Tulsa diphthongs), "People don't buy big trailers to travel in; nobody who travels buys one longer than thirty-five feet. You take this one behind me. You can get it for, say, forty-nine ninety-five. It'll sleep seven people. How much will a house cost that'll sleep seven people? And when they aren't sleeping, how much time will seven people spend inside a house?"

Very little, we admitted, and wandered to other sections of the show, among the stalls of companies that have sprung up to assuage the hazards of mobile domesticity. Cunningham bathroom plumbing even offered "Overflow Protection." With complex interlocking of his fingers, a small, tense man explained how his company's coupler, thanks to an ingenious spring, "snubs the rear of the car and assures an extra*ordi*narily level, soft, easy ride." Amerock Hardware had a display of knobs: knobs like stars, moons, lozenges, medals, scimitars—more knobs than you could grip in a day. We mentally awarded prizes for nominal cuteness to

Villa Moderne and Dwellavan. The Schult Mobile House folded up in four hours and became eight feet wide and legal; unfolded, it contained the Largest Mobile Living Room in the World. Exteriorly, it had a roof with a peak and walls of rough wood, like a log cabin. The American dream, wheel-shaped, had come full circle.

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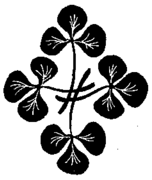
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A restaurant in Mamaroneck that used to be called Carl and Ann is now called Carl and Kay.

New Museum

WOULD you like to see a Western Panamanian grinding stone, twenty-nine inches long, anywhere from five hundred to a thousand years old, and probably made to be buried with the dead? An Aztec stone rattlesnake shaped like a ball? A more recent white coral head of a man wearing a derby, carved in the Solomon Islands, where the natives favor Western hats? A Polynesian ancestral figure, rendered in volcanic lava? A Janus head from the Département du Var, on the French Riviera, carved in the fourth century B.C., long before Edward VII made the area fashionable? A Mediterranean marble fertility figure, dating from the third millennium B.C. and the fifth millennium B. Mediterranean Cruise? A Mexican jade axe, fifteen hundred or more years old? A 1000-to-1500 A.D. stone figure of an executioner, from Costa Rica, where human sacrifice may or may not have been practiced? A sandstone kneeling man, made in the fifteenth or sixteenth century in what is now Tennessee, dug up in 1895? An African headdress of wood, covered with hide, possibly antelope? A British Columbian medicine man's rattle? A Sudanese rabbit mask? A Mexican clay woman, prettily embellished with an unmentionable affliction? A Spanish bone that was engraved with reindeer twenty thousand years ago? A double-strand Peruvian gold necklace, forty-nine inches long, that was probably designed for the neck of a wrapped mummy? If so, your baby is the newly opened Museum of Primitive Art, at 15 West Fifty-fourth Street.



The present exhibit, culled largely from the collection of Nelson Rockefeller, who founded the Museum and is its president, is handsomely installed on the two lower floors of a remodelled house—white walls, good lighting, some of the smaller objects displayed in glass cases recessed into a wall or on a shelf lined with mauve felt. The only fault we have to find with it is that some of the descriptive labels are so near the floor that we had to crouch and crane to read them. With a badly stooped back, we went up to the third floor, masterfully unhooking an impeding Stork Club-type rope from which dangled a sign saying "Staff Only," and, on an administration floor full of comfortable leather furniture, buttonholed the Museum's acting director, Robert Goldwater, and asked him for the institutional lowdown.

"The Museum's collection—some five hundred objects in all—is mostly from Mr. Rockefeller's, with a number of gifts from Mrs. Gertrud Mellon; Eliot Elisofon, the photographer; and others," he said. "Mr. Rockefeller started collecting in this field in the nineteen-thirties, when he went to the South Sea Islands. His collection blossomed out further when he became active in Central and South America as Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. He has for ten years had the counsel of René d'Harnoncourt, the director of the Museum of Modern Art, who is now also vice-president of our Museum. We're concerned with the artistic achievements of the indigenous civilizations of the Americas, Africa, and Oceania, and the early phases of the civilizations of Asia and Europe. When the Museum was chartered, in 1954, it was called the Museum of Indigenous Art; the adjective was changed to 'primitive' because so many people interpreted 'indigenous' to mean originating in America, or just with the Manhattan Indians. We've tried to suggest the underlying variety of an immense field by pointing up its great range—from the monumental sculpture of the Aztecs to the miniature metalwork of the Ivory Coast."

Mr. Goldwater, who is on leave of absence as chairman of the Art Department of Queens College, is the son of the late Dr. S. S. Goldwater, Hospital Commissioner of New York under Mayor LaGuardia. Mr. Goldwater took his Ph.D. at New York University with a thesis on primitivism in modern art. "The Museum," he said, "will be open from Tuesday through Sunday, one to five, but if there's sufficient demand we may extend the hours."

We thanked him, and went downstairs just in time to hear a lady say to another lady, of a Cameroons-uplands ceremonial head, "It's not anything anyone would want to collect, but it's nice."

Critic

WE'RE glad to have seen, and glad to print, an excerpt from a letter received by a lady who lives on Staten Island. The letter was written not by an offspring but by a forebear—a grandfather, aged seventy-eight, who, vacationing in Florida, informed her as follows: "Saw 'Baby Doll' and 'The Ten Commandments.' Both good."

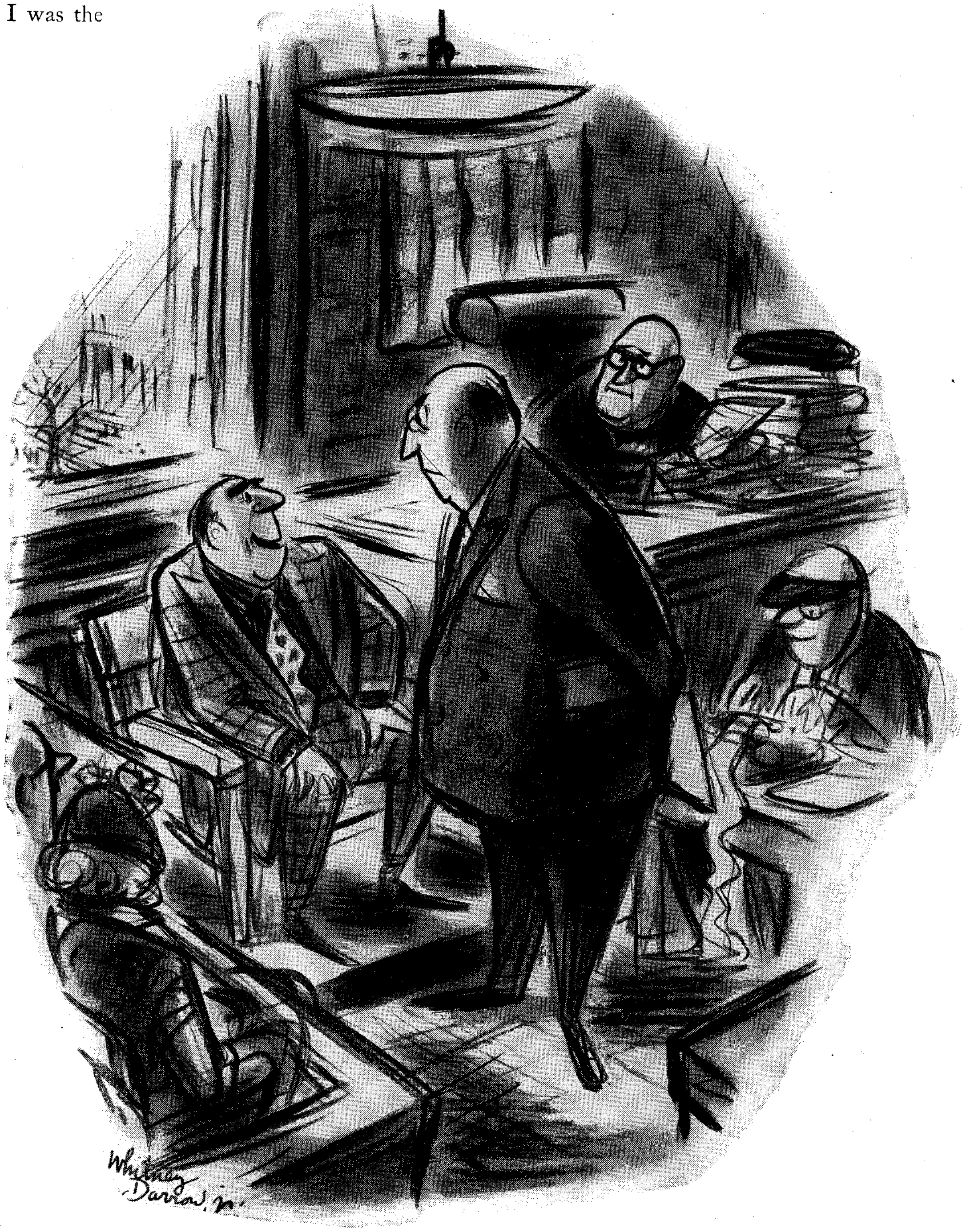
Poet on Stopover

WE recently spent a happy hour or two lunching with the English man of letters John Betjeman, who was paying a brief visit here on his way to the Wild West—that is, to the University of Cincinnati, where, to his terror ("I don't much like the young. What ever shall I say to them? If only they were eighty-five!"), he has been persuaded to play the role of poet-in-residence for several weeks. Poets are an endearing lot, attracting the protective instinct as a magnet does pins, and Mr. Betjeman is no exception. In the belief that his sensibilities are far too delicate to survive the abrasions of ordinary life, in which plane tickets must be purchased and hotel accommodations secured, Mr. Betjeman is handed on from friend to friend like a morsel of fragile Dresden ware, and is thus fortunately left free to devote his energies and talents to what interests him. The friend who arranged for us to meet Mr. Betjeman took care to explain that while the dear fellow had been lovingly bundled aboard a plane in London and no less lovingly unravelled from it at Idlewild, he had a tendency to turn green when things became too much for him, and that even his first glimpse of the height and breadth of New York might have been too much for him; if we found that his color was predominantly green, would we please keep our voice low and our questions few?

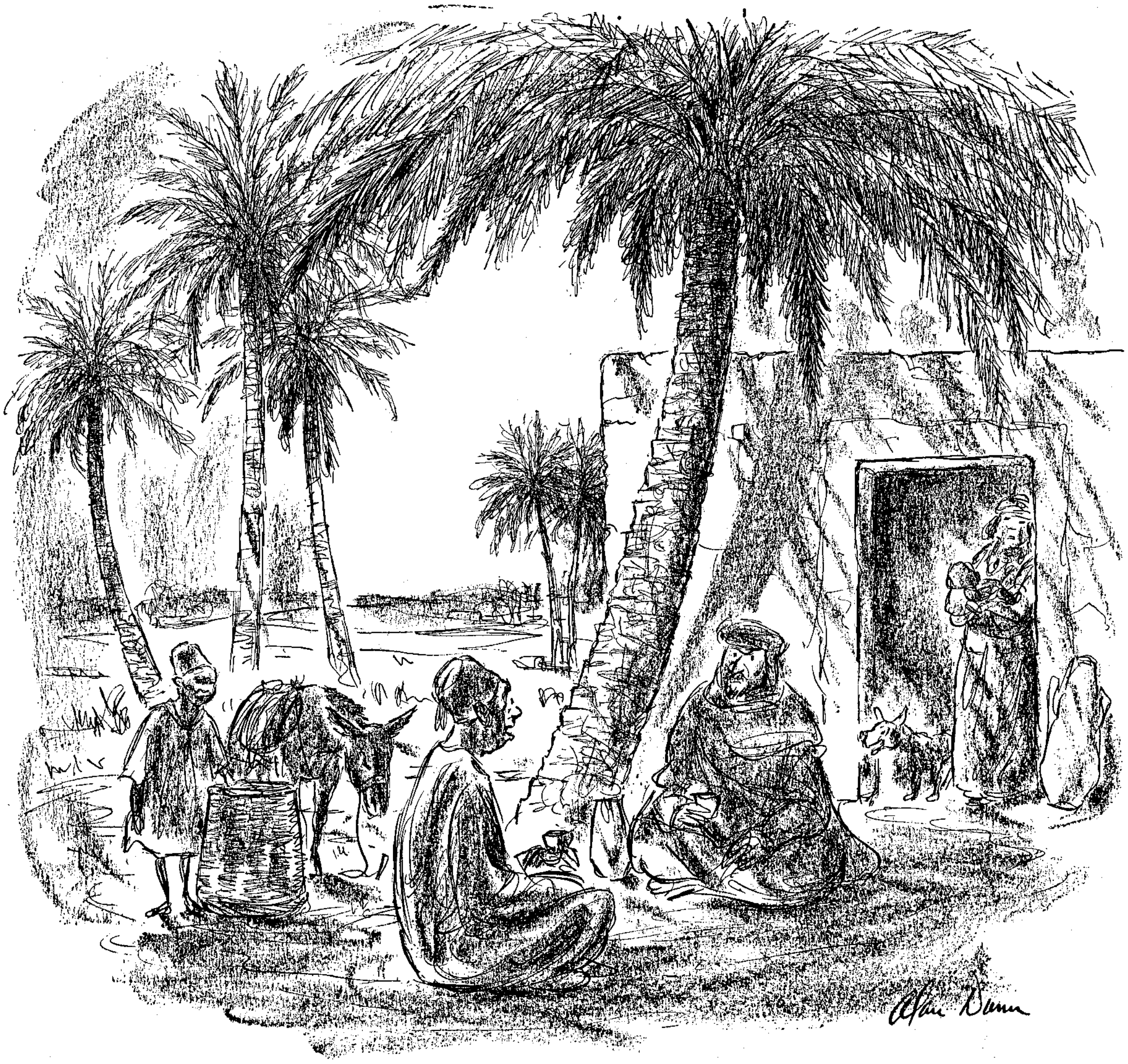
The request proved unnecessary. We met the poet, surrounded by friends, at a restaurant in midtown, and never have we seen a man in ruder health or more tearing high spirits. An admirer has described Mr. Betjeman as looking like a highly intelligent muffin, and the resemblance was certainly there; a plump man of fifty, with small, dark, shining eyes, negligible eyebrows, and an infectious schoolboy laugh, he sat sipping a bourbon-on-the-rocks and bubbling over with delight at the American scene. "My first visit, you know," he said. "I ordered bourbon because I understand it's the authentic American drink. I mean to be thoroughly American during my stay at Cincy—I hope it isn't disrespectful of me to call Cincy Cincy so soon. The drive in from the airport this morning was an exaltation. The Woolworth Building looks enchanting; all that Gothic work so high in the air, so close to eternity! I can't imagine what Cincy will be like. A city of hills, I believe, and then, of course, the river, and beyond the river Kentucky. Everyone told me I should be frightened out of my wits in America, and I'm not in the least frightened. I feel *very* brave. Indeed, I should like to think I was the only limey in this whole restaurant. Oh, damn! There's Jamie Hamilton."

Over a hearty and authentically American lunch, we learned that Mr. Betjeman, who identifies himself in *Who's Who* as a "poet and hack," had a Dutch great-great-grandfather; that his great-grandfather, a silversmith, founded the family fortune by inventing that extremely popular Victorian device the tantalus, in which decanters of whiskey and the like can be locked up, and thus prove no temptation to tippling butlers; and that Betjeman himself was born in London, is an old boy of Marlborough School and a graduate of Oxford, is married, has a son and daughter, lives in a tiny house in London, has a country place in Wantage, Berkshire, is a member of the Athenæum and the Garrick, and has written more books than he can remember the names of ("No matter," he said, "they're very *little* books"). His first job was as a schoolmaster. "Couldn't keep order and got sacked," he said. "Then I tried insurance broking and sacked myself. Then I served as secretary to Sir Horace Plunkett, who sacked me. Then I went back to schoolmastering. My great interest has always been architecture. I left schoolmastering again, and spent two years working on the *Architectural Review* and three years editing county guidebooks for Shell. In fact, I invented the guidebooks. There are those who would call me an architectural historian, but I don't believe in such titles. To me, there are only the people who use their eyes when they walk about and the people who don't. Once the term 'architectural historian' is permitted, the door is open to other historians to start writing books about architectural historians. Ghastly! At the moment, I live by writing book reviews for the *Daily Telegraph* and a column—largely on architectural matters—for the *Spectator*, by appearances on the B.B.C., and by dipping into capital, as who does not?"

Mr. Betjeman finished a second cup of coffee, leaned back, patted his well-filled waistcoat, and asked us if we admired Henry James. We said we did. "Then you'll be interested to know that my body is exactly the same size and shape that his was," Mr. Betjeman said. "How do I know? Because I inherited his morning coat, waistcoats, and underclothes. After his death, his wardrobe somehow fell into the possession of


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"What was I doing at nine o'clock on the night of January seventh? I was sitting in front of my television set, surrounded by my family, watching Bishop Sheen, that's what I was doing."



“I had a pretty good day. Sold the dates and olives. Hung around the bazaar for a while. Bought a few odds and ends. Shook hands with Dick Nixon. And here I am.”

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one of the Oxford colleges, and when it was being distributed—lo and behold!—everything fitted young Betjeman to a T. Exquisitely made, they are; it’s been over forty years since James died, and they show scarcely any wear. Of course, I get into them only on suitably august occasions, like weddings and funerals. Someday, if I think of it, I must present them to an institution over here. What more precious link between our two great countries than the linen drawers of the Master?”

Fast

HERE’S a tale that may help break the Post Office’s monopoly. A busy and resourceful Manhattan mother with a son at Blair Academy, in New Jersey, suddenly remembered his birthday on the morning thereof. She rushed around to a couple of shops, took the tube to Hoboken, gave a birthday cake, a package of L.P. records, and appropriate instructions to an amiable conductor on an appropriate train, and telephoned an appropriate message to her boy, who showed up on the appropriate platform at the appropriate time and received the goods.

Town Meeting

OUR man Stanley, his choppers gleaming like searchlights, stopped by the office the other day and deposited the following dispatch:

“Have been down to huge, tumultuous public hearings at City Hall of pro- and anti-fluoridation people. Idea, as everybody knows, is to introduce one part fluoride to each million parts of water. Proponents say fluoride stops tooth decay. Opponents say nonsense, fluoride is dangerous. Personally, have no opinion; brush teeth three times daily, see Dr. Egan twice a year. City Hall a turmoil of embattled fluoride-minded citizens, pushing against police lines to gain entrance to stately hall of Board of Estimate. No similar scene at City Hall since debate over fifteen-cent fare. Lady thrust pamphlet in my hand reading, ‘Don’t be a fluoridation guinea pig.’ Promised lady I would not be a fluoridation guinea pig. Another lady stuck badge in my face reading, ‘Teeth can’t wait. Fluoridate!’ Thanked lady. Flashed police card, flashed teeth, gained entrance to stately hall. White benches, glass chandeliers, New England atmosphere of debate. Mayor and entire Board of Estimate seated on horseshoe-shaped dais. Mayor slumped forward, clutching forehead with one hand. Attentive, patient Mayor. Said to have good teeth. Don’t know about teeth of members of Board of Estimate. Stood against rear wall of crowded hall. No empty seats. Hottest ticket in town, next to ‘My Fair Lady.’ ‘I appeal for a minute on the part of a mother!’ cried tall man standing at lectern, facing Board. ‘I appeal for a minute on the part of a mother!’ ‘Time’s up!’ cried a female voice. The Mayoral gavel fell, with authority. Next speaker was a young colored woman. ‘We, the mothers of children in three hundred and seventy-five public schools, want fluoridation,’ she said. She stared at Board of Estimate. Board of Estimate stared back. Mayor called recess for lunch. I was afraid to eat, since had forgotten to bring toothbrush for postprandial scrub.

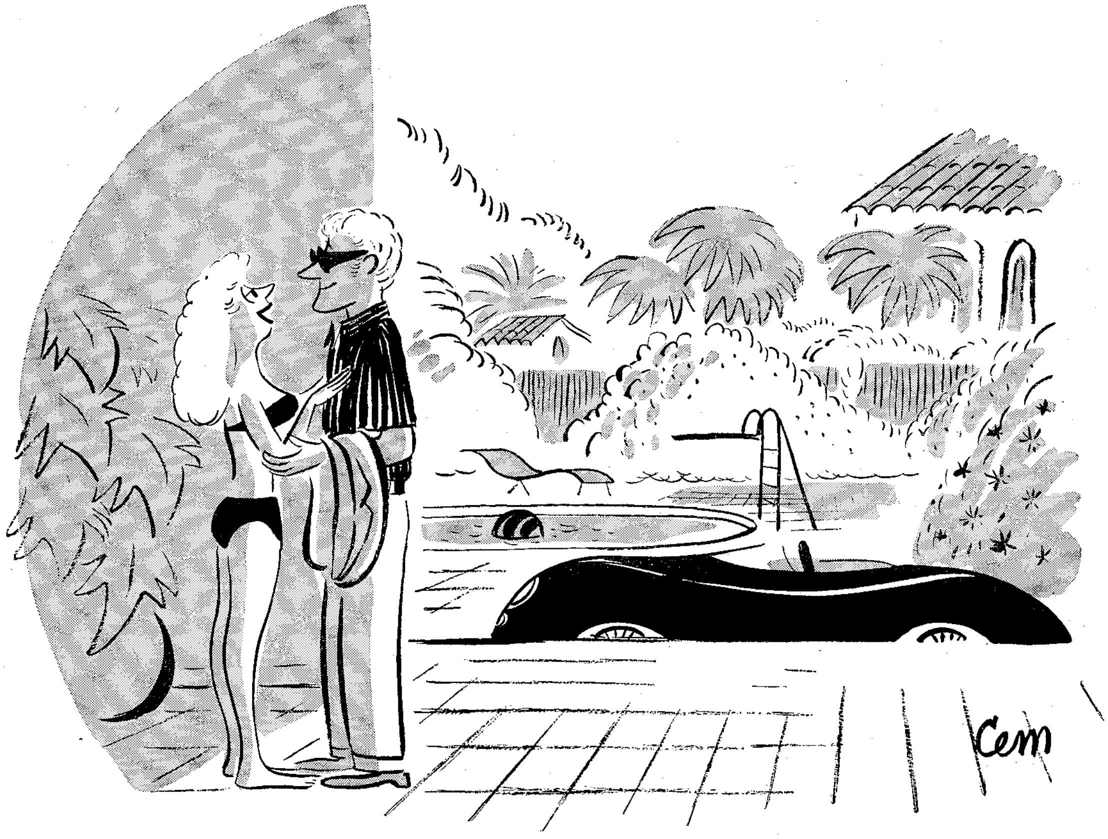
“Sat out lunch with spectators. ‘If you leave the hall,’ lady standing beside me said, ‘you can’t get back in. I’m with the Republican Committee of One Hundred, and we have a marvellous spokesman—Mrs. Nell McQuillan. She was district attorney under Tom Dewey.’ ‘No, dear,’ lady beside her said. ‘It was under Brownell.’ ‘*I’m* Mrs.

McQuillan,' said lady within earshot. 'I was special assistant to the U.S. Attorney General in 1940. This issue is important. It's Constitutional. The Constitution gives the individual the right to decide what to do with his body.' Pondered that one, and wandered over to lady wearing camel's-hair beret. 'I'm just here to see what cooks,' she said. 'Fluoride is poison. Works on the brain. Once the brain dissolves, there's no help. To hell with teeth; you can always get new ones.' Departed from presence of lady wearing camel's-hair beret. Spotted group in distance wearing 'Fluoridate Today' badges. 'Leukemia has increased five times since fluoridation,' a man told me. Nodded to man. 'Will the Mayor give us money for bottled water?' lady asked me. 'What was that?' I asked lady. 'Will the Mayor give us money for bottled water?' lady asked me. Suggested she pose that one to Mayor. 'I'm going to tell that Mayor if he puts fluoride in the water I'll switch to whiskey and die happy,' another lady said. Shook hand of lady. 'They confuse fluor*ide* with fluor*ine*,' sallow man remarked. 'Fluorine is natural. "N" stands for "Nature." "D" is poison, and stands for "*death*."' Moved away from sallow man.

"Mayor and Board returned. Spotted four members of Board running tongues over teeth. Mayor calm, judicious, tolerant. Gavelled meeting to order. 'Those who wish to oppose fluoridation will now have their turn,' he said. Scuffle for lectern. Heavy-jawed man with seamy face emerged victor. 'Dr. Forman is the speaker for the group,' said Mayor authoritatively. 'You promised everyone could speak!' cried a lady. 'The police have been bribed!' Mayor banged municipal gavel. 'The police have no instructions to exclude or admit anyone,' he said. 'Everyone will be heard.' Good Mayor. The Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity strode to lectern. 'Grand to have waterworks on our side,' lady wearing camel's-hair beret whispered to me. Commissioner against fluoridation. Dr. F. B. Exner, of Seattle, against fluoridation. 'Cells are poisoned . . . may be forty years before damage to bones is detected . . . naïve assumption that everyone drinks the same amount of water,' he said. Lady in frilly blouse took lectern. 'I am *opposed* to fluoridation!' she shouted. 'Ike had his heart attack because Washington water is fluoridated,' lady wearing camel's-hair beret whispered to me. Dr. George Waldbott, of Detroit, at lectern. 'Palsy of arms and legs,' he said. 'Pains in stomach . . . mental disturbance . . . my first case of fluoride poisoning . . . described in leading medical journals.' Mayor began to rub fingers over teeth. Rubbed my fingers over my teeth. All there, thank God. Departed."

Some Changes Made

OUR Third Avenue correspondent has just submitted a report on the state of the street since it was exposed to view by the demolition of the "L." "It wouldn't take a Gallup to see what the absence of the lovely shadows has done," he points out ruefully. "Men who used to leave a saloon confidently, with that peculiar, penetrating gaze that means adjustment to a high, hilarious scheme of things, now step nervously into an uninterrupted expanse that, in its nakedness, might challenge the courage of a Peary. They are not prepared for this. Over a glass of ale the other evening, I talked with Gregory Minogue, who got his first name because his father once won on a horse so named, and he told me that while he was a reasonably abstemious man before the demolition, it now takes a couple that he shouldn't have to make him face the cold, bare avenue. 'It's a hell of a thing,' said Mr. Minogue, 'to spend a good part of your life under the protection of all that grand iron, which you could lurch against or admire, depending on your condition. Now, the Lord forgive me for saying it, I might with little difference spend my time among the waffle shops on Lexington Avenue. But a habit is a habit, and the bloody improvements aren't going to break it for me.' I asked the publican Tim Costello about the demolition, and he hooded his eyes like a falcon. 'There may be a lot in this beautification,' said Mr. Costello, 'but, you know, when I used to throw a man out of the store, he could skulk under the "L" with no embarrassment. Now, bedamned, they're getting away with murder around here, since I can't throw them out without half the population sticking their noses into a business between me and my customers. Ah, well, we'll be a long time under the sod, with no worries about this or that.'"



"... and Public Relations called. They want you to go to Ciro's tonight and take a poke at Tab Hunter."

THE NIGHTINGALE SONG

IN Madingley Wood, near Cambridge, England, there is a grove famous for nightingales. Nettles grow thick under the trees there, and the nettles attract the nightingales—just why, nobody is quite sure, though last year my supervisor at Cambridge, where I was then doing graduate work in English, said it was because the nightingales want to sting themselves. In the Middle Ages, he pointed out, nightingales were constantly impaling themselves on thorns; they believed that the pain made them sing better. Modern nightingales, too degenerate for the thorn technique, try to encourage their melody with nettles.

One night last May, a careful observer might have seen me in the Wood, standing under a large copper-beech tree, near a patch of nettles. I was waiting to hear the nightingales sing, and I was standing because an English wood is nearly always too wet to sit down in. It wasn't just some idle love of birds that had drawn me there. It was my duty as an American citizen. I had just written a paper on the poetry of T. S. Eliot, and, among other things, I'd remarked that, for a modern poet, Eliot shows rare accuracy in his descriptions of nature.

"Bosh!" my supervisor had said when he returned the paper to me. "What about Eliot's *nightingales*? ' "Jug Jug" to dirty ears,' he quotes them in 'The Waste Land.' 'Jug Jug' to *tin* ears, perhaps. No nightingale ever made the noise 'Jug Jug' in his life, and so much for Mr. Eliot's rare accuracy. He'd better leave English birds to English poets."

My pride of country was aroused. As soon as I left the supervisor's rooms, I rushed to my college library and took down an enormous "Dictionary of Birds." It was no help at all. "The song of the European or English nightingale (*Luscinia megarhyncha*) is indescribable," wrote the author evasively. Well, at least Eliot had done better than *that*. But to uphold the honor of American poetry, so must I. I decided to go and actually hear the bird for myself.

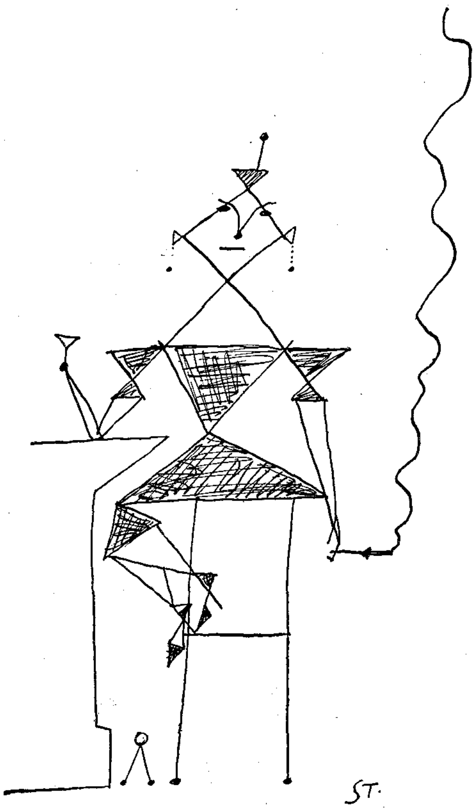
By eight o'clock that same evening, I had walked the four miles out to Madingley and was standing under my tree, listening hard. By eight-thirty, I had heard nothing but a lovesick crow. There was no use hoping for nightingales while he was around, so I sat down (getting my pants wet instantly) and returned to the literary approach. What *English* poets, I asked myself, had committed themselves on the voice of the nightingale?

Shakespeare was the obvious one to start with, but I could come up with nothing better than Bottom's boast "I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale." Bottom's ears were obviously the wrong sort for hearing nightingales, so I passed on to Shelley. Once I'd realized that the skylark was the only bird he ever wrote an ode to, I tried Keats. Of course! In "Ode to a Nightingale," Keats must have given the bird the best description it has ever had. What does Keats say? Well, as far as I could remember, Keats says that nightingales sing of summer in full-throated ease and that the time to hear them is at midnight.

It seemed a long while to wait.

WHEN I got back to Cambridge, at about two o'clock, I was soaking wet from the hard rain that had started at twelve-thirty. My hands ached from nettle stings, and my shoes were full of mud. I was through relying on Keats for bird lore; midnight had passed without a sound. And I had made no progress toward the vindication of American poetry.

In the morning, my roommate asked me what on earth I'd done to my hands, and I told him the whole story. "Oh, well, it wouldn't have mattered if you had heard a nightingale," he said cheerfully. "Still be your word against the supervisor's, wouldn't it? Besides, the old boy is right. Nightingales don't go 'Jug Jug,' they go 'tsoo tsoo.' See Edward Thomas on this."



So I saw Edward Thomas. I went back to my college library and looked up his collected poems. "Tsoo," his nightingales cry. The sub-librarian heard me cursing softly and came over to me. I told *him* the whole story. "But Mr. Eliot's quite right," he said. "Nightingales do have a note that sounds very much like 'Jug Jug.' Beautiful it is, sir. I think you'll find it quoted in Samuel Taylor Coleridge—'The Nightingale, A Conversation Poem,' from 'Lyrical Ballads.' That should satisfy your supervisor, sir."

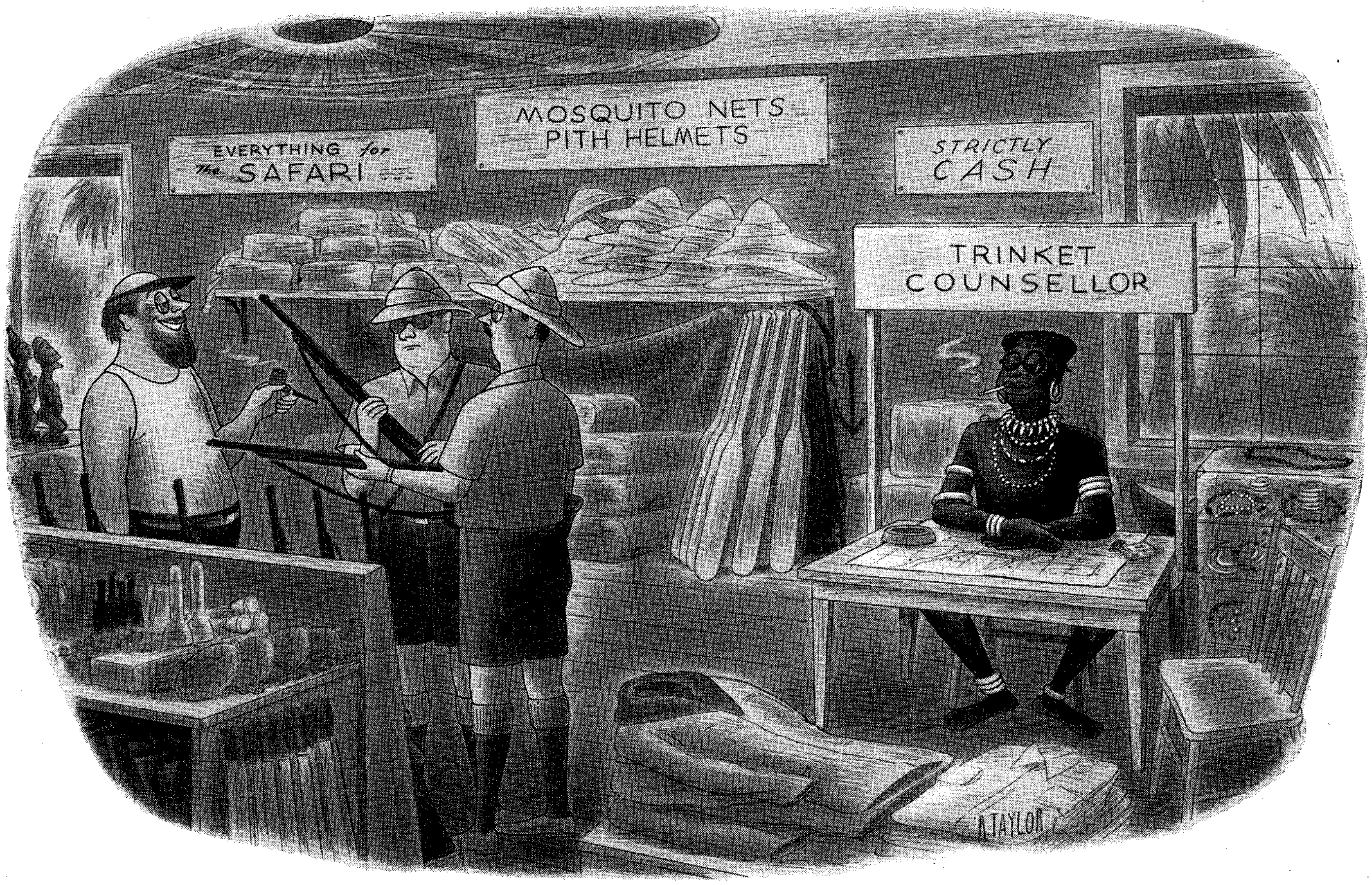
I carried "A Conversation Poem" with me to my next supervision, and pointed out the lines to my supervisor. He read them aloud:

"And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—

Well, Perrin, true enough," he said easily. "But the 'Jug Jug' counts for no more than the preliminary cough of a Wagnerian tenor. That 'low piping sound' is the real *song* of the nightingale. It's as if Eliot had announced that he was going to describe a violin concerto and then had written, 'The violins tune up, "Squeak Squeak" to dirty ears.' "

Two days later, I went to Oxford for the weekend and attended a literary tea. After the third cup, I found myself telling the whole story to my host, a sympathetic don of Lincoln College. He rubbed his hands with pleasure. "What curious nightingales you have at Cambridge," he said. "All that tuning up. Your birds must suffer from sore throats, like your lecturers. A healthy, normal nightingale—the one that lives in my garden, for example—doesn't need to warm up. He just opens his beak and starts singing. And 'Jug Jug' is an integral part of what he sings. If I were you," he concluded, pouring me a fourth cup of tea, "I should look at John Lyly's 'The Songs of Birds,' from 'Campaspe,' the edition of 1584. Then I'd have a word with my supervisor."

I couldn't wait until I got back to Cambridge to speak to my super-



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visor. That same night, I posted him a card from Oxford. It read:

> Jug, Jug, Jug, Jug, tereu shee cryes,
> And still her woes at Midnight rise.
> —J. Lyly

When I returned to Cambridge on Monday, there was a note waiting for me.

Dear Perrin [my supervisor had written]: I didn't realize you were so serious about nightingales. I fear you are leaning on a feeble reed in John Lyly, however. His bird cries are pure literary artifice, and not even original.

Look up the Latin version of the Greek myth of Philomela, who was turned into a nightingale, and of King Tereus, who was responsible. Then tell me if you still believe in Lyly's "tereu"s—or in his "Jug, Jug"s.

Underneath, he had inscribed the following:

> Every thing did banish moan
> Save the nightingale alone.
> She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
> Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
> And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
> That to hear it was great pity.
> *Fie, fie, fie*, now would she cry,
> *Teru, teru*, by and by,
> That to hear her so complain
> Scarce I could from tears refrain.
> —Richard Barnfield (1574-1627)

I was still smarting from this blow when a fresh note came on Tuesday.

Dear Perrin [it began]: I've been doing a little research on literary references to the nightingale, myself. There weren't many major poets rash enough to try to reproduce his characteristic song. But there was one: Lord Tennyson.

Unlike your Mr. Eliot, Tennyson *does* have an extraordinarily accurate ear. I quote from a minor poem of his called "The Grandmother":

> The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
> And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrupt the nightingale.

THE next morning, I presented myself at the Cambridge University Library precisely at nine-thirty, opening time. About eleven, I emerged from its bowels, grimy to the elbows from handling old books, and bearing a sheet of paper. On it were written these words from a poem titled "To Mistress Isabel Pennell," by the reasonably major poet John Skelton:

> To hear this nightingale
> Among the birdes smale
> Warbeling in the vale,
> Dug, dug,
> Jug, jug,
> Good year and good luck,
> With chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck.

In the entrance hall, I ran into my supervisor. He, too, was grimy and had a slip of paper. Silently we exchanged. "Walther von der Vogelweide," his said. "Early German minnesinger. From 'Unter den Linden':

> Near the woods, down in the vale,
> *Tandaradi!*
> Sweetly sang the nightingale."

My supervisor spoke first. "Perrin, suppose you meet me at Madingley pub at eight," he said. "It's going to be a long evening. We might as well start with a pint of beer." —NOEL PERRIN

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser*]

"Let's go to the matinée this afternoon," said Mrs. Vance, who had stepped across into Carrie's flat one morning, still arrayed in a soft pink dressing-gown, which she had donned upon rising. . . .

"All right," said Carrie. . . . "What shall we see?"

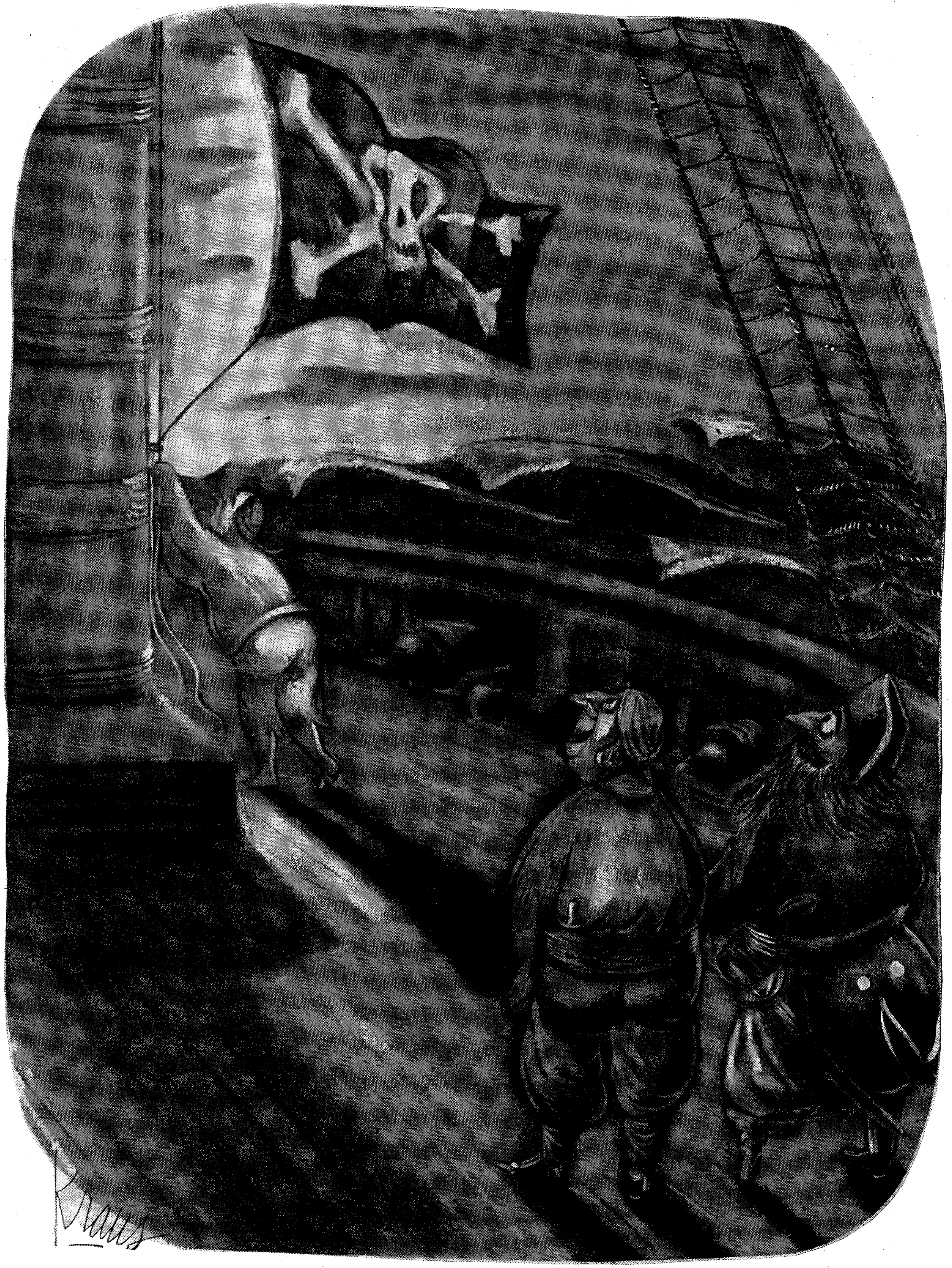
"Oh, I do want to see Nat Goodwin," said Mrs. Vance. "I do think he is the jolliest actor. The papers say this is such a good play."

"What time will we have to start?" asked Carrie.

"Let's go at one and walk down Broadway from Thirty-fourth Street," said Mrs. Vance. "It's such an interesting walk. He's at the Madison Square."

"I'll be glad to go," said Carrie. "How much will we have to pay for seats?"

"Not more than a dollar," said Mrs. Vance.



"It's a grand old flag."

BOILEAU AND HER SCHOOL

IT was warm for Gstaad in September when I visited my old Swiss school, Le Refuge, after a ten-year absence. The long table was set on the terrace, in the shade of the yellow-and-white striped awning, and there was just time for a moment's greeting from the headmistress, Boileau, before we sat down to lunch. During the potage Saint-Germain, I heard a sniffle on my left; it came from a little girl with an old face, dark, frizzled hair, and long eyes the startling green of a tree frog. Only new boarders dropped tears into their soup.

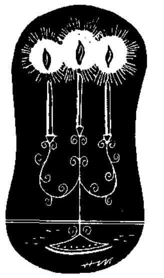
"When did you arrive?" I asked her.

"Yesterday afternoon. I came by plane; it's my father's private plane but he lets me ride in it," she answered in careful French. "I miss him because he went back. My father, he is the Shah of Persia."

My memory had deceived me about the landscape, which now seemed shrunk and faded, but nothing else had changed. In my day, too, students arrived in private planes. After the soup, cheese tartlets were served, and spinach so evenly whipped with the good Swiss cream that there was little doubt in my mind as to the faithfulness and durability of the old cook. I looked at Boileau, and she gave me her familiar, absent, reassuring smile. Her full name was Aimée Boileau, but to all of us she had always been simply Boileau, and our lives in the year-round school had been rooted in her power. At this moment, there was a clatter at the other end of the table, and I saw two knives, engaged in a fencing match, collide and fall to the floor. From habit, blood flew to my face with a thump of the heart, but Boileau appeared untouched by this outrageous breach of discipline, which in the past would have led to the most eccentric punishments, lasting not days but weeks. She lifted her shoulders, and told the boys to pick up their knives and continue with their food. The incident was closed. The stewed plums had a familiar sour-sweet taste. My little neighbor continued to drop tears into her plate.

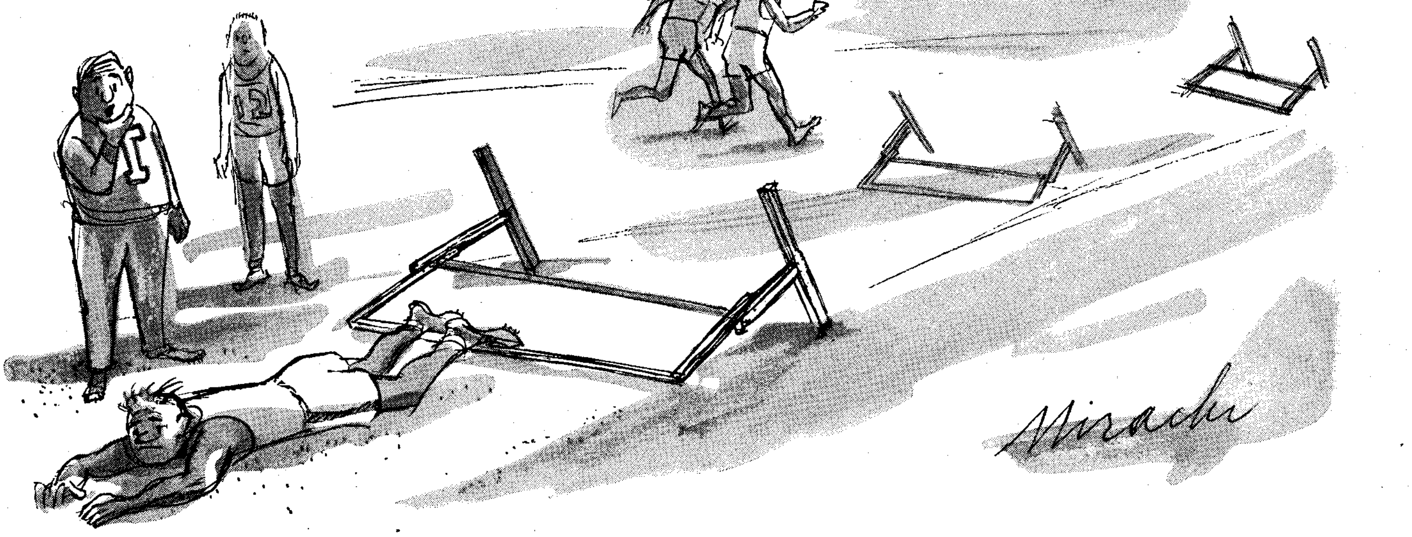
After lunch, I ran up the stairs; all was intact, and just as I remembered it, including the patterns of the chintzes. The school was a large, three-storied wooden chalet with two roofs. In addition to our bedrooms, which were rather bare and neat, with a minimum of English chintzes, the building held all the classrooms, the bathrooms, the gymnasium, the enormous dining room, with its four walls hung with old copper pans and utensils, one staircase for the children, another for the Mzelles (our contraction for the Mademoiselles, our teachers), and the more elaborate downstairs reception rooms. There were also terraces, balconies, lawns, two outdoor playgrounds, and a separate building housing the staff and the Mzelles. On the boys' floor of the chalet were the apartments (each scented, and locked like an oyster) of Boileau and Bigar, her assistant—a retreat from the beamed ceilings, the polished wooden walls, the Alpine architecture. Bigar's rooms were heavy with fragilities: tremors of lacy curtains, painted dolls under glass, fringes of point d'esprit dripping from a *lit de repos*, cruel old instruments, with mother-of-pearl handles, for the care of the nails. The walls of Boileau's rooms were crowded with floor-to-ceiling shelves of small leather-bound books; her low tables disappeared under a mess of magazines and half-cut novels. And everywhere, among her porcelain birds and her inscribed photographs framed in moss velvet, roved a deep, mixed scent of sandalwood and Mitsouko.

We entered Boileau's apartment only to receive a long-distance telephone call from our parents or to be expelled from school. The ceremony of the telephone call never varied. We sat on Boileau's satin *bergère*, our feet not quite reaching the rug, while she checked and fussed over her clocks and watches. In silence and on tiptoe, Bigar passed a dish of mauve candy. In silence, Boileau helped herself to three, sighed, and lifted her shoulders as her eyes roamed the four walls; all of a sudden, they met, above her straight-backed piano, the photograph of a thin boy, and she sighed once more, deeply, before she said, "He died here very suddenly, you know. But he was the only one." And the new silence was cut by the "*drrring*" of the school's only telephone, bringing a voice that had long ago severed itself from our lives.



It was an effort for me, even after ten years, to knock at Boileau's door that evening. She sat reading "La Condition Humaine," and, in the half light, she appeared unchanged, but her spirits were high—higher than I remembered. I felt that she was no longer obsessed by her responsibilities as headmistress. Perhaps the war years had done that. She told me that, with all communication between Switzerland and the outside world cut for over two years, she had found herself mother and father to five stranded children who stayed on, and the only recipient of her own reports. During those years, the complicated disciplinary mechanism that used to rule every waking hour of every child's life had broken down—spent, unable to provide for anyone's true needs. In spite of what Boileau said, I found it difficult to believe—in those untouched rooms, still infused with that essence of sandalwood and Mitsouko—that the school had changed. We were silent for a moment, and then Boileau laughed as she drew from her novel a snapshot she had been using as a bookmark, and handed it to me: against a background of sun and brown children I sat, naked and white, with every bone showing, in a steel tub on the terrace, looking not nearly as old as my seven years. It was dated "Summer 1935." I had just come to the school, an asthmatic girl whose only hope for recovery—said the Parisian doctors who had succeeded each other on the edge of my bed like crows on a fence—might be found in the unpolluted air of the Swiss Alps.

I was so difficult in the beginning and cried so much that Boileau almost sent me back—especially on the day when, thwarted in her every attempt to tame me, she tore both her necklaces from her neck and scattered all the amber beads into the gravel of the playground. To my grandmother, who stayed in the village until I stopped threatening to run away, I complained of being fed on string beans so large that they would not fit on ordinary plates. If the meals seemed unrewarding, the nights were truly dismal. I slept in the infirmary at the start, guarded by Mzelle Wibault, the nurse, who slept in the next bed. She undressed by the light of a single candle, which she kept burning through the night, in order to waste no time if I woke up wheezing. When I did, she fitted a greenish stick into a metal holder and carefully lit it with the flame of the candle. After a few seconds, it burned like fireworks, releasing a smell of eucalyptus and caves long abandoned; the sparks flew and threatened to ignite the sheet under which I sat coughing. The treatment was followed by a tisane of linden flowers, boiling hot, to be drunk in one gulp. After a week, I appeared to have no more trouble and, once released from the



"Whatever it is you're doing wrong, you're still doing it. Let's try again."

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infirmary, entered the regular life of Le Refuge.

IN the mornings, we had five minutes between the time Mzelle Wibault threw open our bedroom doors and the eight-o'clock breakfast gong. We scurried to the bathroom, to our appointed half-moon sinks, where a washcloth dribbling with freezing torrent water was applied to the chest, synchronized to a unanimous moan, followed by a quick dab of the towel. Then, calmed by the luxury of a full minute allotted to the brushing of teeth, we elevated that operation to a ceremony. Toothpaste tubes were unknown at Le Refuge; instead, each of us owned a flat-bottomed circular box, with a cover stamped "Gibbs" in high relief (the "G" tall and greedy, swallowing "ibbs"). It held a pink powder cake, which foamed slightly with the application of the wet toothbrush. The container had to be kept absolutely clean—it was regularly inspected—but the cake was never censored and served as each child's coat of arms: the geologists worked by erosion, the religious carved a cross, the mountaineers invented crevasses.

Back in our rooms, there were still underwear, uniforms, socks, shoes, and pinafores to get into, and the backs of the pinafores were dense with buttons; being ready first was of little use, since you were then called on to button the others. The last few seconds, we buttoned each other in Indian file, three or four to a room. We were always interrupted by the gong, which sent us down two flights of stairs to the dining room, where we stood, breathing hard, behind our chairs until Boileau appeared, in the doctor's smock she always wore in the morning, and sat down. In the winters we yawned over a plate of hot porridge, with its moving island of brown sugar; in the summers we half slept through the bread and butter with jam, and flat, icy, watered-down milk, totally unrelated to milk straight from a cow, which we had sometimes tasted on our walks. Breakfast was the time for grave pronouncements by Boileau. Usually they dealt with neighboring schools: "A group from Les Mélèzes was met by one of our teams on a walk. All those young girls have no deportment. They are as chapped as washerwomen and look messy besides. The shrillness of their yellow sweaters and caps is a breach of taste; they look like seedy chrysanthemums." Or "Lightning struck Soleil des Alpes, and three children were killed—two boys and one girl." (From that day on, we wore, during thunderstorms, a narrow red silk ribbon wound around the left index finger—a certified charm.) At other times, Boileau issued sweeping news bulletins: "My dear children, the Pope is dead." Just returned from an Italian holiday (where she had been received by the Italian Crown Prince Umberto and his wife, Princess Marie-José of Belgium, who had christened our school), Boileau said, "Hitler has the face of a criminal, but let no one tell you that Mussolini isn't enormously sympathetic."

There were five classes in all—the Beginners, the Beginners Intermediate, the Intermediate, the Advanced Intermediate, and the Advanced—of about five students each. The rather arbitrary separation did no more than divide us into homogeneous age groups. We ate, played, and walked in formation, but education was understood to be a far more tenuous matter, to be perceptively fitted to each student. It often happened that in Composition each student wrote an essay on a different subject. Twice a year, we took, with rapid pulses, examinations submitted by the educational authorities in Lausanne, but passed them with little effort.

One teacher taught all the subjects of each class. Unlike the French secondary-school children, whose chicken chests and stoop shoulders we understood to be the results of a sadly defective system of education, we never, summer or winter, studied beyond the morning, and these four hours included a homework period of three-quarters of an hour. With the first warmth of sun in spring, all classes moved outdoors—to the gravelled grounds in front of the chalet, to the terraces, or to one of the large outdoor playgrounds. If it rained, one class took refuge in a pavilion no larger than a large doll house, with three wooden walls and a peaked roof, a few desks and stools, and a blackboard.

That first summer, I was assigned to a heavy red desk in the Beginners' class, where at first I did a little reading and a lot of cutouts. A few weeks later, however, I was composing an oral essay entitled "Travelling Brings Up the Young," which began, "If your parents keep you in a box filled with cotton wool . . ." From the teacher's platform reigned malevolent Mzelle Höllerer, who wore a complete set of false teeth and who was dismissed soon after my arrival. She beat the palms of our hands with a ruler, while two red spots grew on her cheekbones, and threatened us with curses (falling hair, inability to remain upright on our skis, nightmares, and failure of our second teeth to grow in) if we reported her. She sealed her doom with a fit of uncontrollable rage; one morning she summoned tiny Toto, who loved to daydream, to her platform of tortures, seized him by the ears, and shook him so violently that she tore off part of his left ear lobe. His screams brought Boileau, terrified. Interrogated by her, Höllerer, whose red spots had spread to the hairline, tried to defend herself, in a speech suddenly muddled with German words, but was soon interrupted. Boileau made her apologize to Toto, who stood very still, bloodstains on his shirt collar. Then the class was dismissed. Toto walked down to the village with Wibault to have his ear mended by the doctor, and Boileau left the classroom with her shoulders lifted to the height of her chin. We were not allowed, from that day on, to mention Mzelle Höllerer's name. When I left, four years later, she was already a legend.

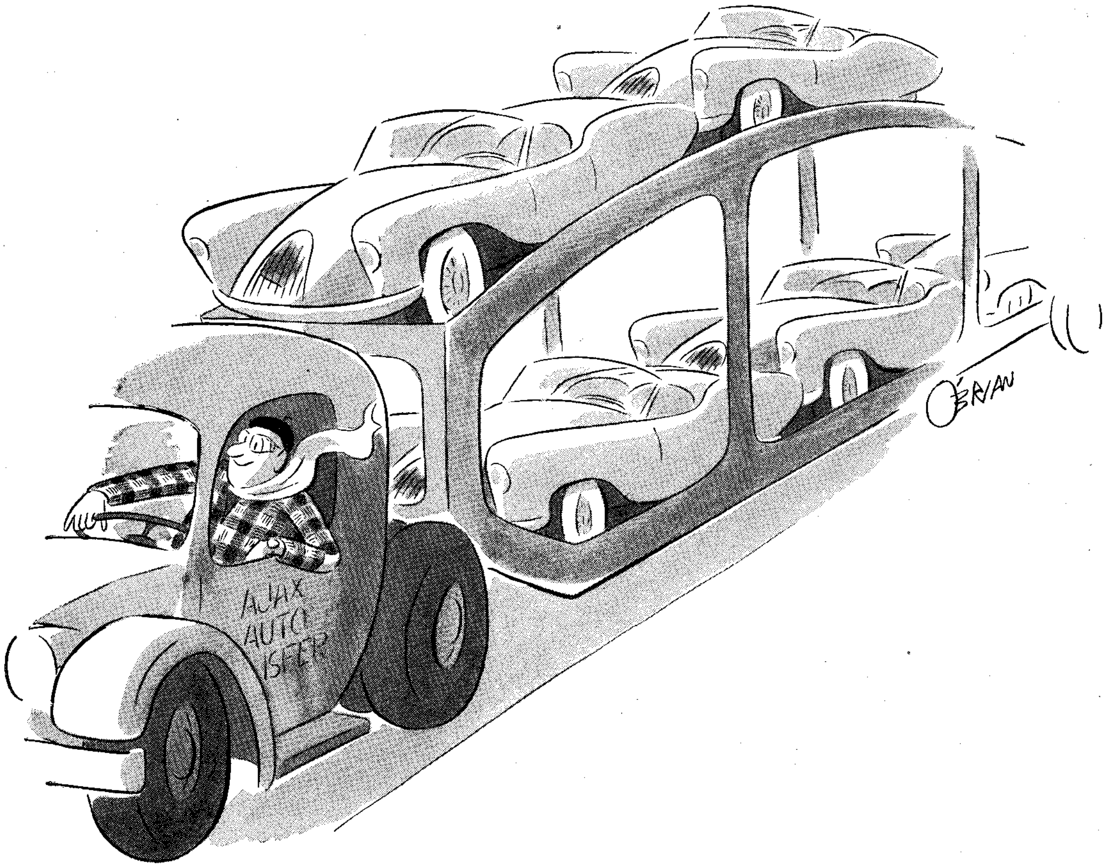
Mzelle Schwieger taught the first two Intermediate classes. Whenever she was praised by someone in a higher echelon of the administration, she blushed like a guilty child, lashes on cheeks, while her right elbow described a forward circular motion. Schwieger was a flatterer and the most ruthless tennis player in all Gstaad.

Once in her classes, we were allowed the run of the library. At the age of nine, we all read, in translation, a novel of D'Annunzio's, "Forse Che Si, Forse Che No." Entranced with D'Annunzio as a poet-hero, I then wrote an essay on "The Importance of the Romantic Deed in D'Annunzio's Life." In it I described at length the manner in which gifts sent by the poet reached their destinations in the far corners of the Italian and French countryside: how a dusty messenger on horseback, the animal half dead under him, knocked at your door, bearing the package wrapped in ancient brocades; how inside that package lay a goblet signed "Cellini;" and how the messenger disappeared in a column of dust before you had recovered the power of speech. To insure myself the protection and approval of the poet's ghost, I wore, on the day I read the essay to the class, a bracelet of seed pearls and carnelians in the shape of elephants, which D'Annunzio had given a friend of my mother's in her childhood and which she, in turn, had given me on my ninth birthday.

We were at the age of charms, amulets, mascots; being closer, through history, to France than to England, Bonaparte was our hero, Nelson (weak in strategy and unfaithful to his wife) our villain. I remember a small plaster cast of Napoleon, year after year, on the desk of my neighbor, a little boy who could not recite beyond the first line of Hugo's poem "*Waterloo! Waterloo! Waterloo! morne plaine!* . . ." because he had not yet digested Napoleon's defeat and it made him weep. This we found exaggerated.

Mzelle Hauser, in charge of Advanced Intermediates, was a big, healthy woman with an even temper. She was kind. We knew her fiancé had abandoned her, and we were prodigiously understanding. Her shoulder came out of its socket at the slightest provocation; if she had an awkward fall down the ski slope, it had to be put back in place on the spot. Her ski group was forever trying for speed rather than style, in order to leave Hauser behind and to be out of reach of her cry "Please, my shoulder . . ."

From our morning classes, we went to lunch, always with the remnant of an inkstain on the hump of the middle finger of our writing hands. While the soup was being served, one seat at the table always remained empty. So began "the Pfister watch." Mzelle Pfister was a long, yellow-skinned crone who lived in a honeycomb cell lined with bolts of navy-blue fabric, graduated boxes of buttons, our folded clothes for mending, and balls and skeins of sky-blue and dark-blue wool. She sat there the length of daylight, sewing on the machine, carefully watching dark-blue thread on dark-blue cloth through thin gold spectacles. A basket next to her was always spilling over with our socks, neatly folded into squares, each sock with its two red initials on white tape. She was available to all, and we brought sudden rips, holes we had poked at for weeks, and empty buttonholes to her attention. We were forbidden to lose buttons, and when we did, we had to talk Pfister into filling our "vacated buttonholes." Her life seemed unbearably mysterious. We didn't even know where she slept; we decided she went to bed fully dressed. The measure of her power, however, was indicated by her freedom to arrive at meals five minutes late, hung with a slight smell of camphor, and sit down to her soup



RAPUNZEL, RAPUNZEL, LET'S LET DOWN OUR HAIR

Once there was a fair young damsel and she early went, from an inferiority complex, out of her wits,
Because her friends at Wolfcroft were Miss Diana Fitz-James, Miss Perdita Fitz-Clarence, and the Honorable Miss Mavis Fitz-Something-or-Other, and she herself was only Miss Rapunzel Fitts.
Rapunzel went around singing that mares and does won't eat ivy, but little lambs'll,
So she was really more a dumsel than a damsel.
She had another song for festive occasions, when none was so festive as she;
She sang, Marilyn Monrollalong o'er the Debussy.
She was a joy to behold, but her mind worked clumsily,
Or, shall we say, dumsily.
After three semesters of "Hamlet" she still couldn't tell handsaws from hawks,
And she thought the Gunpowder Plot involved poisoning the Parliament with toadstools because she had learned on a nature walk that fungus was made before Fawkes.
In a Scandinavian fjord, where she visited her friend Miss Fjitz-ffjoulkes on a rocky islet,
She responded, when asked if her brother in the Air Force was a pilot yet, "No, he's a yet pilot."
The last I heard of her, she had married a realtor, name of Babbitt,
And she was at a dinner with her mind on green peas, sitting beside another realtor, who said, "I'm from Cedar Rapids," and she thought he said, "I'm Peter Rabbit."
This episode was on Rapunzel's memory permanently etched,
And she has grown old wondering whether he really was Peter Rabbit or whether he was just a little bit tetched.

—Ogden Nash

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as if nothing had happened, while Boileau looked somewhere else. Pfister was hard of hearing, so the gong never reached her above the sewing machine; mealtimes, for her, had become instinctive. She emerged from her cell and made her way to the dining room with the exact simplicity of a bee, obeying a private schedule that did not quite coincide with ours.

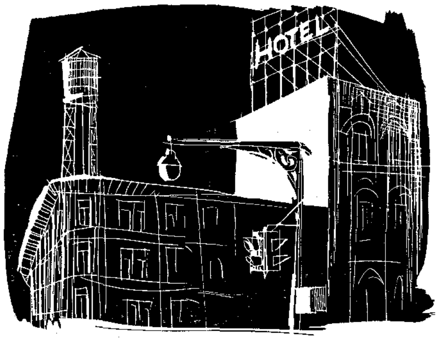
We had an hour-and-a-half rest period immediately after lunch, always outdoors under the awnings except on days when the rain or snow travelled horizontally. The small children slept in wrought-iron beds on the balconies of the boys' rooms on the second floor; sleep was not required of the rest of us, and for the first three-quarters of an hour we lay on the terrace, stretched out on wooden bunks covered with yellow-and-white striped mattresses as thin as pancakes, focussing hard on our daydreams in order not to fidget—punishment for the stirring of a limb was an added period of immobility. If all went well, if we were not betrayed into moving by the fear of a wasp's sting, we could, for the second three-quarters of an hour, turn onto our stomachs and read. We read anything we liked, from Mickey Mouse to Fernand Nathan's edition of "Grèce," for we were never censored and rarely guided. After the *sieste*, during bad weather, we strung beads, embroidered, or played Monopoly, waiting for the skies to clear, and when they did, we skied in winter and walked in summer, forever picking what grew under our feet.

Every evening, we dressed for dinner; the boys wore dark suits, with round-collared white silk shirts buttoned to their short trousers, and patent-leather pumps held on by an elastic crossed over the ankle. For special occasions they wore white suits of satin, silk, or light flannel. The girls wore pale silks, red taffetas, and dark velvets—preferably from London, the unquestioned source of irreproachable clothes for children. We were paralyzed by our magnificence. After the freedom and anonymity of uniform and pinafores all day, the girls cultivated a slow walk, never skated in the waxed corridors, and economized on movement altogether, pinched by the tight little balloon sleeves and the waists that, thanks to Pfister, fitted so perfectly that they had to be let out about every three weeks. Our parents, on their visits, were always shown the formalities of the dining room. There they found us, eating our dinners with luminous table manners (in spite of napkins tied around our necks), turning from this neighbor to that to address him in calm conversational tones.

Three times a week, we gathered in the gym room around a piano, which Boileau played, with her heavy glasses slipping the length of her nose. We sang misanthropic folk songs that told of the departure from a ghost village, where every chalet had been shaved to the ground by an avalanche, of the only survivor, a spotless little white goat. Or we sang canticles. Our favorite was:

Entends-tu l'appel du Maître,
Il te veut pour moissonneur.
Réponds-lui: "Oui, je veux être,
O Jésus, ton serviteur."

A little before eight, we were in bed, waiting for Mzelle Bigar's good-night kiss. Mzelle Bigar, known as Bibi, was a tremulous and gentle being, lost in some ancient reverie, who read "La Princesse de Clèves," and blew her nose in batiste-and-lace handkerchiefs embroidered by Italian nuns. She kept to her rooms more often than not, but was always punctual at meals, which ended invariably, for her, with a grated apple. Bibi was always accessible to our complaints of *Weltschmerz* (almost our only German word), which overcame us with the turn of the seasons, and she consoled our truly saddened states. "*Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse,*" she always concluded, dabbing Essence of Vera-Violetta behind the girls' ears. Her tenderness, her fragile color scale (pale lavender to Parma violet), and her short kiss were the last elements of our day, and too often we were deprived of them. Then Wibault would shout as she climbed the stairs, "Bibi was tired and went to bed." And she ran to open all our windows and close all our doors. A little after eight, we were asleep.



THE children came from all over; they came from the United States and they came from North Africa, but mostly they came from Belgium, because the three children of King Leopold III and Queen Astrid—Joséphine-Charlotte, Baudouin, and Albert—were being brought up at Le Refuge. They were governed by the same disciplines as we, and the only mystery about them lay in the precautions that were taken against their being kidnapped. We did not quite know how the system worked, and were forever stalking bodyguards on our walks, hoping to find them crouched behind the bushes that lined our habitual paths, with their never-blinking eyes burning among the leaves.

The prestige of bringing up three royal children lay heavy upon Boileau (when they went home on holiday, her disposition improved perceptibly), but she ruled with tact. In our friendships, rank, money, or religion never played a part. We never knew who held the available scholarships. The "de," "von," and "van" preceding family names were registered in the office but never used; Boileau once requested a new blanket from Brussels for Joséphine-Charlotte's outdoor cot, and when it arrived—a large fog of a blanket of gray squirrel fur—there was such a shock of envy among the girls that Joséphine-Charlotte had to share it in turn with the others.

Joséphine-Charlotte (Jojo) was a big girl for twelve—fair, pink, pretty, and very nearsighted. Boileau had orders, direct from Leopold, forbidding Jojo to wear her glasses except for study periods or classes; he did not want her to get used to them, and he did not want a press photographer to surprise her wearing them on an outing. The possibility of a photograph of Jojo with spectacles appearing in the Belgian press was considered by us all an irremediable disaster. Whereas the rest of the girls were released after the monthly hair-washing with a few perfunctory blasts from the hair-dryer, Jojo's ends were rolled up in a multitude of discarded woollen socks. She then spent a fidgety night fitting the bumps into her pillow, and got up dark under the eyes. Beneath the surface of Jojo's life at Le Refuge ran the hidden stream of her life in Brussels: she dreamed of giving the wrong salute on parade; she dreamed she did not recognize, from the distance of a few feet, an important official at a reception; and she woke up shaken and relieved to find herself in her narrow school bed.

"*You may scowl now.*"

Baudouin was a pale, serious boy with gray-blond hair that fell like water. He studied well, and although he was included in all the boys' activities, he did not take part in their more violent games. After dinner on Friday night, when the Mzelles read our weekly class bulletins, Boileau always lifted her shoulders when Baudouin's history mark approached. It was usually good.

Albert, known as Bébert, came to Le Refuge a little after his second birthday—a willful, pastel child. He was dressed in white the year round. Still diapered, he took long naps in the summer afternoons, and when the first snows came, he watched our ski struggles from Boileau's arms, wearing, over the diaper, a small ermine coat.

Baudouin's best friend was Georges, a very small and busy boy with a wizened face riddled with freckles. His father held an administrative post at the Belgian court, and Georges took it upon himself to serve Baudouin in the combined role of bodyguard and civil servant. On our walks, when we were not in formation, Georges was always two steps behind Baudouin. On the ski slopes, Georges followed so closely that if Baudouin fell, Georges had no space or time to change his course, and ran right into him. But he was up in a second, climbing in herringbones to pick up Baudouin's cap, which lay buried a few feet above them, its pompon blooming on the snow like a flower. He planted it back on Baudouin's head, and they were off. After Boileau had observed this feudal duet for some time, they were asked to report to the office—always a summons of extreme urgency and gravity, halfway to being expelled. Boileau told them the staff was taking perfectly good care of Baudouin, who, in turn, was taking good care of himself, and that Georges's services would not be required. Georges listened carefully, waited until Baudouin walked through the open door, and quietly followed two steps behind.

The arrival of Leopold III (Queen Astrid, we knew, had been killed in a motor accident in 1935) was always a closely guarded secret. Once, Jojo told us of a proposed visit, but even she did not know the exact date. Then one morning a few days later, we heard that *le grand blond* (our name for the King) had been spotted in the village, wearing a Tyrolian hat. The next dispatch came from Boileau at breakfast; no one was to come down to dinner that evening in a pinafore (one of the more common punishments). Then we knew: *le grand blond* was coming to dinner. Since he maintained a strict incognito, we were expected to play along. None of us had been told how to address the King under these circumstances if he should speak to us directly, and we were terrified of being seated in his vicinity. Leopold, in sports clothes and deeply sunburned, walked into the dining room with Boileau on his arm, and was seated, without ceremony, between two Mzelles, who blushed throughout the meal. (All the Mzelles were talented blushers.) Their conversation seemed easy and Leopold often laughed, but when Boileau got up, we scurried away, enormously relieved because not a fork had been dropped.

The visits of Queen Mother Elizabeth always hung over our heads like doom. She never stayed to dinner, and sometimes requested an interview with one of her grandchildren's schoolmates. The day Boileau chose me, I was told that I was expected in the small reception hall downstairs, and to make a deep curtsy, please. Boileau made the introduction. The Queen Mother sat in dignity, dressed, like most queen mothers, in gray and pearls. I recognized her immediately from her photograph in the proper-noun section of the "Nouveau Petit Larousse Illustré." The jersey turban, which hid her hair completely, was exactly the same. She asked Boileau to leave us alone, told me she loved all children, asked me to sit down next to her, and then assailed me with such a string of questions on all the aspects of the school that the terror of being overheard in a disloyal or inaccurate answer almost made me dumb.

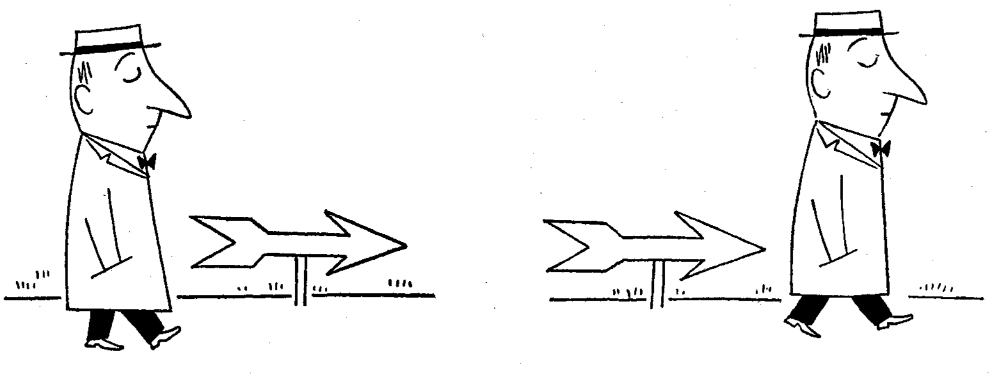
Among the American children, I remember Patricia, whose ancestors were Red Indians on her father's side and, on her mother's side, pale Norwegians with corn-colored hair. Patricia, at eleven, was ripe, slow-moving, sedate, and a true friend. And I remember Milly, who was the subject of eternal conjecture. She held herself aloof, being a little older than most of us; her hair was red, and for skiing she wore plus fours, instead of our regulation long gray ski trousers. She never bathed with the rest of the girls, and had a room of her own. On her wall, related by some monster-family resemblance, hung three strange paintings. When, for a class discussion one day, Mzelle Hauser asked Milly to bring down *"le Picasso avec le papier de journal et la mandoline,"* we became violent. We said the mandolin was a misunderstood guitar, we deciphered the newspaper collage and found the text irrelevant, we decided another, pink collage hid an irreparable mistake, and we summed up the whole as *"une idiotie pour épater les bourgeois."* Milly sobbed as she ran out of the classroom and up the steps to her room, while we continued to stare at her abandoned painting.

Boileau's disciplines sometimes confused and paralyzed us. When that happened, we lived in the depths of those bad dreams of childhood where throat muscles are powerless and the witch is close behind. We did not know how to wake up. One autumn, a boy named Henri was planted in Gstaad by his parents as they set out to circle the globe. Henri was thirteen, a leader by day and, by night, a bed wetter. When Wibault's threats got nowhere, she reported the matter to Boileau, who took immediate measures. Henri came into the dining room the following morning in a girl's navy-blue skirt, which was too short for him, and a chamber pot hung on a string around his neck, as a pendant. The pot was disposed of after breakfast, but Pfister altered the skirt to fit, and Henri wore it day after day, and on outings as well. He hardly spoke, developed a mesmerized walk, and began to look so like a trained bear wearing a hand-me-down from the trainer's wife that we expected Wibault to fasten a chain to his nostrils. We became frightened of Henri, frightened of our nights. On the boys' floor, bed-wetting spread like an epidemic, until Henri was ordered back into his trousers and the episode declared forgotten.

Before we had time to forget came Nadine, a large Belgian girl whose skin was of such unearthly matte whiteness that she looked as if she'd just been rescued out of a flour sack. Nadine was more than an ardent Catholic; she was possessed. Before her arrival, religion had never been a burden. Catholics went to the village church every Sunday morning, and every Thursday after dinner the Protestants held their *école du dimanche*, an hour's meeting in the half-lit gymnasium under the direction of Mzelle Schwieger, who sat on the only chair, with her pupils cross-legged at her feet on the cork floor. They were only a handful, and met with the surreptitious zeal of early Calvinists.

I belonged to neither category, but Boileau decided I should nevertheless get a religious education. I joined the Protestant group and sat on the cork floor, awed by Schwieger's burning voice, the depth of her lowered lashes, and her delicate mustache. And when the spirit moved me I joined the Catholic group and went to church. As a heathen headed for Hades, I was not required to confess—a practice I held to be barbaric anyway, since I had seen the penitents writing down their sins in their journals for weeks in advance. I did believe in God, but I became frightened. Nadine instilled in me the fear of falling off a cliff, drowning in the swimming pool, or developing double mastoid, from which there was no recovery, and thus dying unexpectedly and beyond salvation. I was in awe of Nadine and I was jealous of her. She was going to be a nun, she never had enough doubts to ask questions, and she went through life making pronouncements reinforced by countless holy books.

But she disappointed me. After an unusually retired period of her life, she emerged dim-eyed, pale, and purged, called her roommates to a special meeting, and announced The End of the World, scheduled for Thursday week. The faithful quickly passed the word, since there was little time left in which to repent. Panic ensued. There were prayers in the white nights, hurried confessions muffled in bedsheets, much fingering of beads, and drawn faces at breakfast—until Wibault heard one



night the sudden wail of a sinner whom Nadine had destined for eternal flames.

The next morning, Nadine appeared at breakfast with her spare pair of shoes tied around her neck, as a reminder that she was still of this earth. She was "in pinafore" for dinner that night and all the remaining nights of that week. After her office summons, she went into closely watched retirement, humbly bearing ostracism and meals without desserts, because Boileau had told her she had indulged herself hopelessly in the sin of pride. Our orders were to forget what had happened and to remember to praise Nadine's swimming; white with fat, she floated like blubber, to the intense jealousy of the rest of us, who sank like stones and made the circuit of the Palace Hotel swimming pool supported by a pulley, a rope, a hook, and the shouting of the swimming instructor, which reached us through the wet cotton in our ears: "*Vous êtes un poisson, n'oubliez pas, un poisson!*"

It was during our convalescence from Nadine that I heard an unfortunate rendition of the Facts of Life from Tessa, who resembled the fair-weather doll of our Swiss barometers. "I think," she said, "the baby grows inside the mother; then when it's born, she puts it in the cabbage so that her husband won't know where she got it." Trying to draw Nadine back into our midst, I asked her for confirmation of this tale. Nadine, who did not know what she believed at the time, added that the ability to put the baby in the cabbage depended on the mother's health, and, looking for support, asked Wibault. There was another round of punishments, distributed solemnly, like prizes.

TRAINING in household skills was utterly nonexistent at Le Refuge; there was no point in wasting time acquiring a knowledge of practical matters we were never meant to face. In all the material details of life, we were waited on hand and foot. When we left our rooms in the morning, the realization that beds would be made, chests of drawers dusted, and floors swept never once entered our heads. I cannot see a single face, I cannot recall a single name, belonging to the household staff. I remember a uniform—dull black silk covered with a pinafore of white organdie—forever answering the bell of the reception door. The kitchen was underground and forbidden to us. In the four years I spent at Le Refuge, I did not look in once. Not once did I think of the work four delicious and well-groomed meals a day (including *goûter*) for thirty-odd children and a large staff must have entailed. We thought meals happened when we became hungry.

IF Boileau was the despot-master of our behavior and at times the momentary wrecker of our souls, her power, somehow, remained secondary to that of the seasonal cycle; the four seasons created our mountain playgrounds, and the changing landscape, in turn, inspired all our games.

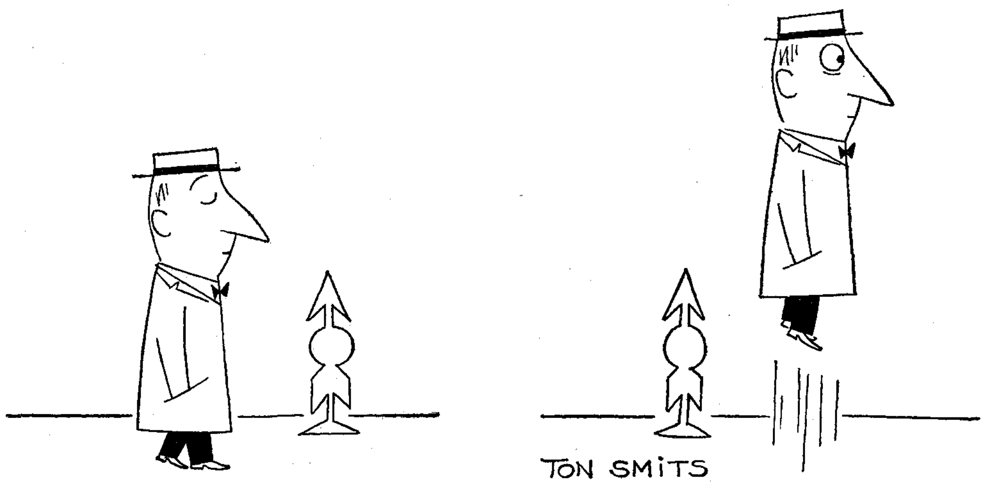
Autumn was a puddle. We walked through it in raincoats, navy-blue berets, and premature ski boots, splashing mud and cow dung in the mountain paths, deserting the group to climb onto the back of a tractable cow already dumb with thoughts of winter sleep. In the woods, the moss was waterlogged; along the road, the leaves of bushes were traced with the indelible pearly tracks of small, translucent snails, which sometimes continued their careers, unsuspected, on the backs of our raincoats, planted there by someone who soon giggled. The shepherd boy had descended from his high exile of three summer months, and had crossed the village, slapping cows and fattened goats with the stick he had carved in the loneliness of evenings. At the chalet, winter readiness meant windows fitted with double panes, and the trying on, under Pfister's narrowed eyes, of our old, hopelessly outgrown gray ski suits. A new suit was detestable; one yellowed with the years was a sign of ski maturity. (We never wore hand-me-downs.)

The first snowfall, usually shy, announced the prompt metamorphosis of our tennis court into a skating rink. After that, we waited. All through autumn, we stood in the wings and waited.

Winter was a world of snow: fresh snow, heavy snow, icy snow, wet snow; snow on the lashes, snow on the wrists between the mitten and the ski-suit sleeve, snow under the tongue for thirst. "Avalanche" was the seasonal word for danger, registered with quickened pulse. Again and again it snowed, from a dead, gray sky, and when the sun came out, the light was blinding. In a silenced landscape, we moved, slow and ponderous for our age and size, in heavy boots, or, faster, on skates, sleds, and skis. The coatroom smelled like a public vehicle on a cold, wet day; all winter long, Norwegian mittens and socks steamed and hardened in the radiator heat. Each night, unless it rained, we heard from our beds the snow being scraped off the skating rink—a sound as comforting to our bodies as the opening of kitchen cupboards heard from a hungry sickbed. And falling asleep felt like a slow, deep plunge into a heap of powdered snow.

Christmas began the last week in November, on the day each bedroom received its December calendar. It was a large pastel drawing of a chalet, on thick cardboard, with twenty-four numbered, shuttered windows and a door marking Christmas Day. There was a short incubating period until the first of December, and then our five minutes between bed and breakfast were reduced to four, to grant a full minute to the opening of window No. 1. On tiptoe (the Mzelles always hung the calendar at their own level), the tallest girl in the room pried the shutters open with a bobby pin. We all exhaled—"Ahh . . ." Drawn with sublime dignity, cropped like an imperial bust, was the head of a cow, with a bell hung at the neck. On December 6th, St. Nicholas' Day, while rumors of a promised surprise for the evening ran the corridors, one room's calendar window opened to a group of toys, another to a pot of pink geraniums, and a third to an angel with hamster cheeks, blowing a trumpet.

That night, the opaque snowfall blocked the gym-



nasium windows as we sang. At the conclusion of the canticle

> *La neige couvre nos grands monts,*
> *Etoile blanche tombée du ciel,*
> *C'est nous les premiers qui chanterons*
> *Noël, Joyeux Noël!*

the French doors opened on the apparition of a red St. Nicholas, with snowy epaulets, trailing a wet sack of toys. Unfortunately, my first year, I recognized him immediately, because of his goitre, as our old mountain guide, Appenrodt. Perplexed, I looked at Boileau, who pretended not to understand, while St. Nicholas Appenrodt, in total silence, distributed all his celluloid toys and walked away, leaving the doors open and a puddle on the floor. I was happy that Appenrodt had been given the job, since he was unemployed in the dead of winter and did not do so well in the summer, either, because of the foreign climbers' trust in trim young guides with cruel sinews and hard blue eyes. (Appenrodt and his wife lived off the sale of gentians they grew in a hidden garden, and each year put a little aside toward their goitre operations.)

For the holidays, a few parents came to stay at *pensions* in the village or at the Palace Hotel, and ascended, with the help of canes, the steep final walk to the chalet, the fathers wearing mufflers and rubber overshoes, the mothers in fur coats and fur-lined boots. Disturbers of the highly organized routines of our lives, they were not particularly welcome. We had little more to say to them than in our censored letters, with their drawings of daisies; the long separation made us shy in their presence, and the shyness was magnified by the knowledge that they would rush back to their own lives in time for New Year's Eve.

On Christmas Day, we exchanged gifts at breakfast. We gave of our own possessions, since we had no pocket money. (It took me years to find out one could buy gifts in a store.) The rest of the morning was spent in final rehearsals of the Christmas play, which was to take place that afternoon. Pfister attended like a penitent, on her knees, in order to pin the last of the straying hems. Later, in the gymnasium, the white audience of Mzelles was dotted with parents, the mothers applauding with their gloves on. At the conclusion of the presentation, two huge baskets of gifts, from forgotten uncles, godparents, and parents who had not come, were wheeled in. The gifts were not wrapped but were marked with tags bearing our Christian names. There were child-size bears, model cars, the latest phonographs, and bicycles (which were automatically confiscated the next day, to be given to the poor children in the village, because Boileau believed they would discourage *her* children from walking).

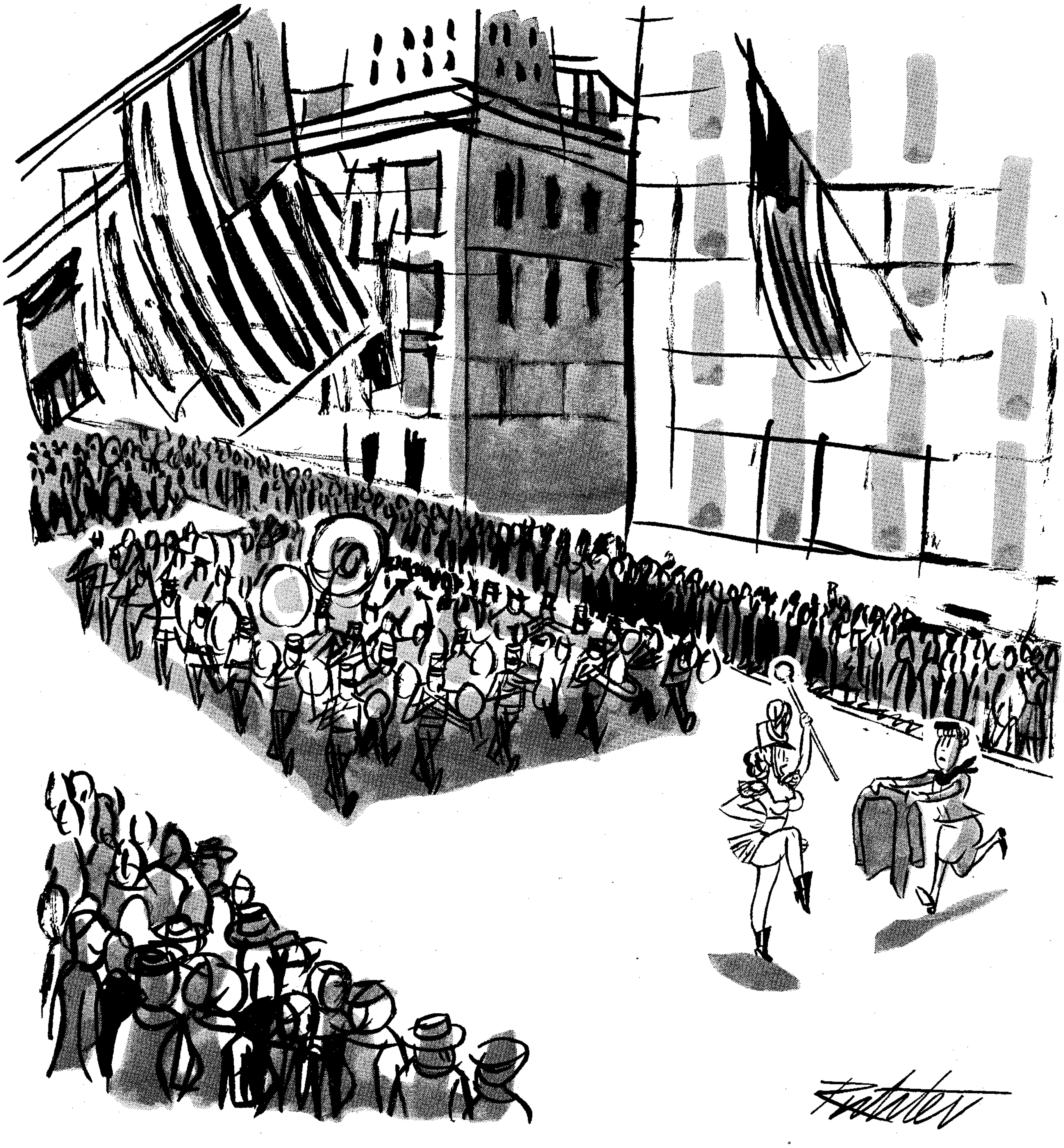
In spring, the torrents, burdened with snow and ice, had a faint, ominous smell—the smell, we thought, of death. Under the first heat of the sun, we waded in, grasping outcropping rocks, quickly learning the ways of the currents, while chunks of ice hurtled against our purple legs. The roar of the streams was dizzying and deafening, and returned to us, somehow, at night just as we fell asleep. Shouting instructions, we built beaver dams of granite rocks to secure small pools of peace to stand in. Then everywhere crocuses began to bloom—purple and yellow, thickset, sturdy, true children of the departing snow—while higher up, hiding from the lazy gathering hand, grew fields of narcissus, which we tracked with noses lifted to the wind. On our walks, we picked the small spring gentian, darkly colored like the Alpine sky, the bearded anemone, the vanilla orchis, but we didn't bother about the edelweiss—fit only, we believed, to be pasted on postcards. On the dinner table, the gentians, closely packed into a succession of low Baccarat vases, ran like rivers the length of the tablecloth. We walked every day in springtime, ecstatic with the lifting of the low winter sky and the softness of the air, which was almost unbearably pure, in spite of all the flowers.

Summer was a quiet time. At least half the children returned to the bosoms of governesses and families. Bébert stayed on, but Jojo and Baudouin wrote us, in short letters with a little blue crown on the back of each envelope, of life at Le Zoute. We had lessons in the morning for two hours only, and they were followed by the dreaded sun bath: hot and slippery under a fat coating of cocoa butter, stripped to our red trunks, we took the sun with hats on faces while the phonograph played "The Lambeth Walk." We were not allowed to move, and the heat of the sun was relentless in the thinned air. Often, there was a frightening sinking sensation in our middles, from which only Wibault's impatient voice, as she took the needle off the phonograph record to shout "Over!," could rescue us. So we turned, like trained porpoises, while Wibault hurried, fat-jar in hand, to the two brothers Daniel and Jean, who lay side by side, their pale-red hair hidden under wide-brimmed hats, in a burned misery of peeling pink freckles. Then we got up, waited in line, stepped to a wooden platform, and there were hosed by a fury of mountain water so powerful that it was a feat simply to remain upright. First we exposed our backs for a full minute, then we revolved slowly, arms extended, to reveal a fearful grimace. The "new ones" sometimes cried, but the humiliation made them try a posture of defiance the next day, until they lost their balance.

In summer, we had more time for outdoor games; we had time to hear Boileau on the subject of her days as a schoolteacher in Geneva, and time to let Bibi cover our nails with transparent polish, in order to discourage nail-biting. Time to collect grasshoppers on the mountains, tadpoles in the lakes, and to install them in our rooms—after dispatching Wibault to the kitchen in search of appropriate containers—and to nurse them to death. Summer was the time for English children, who came to the school for three months to practice their French. One of these was Jack, whose father was a London matinée idol. Jack ran to fat and was kept longer at gym, which increased his appetite. He had a deep, older voice, and read Lord Baillerонne to us in English while we sat on the grass around him, transfixed by "Childe Harold," sometimes understanding a word.

Boileau would appear at breakfast in a black suit instead of her doctor's smock, a single jewel—a gift of Queen Mother Elizabeth—pinned to her collar, and, on the spur of the moment, break all the day's plans by gathering volunteers to follow her to a village with a worth-while church, or to a small town with a worth-while fondue. We went to Gruyère, a fortified village on a hill, where Boileau bought the girls straw hats with embroidered streamers, and the boys delicate clay pipes that disintegrated in their pockets, and where we ate enough chocolate to endanger the older girls' complexions, but could find no cheese. We visited Basel and Bern; we visited houses with cold floors, high ceilings, and private collections, and greeted the owners with curtsies and baise-mains; and we visited dungeons, our favorite being Chillon, the subject of our most inspired nightmares. We roamed the shores of Lac Léman, fed the swans, and discussed the need for expansion of the Swiss fleet, which we thought inadequate.

Summer reached full bloom on the first of August—the Swiss Independence Day. We celebrated the alliance of the first three cantons against the Hapsburgs with the fervor of newly



"But, Mother, I'm not cold!"

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freed slaves. By July, we were immersed in Swiss literature, singing on our walks the national anthem, which the Swiss borrowed from the English, setting to the tune of "God Save the Queen" the words

O monts indépendants,
Répétez nos accents,
Nos libres chants!
O toi patrie,
Suisse chérie,
Le sang, la vie,
De tes enfants.

The smallest boy in school (sometimes I was substituted, being the last girl, summer and winter, in the measuring line, except for the babies) practiced standing with the apple on his head, and the tallest boy practiced with a real bow and arrow, after being instructed not to shoot under any circumstances. We learned the coats of arms of all twenty-two cantons and, toward the end of July, could recite them by rote: Bern, the bear; Uri, a bull's head; Unterwalden, keys on a red-and-white background; Basel, a bishop's staff. . . . The eve of August 1st was closely watched for signs of bad weather. Cloud formations in the shape of woolly sheep were a bad augury; a blurred moon signified rain. That night, we went to bed with a thumb taped with adhesive to the palm of the hand, because Wibault believed that holding one's thumb overnight guaranteed a clear sky for the following day. We acted our play on one of the playgrounds the next afternoon: the apple was thrown down with an invisible twitch of the head; the children costumed as representatives of the three cantons made their speeches (and were mistaken by foreign visitors for the Three Musketeers).

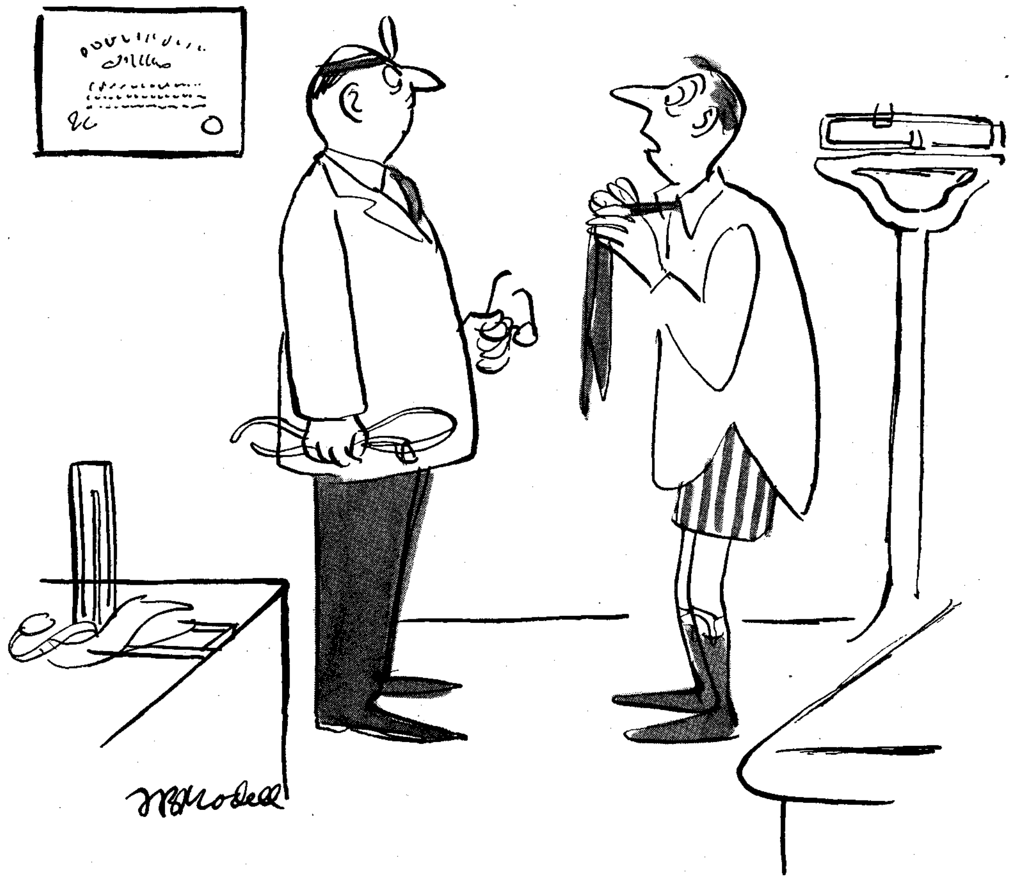
At nightfall, a cart drawn by Pégase,

the old school horse, and driven by Appenrodt stood, piled high with dried twigs, branches, logs, and small dead pines, at the bottom of the steep walk leading to the chalet. We started off slowly behind it—the boys wearing their embroidered felt caps, the girls with their hair curled—subdued and silent, until, higher on the mountain, we reached our yearly spot. We all helped build the bonfire, following Appenrodt's instructions. Once it was completed, Boileau asked Appenrodt for the matches and lit the fire. We sat down all around it, and we sang while, one by one, other fires were lit, until the mountain looked overrun by a swarm of fireflies. This was the night for identification with the spiritual life of the mountains, with the writings of Ramuz, with the achievements of sprites, with the grave responsibilities that were ours because of our school's vast reputation. Observing the fire of another school, which had been twice lit and had twice gone out, Boileau said, "Les Mélèzes, the slobs . . ."

Summer was the time for overnight excursions, for which we had been secretly trained on our regular walks. Trying to pull us into shape during the walks, the Mzelles, instead of shouting, had addressed the ones who trailed as "Poor Followers;" on the morning of an overnight excursion we were publicly divided, at breakfast, into Good Followers, who could make the trip, and Poor Followers, who were left behind.

The overnight excursion started with a full day's climb with Appenrodt. We worked slowly, on surprisingly dangerous ground, easing ourselves along a ledge over a precipice. As we moved, our backs to the rock, our hands occasionally met a copper plaque commemorating the death of a climber: "From this spot, Germaine Lepic, age twenty-two, fell to her untimely death. R.I.P." We walked and climbed from *col* to *cheminée* to *moraine* into the summer glaciers, which Appenrodt sounded with his pick. Economizing on breath, we kept complete silence, and when we reached our summit, we sat down, drunk with achievement and altitude. Quickly a mound of stones was built, and, obeying the code of mountaineers, we wrote down our names and the date, sometimes adding our contribution in the form of an obscure quotation that the next climbers would be unable to place: "*Beaucoup de front dans un visage, c'est comme beaucoup de ciel à l'horizon*" (Victor Hugo). From the summit we descended to the cabin, which we reached in time for a dinner of Maggi bouillon cubes melted in a huge pot on the stove, hard-boiled eggs, bread and butter, and lettuce with vinaigrette, brought all the way from Le Refuge in a leakproof container. We fell into a restless sleep, fully dressed but for our boots, on one wide wooden bunk covered with straw and a single coarse linen sheet. I hardly slept, waiting for dawn, which arrived unannounced in the deep, dark sky, full-blown, like a pink summer garden. This was the hour of the chamois. To return to the valley without a glimpse of the beast meant disgrace. A small one grew larger in the telling; one became two, three were a herd; and, because of the extreme shyness and swiftness of the animals, we were never sure our inventions were not the truth. As the sun rose, we ran out in search of a brook to wash our chests, screamed under the icy ablution, and ran, from habit, all the way back to the cabin. We ate our breakfast outside, picked edelweiss for postcards, packed the rucksacks, and began the descent. Before sundown we were back at the chalet, smeared with cocoa butter and the brown dust of the last two hours' walk, sunburned, eyes tired in spite of goggles, and possessed of a rapturous fatigue that longed to be dissolved in a warm bath—a bath that, alas, was not scheduled for another two days. (We were bathed twice a week, by Wibault, in about five inches of cool water, and the operation took one minute at the most.) Our prestige greatly increased, we fed our chamois tales to the ones who had stayed behind, while a minutely detailed report on our mountain behavior was fed into the office file. Excursions, it seemed, were a physical test of prowess and an emotional test of heightened living-in-a-group. To fail once meant never to be allowed to go again.

It was on the eve of a carefully planned and long-awaited expedition to Chillon, on a cruel summer day in 1939, that a telegram arrived from my mother asking me to join her immediately in New York. Boileau was silent as she took my arm and started me on the round of farewells. We reached four-year-old Bébert on his balcony just as he woke, flushed and immaculate, from his nap. "You are going to America?" he said. "But you mustn't! It's much too far. The Red Indians will eat you, and if they don't, the bandits of Chicago certainly will." He would have gone on if Boileau hadn't lifted her shoulders. —Natacha Stewart



"Give it to me straight, Doc. You don't have to beat around the bush. I can take it. How much do I owe you?"

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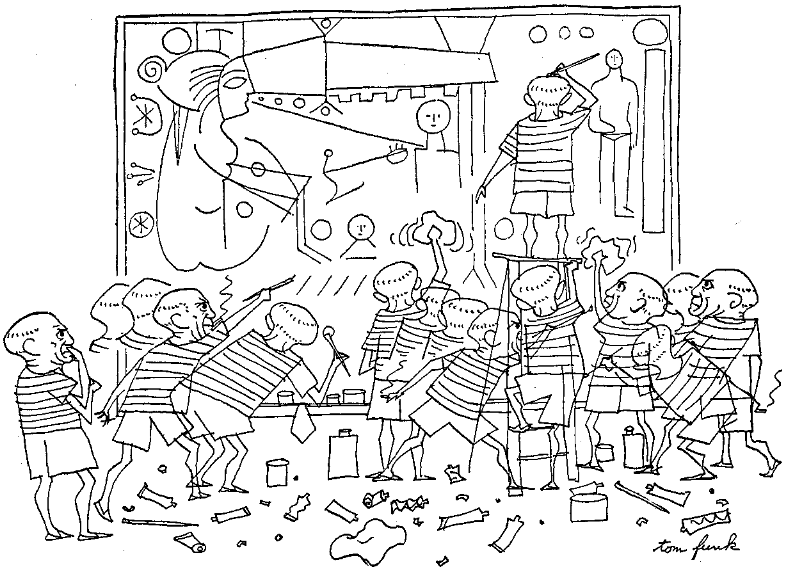
Your type of kin also dictates the lubricant you use.—*Boston Herald.*

Never you mind our kinfolks!

PROFILES

THE SURPRISE OF THE CENTURY—II



THE eruption of the Spanish Civil War in 1936 profoundly altered Pablo Picasso's life. Before its outbreak, he had been the mirror of *l'homme désengagé;* some ten years later, he had become a fledgling member of the Communist Party in France and was expounding for a Communist weekly a doctrine that had been a decade in the distilling: "Painting is not made to decorate apartments. It is an instrument of war, for attack and defense against the enemy." Up to 1936, he had sentiently been only an artist, concerned with no revolution except the ceaseless one of his painting, and dissociated from any rising crosscurrents in European politics; if friends happened to be talking politics (or even literature) at Lipp's or the Café de Flore, he would sit silent, or perhaps walk out of the café and leave them arguing, with no explanation of his disappearance except the tacit one that his mind was on something else. With the advent of the Spanish war, however, he was fundamentally and doubly roused—first as a Spaniard, and then as an immediate, ardent champion of the Republican side. In January, 1937, he began etching the two plates called "Sueño y Mentira de Franco" ("The Dream and Lie of Franco"), each divided into small panels of symbolic horrors, like a "nightmare comic strip," as an American art critic observed—panels showing, variously, a winged horse, which Franco is killing with a lance; wild-faced weeping women and a mythological bull; and Franco, turned into a centaur, being gored to death by the bull. To accompany these impractical violences, Picasso wrote a full-fledged Surrealist poem, such as he had been writing over the prior two years as a result of quasi-intimacy with the Surrealist group—especially with its chief, André Breton, and its leading poet, Paul Eluard. In his incomprehensible poem against Franco, the phrase "his mouth full of the chinchbug jelly of his words" seemed to non-Surrealists the only clear expression of his loathing for El Caudillo.

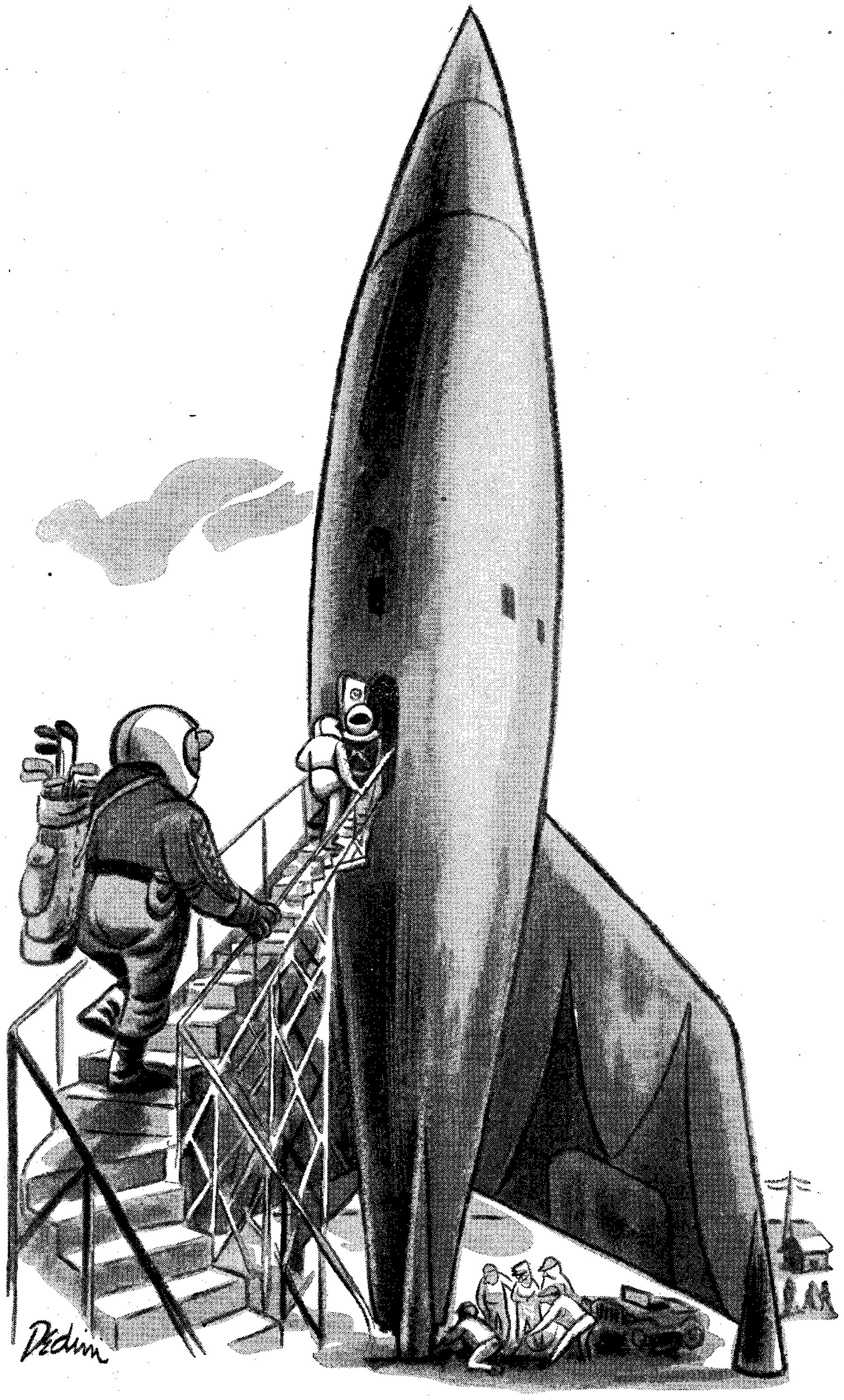
Picasso had already been commissioned to paint a mural for the Spanish Government Pavilion at that summer's International Exposition in Paris, but he did not start it until he was suddenly inspired by a real horror in history—the destruction in April of the Basque town of Guernica by the German Luftwaffe, obligingly flying for General Franco, in a modern experiment to ascertain the combined effect of explosive and incendiary bombs on a civilian population. What Picasso produced in June was his own "Guernica," his gigantic, terrifying illustration of an apocalypse in gray, black, and white—the gray of fear, the white of bones, and the black of his own mournful graphic language. Whether intelligible or not to many viewers, this is the most famous of the paintings from his late life, with its symbolic bull, its openmouthed screaming horse, its woman with a lamp, its dead baby, its lifeless, gutted warrior with a broken sword, and its anguished citizen with face and arms lifted toward the heaven from which comes the novelty of a new form of death. Seen in the Spanish Pavilion beside the gay Chaillot fountains, the mural, with its agonized political mythology, had only a stupefying effect on most of the Exposition visitors. The poet Jaime Sabartés, Picasso's Spanish secretary and friend, who has known him for almost six decades and lived with him a great part of that time, later declared of it that "it was necessary for the pictorial expression to be horrible, for the outlines to weep, for the discolored color to be one of sadness, for the whole to be a penetrating clamor—tenacious, strident, and eternal." Aesthetically appreciated by only a few visitors (though valued as rare political propaganda by the French intelligentsia backers of Republican Spain), it palpably failed to impress or inform the general public, come to the Exposition to have a nice time.

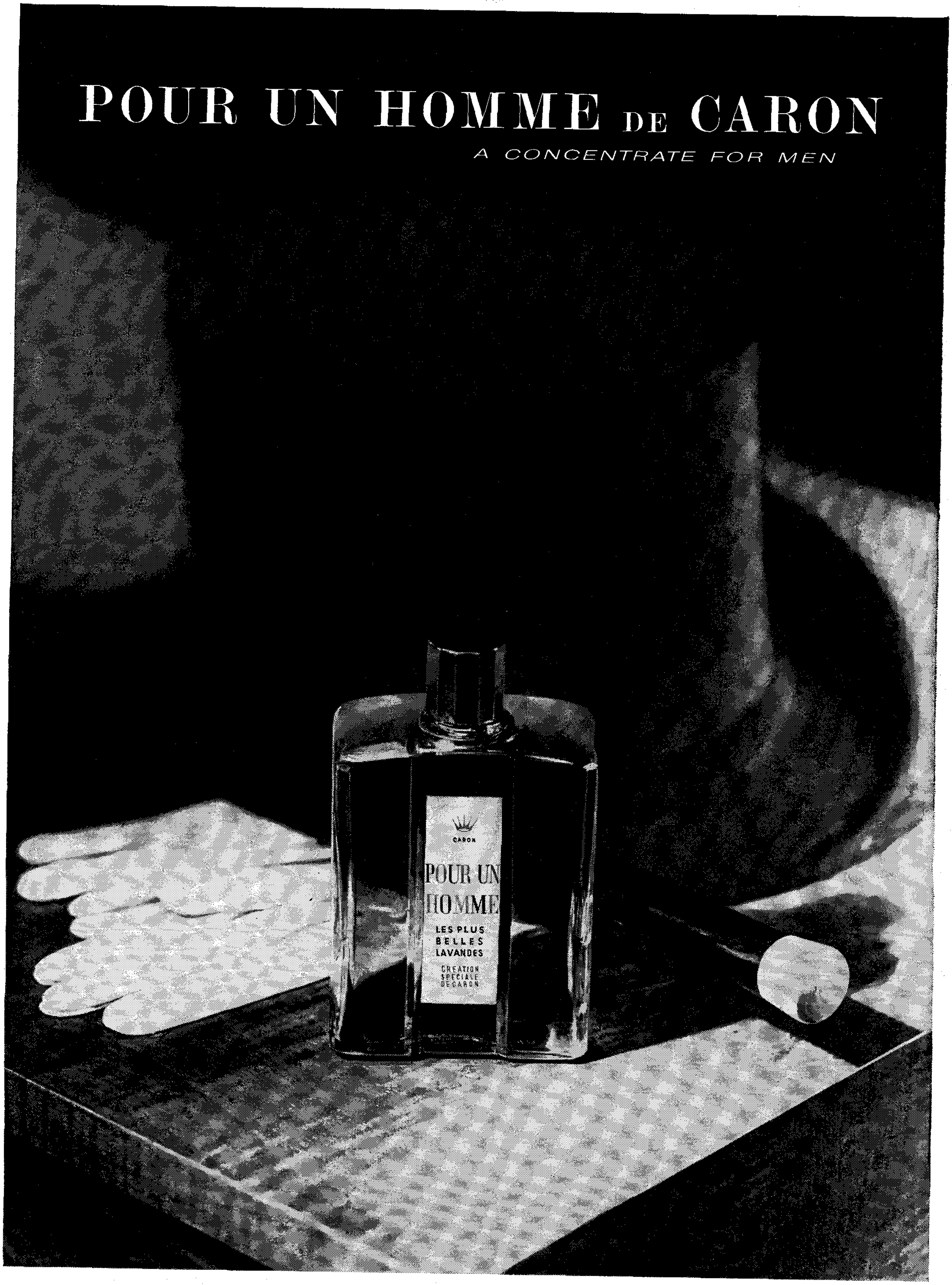
When the next war broke, in 1939, Picasso and Sabartés drove from Paris to Royan, a fishing town on the Atlantic coast of southern France, and there they eventually took the top of a house called the House of the Sailmakers, which looked out to sea. Picasso spent almost a year in Royan, interrupted by several hasty all-night drives back to Paris. In August of 1940, he returned permanently to his Paris studio on the Rue des Grands-Augustins, to sit out the war under the Germans, working. Because he was a special anathema to Hitler—a distinction that tacitly acknowledged him as the supreme chief of modern art—the Occupation authorities forbade him to hold any public exhibitions. But occasionally Nazi officers, sufficiently cosmopolitan to be disloyal to their Führer's art limitations, out of curiosity called at his studio, where a large photograph of "Guernica" was hung. This circumstance led to Picasso's most ferocious bon mot. An especially cultivated Nazi—or one who had at least heard of the picture—said on looking at it, "Ah, so it was you, M. Picasso, who did that," to which Picasso retorted, "No, you did it!" He had postcards made of his "Guernica," and when the occasional Germans called, he would thrust one into their hands, saying, "Take it, take it! Souvenir!"

Throughout the Occupation, Picasso maintained his spirited, if passive, resistance to the occupiers. It was implacable and audacious, and, by way of the rumor and gossip on which Paris lived during those long years of blackout, it became a legend. Since everything that touches Picasso is always magnified, the gossip swelled into the belief that even though he was then more than sixty years old, he was secretly active in the underground Resistance, like many of his young intellectual friends. The truth is that during the Occupation years he remained a kind of immovable, impressive Left Bank monument, inscribed first anti-Franco and then anti-Hitler—the outstanding *Kunstbolschewismus* practitioner of the Occupation, who simply went on working at his art, was cold in winter like all other Parisians, and, like all other Parisians (at least to the extent that they could afford it), fed himself on the black market. Two days after Paris was liberated, his friend Paul Eluard brought him a *livre d'or* that was to be filled by writers and artists of the militant Resistance and presented to their triumphant chief, General Charles de Gaulle; as an exceptional honor, Picasso had been asked to make the first drawing. He obliged with a pen-and-ink sketch of a girl's head. Attracted by his fame, Allied soldiers who had been artists or writers, or who were just rank-and-file admirers, trooped to his studio, which became the American intellectual sergeants' headquarters. Newspapermen described him and cameramen photographed him like an internationally known masterpiece portrait feared lost in war and now discovered perfectly intact.

Six weeks after Paris was free, the Salon d'Automne opened, in the quai-side section of the municipal Palais d'Art Moderne, across from the Eiffel Tower, with the first big exhibition of France's contemporary art after four years of Nazi domination. For special significance, it was called the Salon de la Libération, and Picasso was honored by being given a gallery of his own, where close to eighty of his works were displayed. They did not satisfy the public. Probably too many French people recalled what they had seen as physical realities of war and occupation; after four years of ugly history, they had forgotten what the luxury of the cerebral inventions of modern art looked like, and they were shocked. To the overemotional—and at that time still optimistic—public mind, the Salon symbolized restored Gallic culture, the nation, patriotism, and a republic, and Picasso, being foreign, was resented as its star. Also, just before the Salon opened he had announced his adherence to the Communist Party. On the Salon's third day, there was a demonstration against him—a bull's head he had concocted in the Occupation shortage of materials and in his own mordant humor from an old bicycle saddle, with the handle bars as horns, especially angered some visitors—and a few of his pictures were pulled from the wall, with shouts of "*Décrochez!* Take them down! Money back! Is this French art?"

At Christmastime the next year, with the war finally ended, about twenty-five of Picasso's art works, along with an equal number of pictures by the great Frenchman Henri Matisse, were exhibited in London, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and they produced a gale of letters, many of them indignant, in the *Times*. Londoners who had been buzz-bombed and V-2-bombed, had had their houses fired, and were still living amid the grotesque wreckage of their city with their knowledge of horrors that Parisians had been spared, in many cases scoffed at what they felt was a lack of human solace and civilized moral values in Picasso's art, but, being English, they did not lift a finger against his paintings. Instead, they wrote to the *Times*. "Figures with half a head and three eyes appeal to very few," wrote one man briefly. A letter writer "in a state of utter bewilderment" thought that "the efforts of Henri Matisse seemed tolerable" only in comparison with those of Picasso, which were "unjustifiably brutal;" an angrier correspondent called the Picassos "the Belsen horrors at the Victoria and

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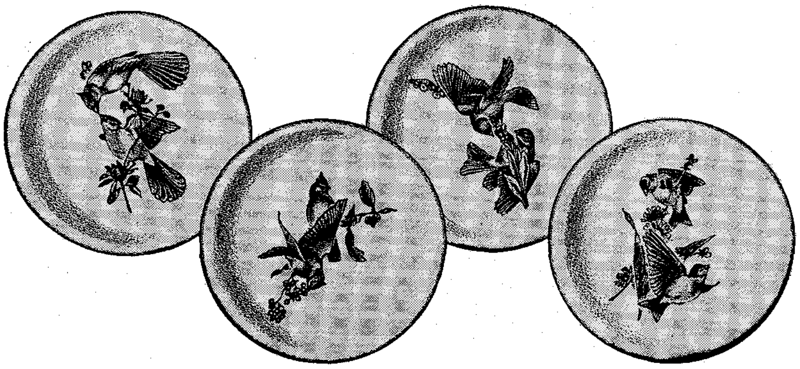

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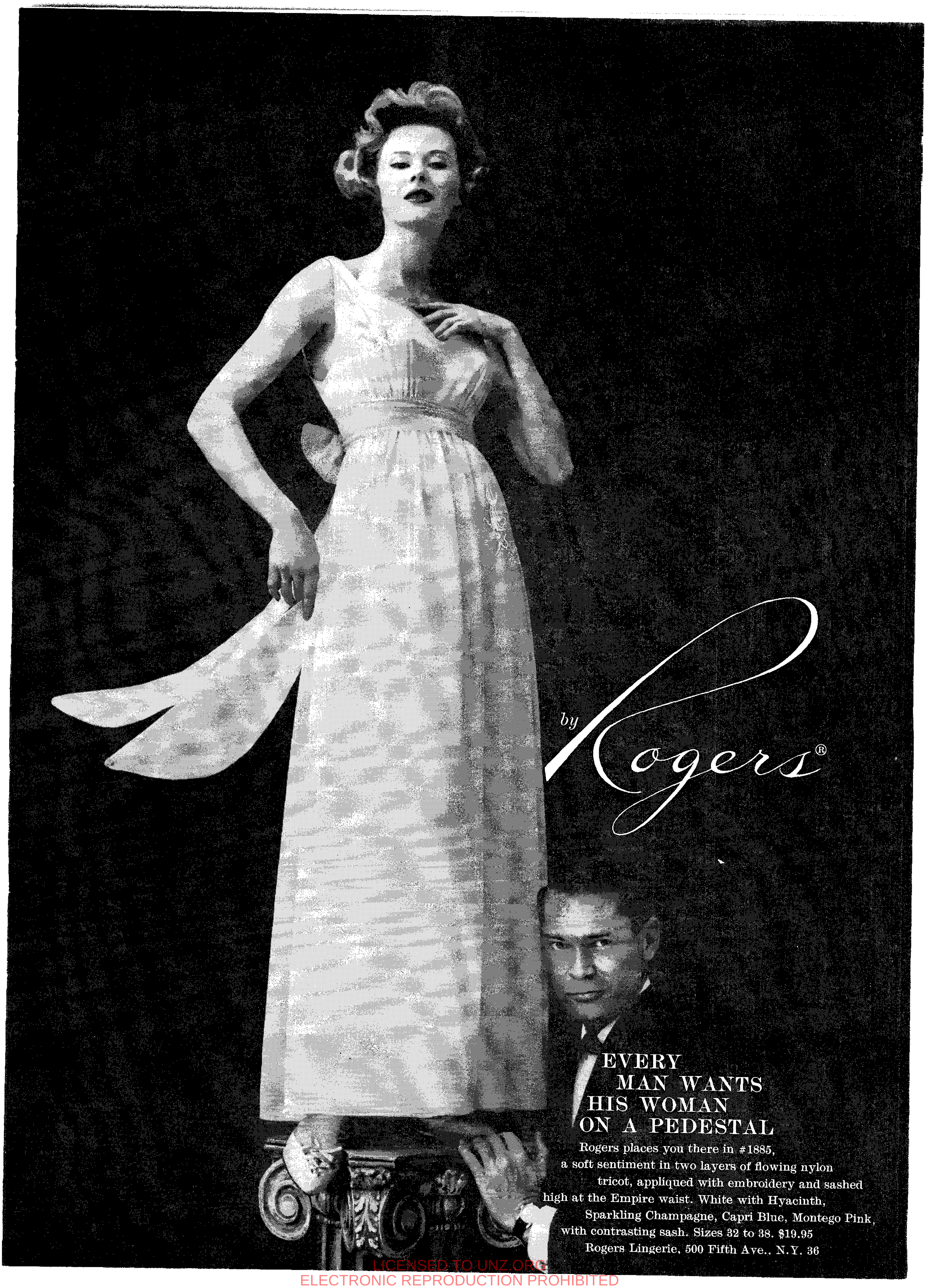
Albert." "This exhibition is an insult both to artists and the intelligent public," the president of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours stated, adding a great deal more. Evelyn Waugh, in his letter, said disdainfully that, as an experience, Picasso's work "can only be treated as crooners are treated by their devotees. . . . Do not let us confuse it with the sober and elevating happiness which we derive from the great masters."

EVEN in retrospect, Picasso's joining of the Communist Party seems incomprehensible to most of his friends—and especially, one gathers, to some of his Communist friends. A few years after his conversion, he said that he had become a Communist because there should be "less misery in the world." He hated poverty, he went on; he had seen other men cruelly and unforgettably poor, and he had been bitterly poor himself as a young artist. Undoubtedly, his sufferings and humiliations from poverty when he first settled in Paris, in 1904, were still heavy recollections, sunk to the bottom of all his youthful memories. (At times, he had been in such need that, after refusing the villainous price offered by a shyster Montmartre art dealer, he would be forced to accept half of it the next day, because he was too hungry to hold out, to be proud, or to bargain. Fernande Olivier, his literate, celebrated mistress of that time, once said that there were days when they had no food at all; that there was a hungry, miraculous day when one of his rarely practical admirers left outside the studio door a tin of sardines, a long loaf of bread, and a bottle of wine; and that there were two winter months when she remained housebound because there was no money to buy shoes for her.) It has been said that his adherence to Communism was also founded partly on his generic sympathy with workers, since he had always worked himself, but by the time he joined the Party, this explanation had been rendered hypothetical by his having become, in his way, the highest-priced, fastest pieceworker in the world, who in one day could paint a picture valued at twenty thousand dollars. By the time he joined, he was a self-made millionaire of eccentrically inexpensive bohemian tastes, who had been living in his various dwelling places—in Paris, in his successive houses in the Midi, and even in the Château of Boisgeloup, near Gisors, which he had bought for himself in 1930—in disorganized simplicity, since luxury happened not to appeal to him, any more



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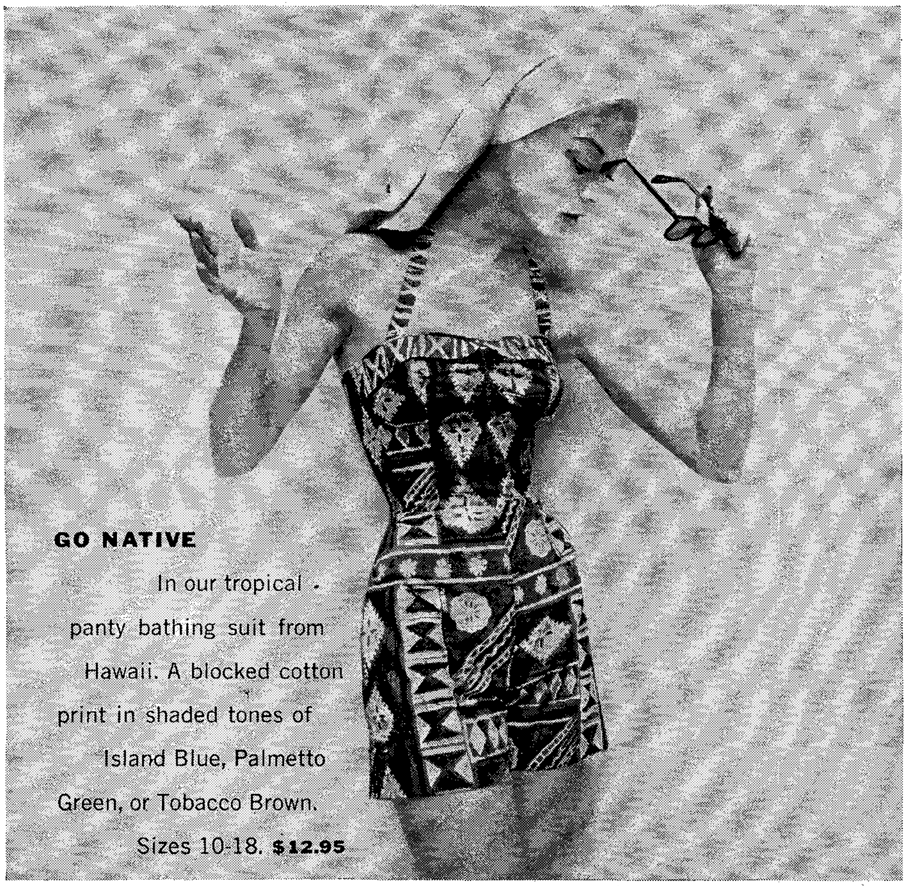

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than order did. It is natural that his announcement of having signed up with the Party—a seriously regarded step in France, like taking an irrevocable sectarian vow—should have created considerable stir in the Paris of 1944. This was true even though Communism had been temporarily given an almost benevolent patriotic position by General de Gaulle's initial political opinion, as the head of the provisional government, that all Resistance parties (and in the Resistance the Communists had been very important) must be permitted to help govern the new France they had helped to save. In October, 1944, in an interview carried by the *New Masses*, of New York, Picasso was quoted as saying that he had long been aligned with the Communists, as his closest Party friends, Paul Eluard and Louis Aragon, well knew; that he thought the Communists "worked the hardest to understand and reconstruct the world;" and that it was among the Communists that he found those he most admired—"the greatest scholars, the greatest poets, and all the beautiful faces of the Paris insurgents" of the August Liberation days. In the meagrely lit Paris cafés of the following winter, there was much talk about which of the two had made the worse bargain in accepting the other—Picasso or the Communists. The questions of how the toughened, realistic Party could digest his unproletarian and intellectually individualistic art, clearly in a class by itself even for the bourgeoisie, and of how he, as a revolutionary artist who had been a law unto himself for sixty years, would be able to swallow obediently the Party's academic Marxist bigotry and Stalinist infallibility were argued with relish.

In March, just before the war ended, a Communist woman journalist, Simone Téry, brought to Picasso's attention an American newspaper story saying that his Communism was only a caprice and claiming that he had said art and politics had no connection anyhow. Outraged, Picasso impulsively took up a pencil and inscribed for her—and for the Communist literary weekly *Les Lettres Françaises*—his celebrated statement on *l'homme engagé*, the most revealing politico-aesthetic statement he has ever made. In the swift double heat of anger and conviction, he wrote, "What do you think an artist is? An imbecile who has only his eyes if he is a painter, or his ears if a musician, or a lyre at every level of his heart throbs if he is a poet, or, if he is merely a boxer, only his muscles? On the contrary, he is at the same time a political being, constantly alert to the heart-rending, burning, or happy events in the world, molding himself in their likeness. How could it be possible to feel no interest in other people and, because of an ivory-tower indifference, detach yourself from the life they bring with such open full hands? No, painting is not made to decorate apartments. It is an instrument of war, for attack and defense against the enemy."

Picasso served the Party well in public, within the limits he must have laid down to his friend Aragon, the French Communists' most brilliant intellectual and the *éminence grise* of their intelligentsia policies. The Party used Picasso as it might have used an exotic golden pheasant, displaying him on the scarlet-hung platforms at its workmen's meetings in the Vélodrome d'Hiver, the Paris sports palace. He was, without question, the biggest, most impressive, and most illustrious propaganda feather in the cap of any Communist Party in Europe, and he became a familiar sight to masses of the Paris proletariat, who soon knew not only his name and his fame but his striking broad-mouthed face, his formidable large, brainy head, and the wool scarf wrapped around his neck against drafts. They also knew and appreciated his silence. Seated on the red-draped stage, with its background hammer-and-sickle decorations, and near Comrade leaders Thorez and Duclos, whose speeches usually added up to three hours, Picasso rarely said a word.

In 1948, four years after Picasso had become a French Party member, Moscow launched a full-scale denunciation of his art. In a notable, lengthy interview given to the *Cahiers d'Art*, the leading Paris art journal, in 1935, he had stated, among his other particular verities, "I cannot understand why revolutionary countries have more prejudices about art than out-of-date countries." Thirteen years later, the Soviet Union's well-known prejudice about modern art was suddenly recapitulated in a new fulmination on the subject, written for a Moscow magazine by Comrade Vladimir Kemenov, a government art critic. His attack opened with the derogatory question "What is the cause of the catastrophic decadence in which contemporary bourgeois art now finds itself?" To this he then supplied the correct Party-line answers. "The characteristic of the imperialist bourgeois era," he declared, "is its anti-humanism, intended to oppress the worker's sense of his human dignity. Capitalism sells its modern art like men's suspenders or Coca-Cola. The sculptor Lipchitz deforms the hu-

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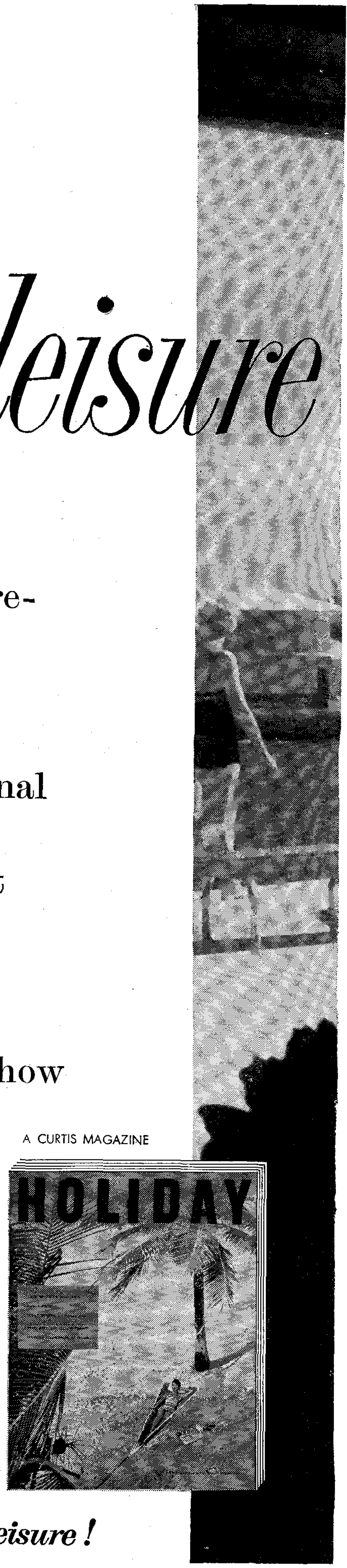

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man imagination. The English Henry Moore cynically derides the human form. Cézanne removed light from painting and resolved everything into still-lifes. Matisse and Braque have refused to admit that there is any conflict between art, as they paint it, and the public. They are all detached from life, deny social realism in art, and are indifferent to subject matter, which they wrongly consider the enemy of painting." As for Picasso, Kemenov said, rising to his peak, "His works are a maladive apology for capitalistic aesthetics that provokes the indignation of the simple people, if not the bourgeoisie. His pathology has created repugnant monstrosities. In his 'Guernica' he portrayed not Spanish Republicans but monsters. He treads the path of cosmopolitanism, of empty geometric forms. His every canvas deforms man—his body and his face." Picasso made no public comment on the Kemenov attack. He had not expected the Russians to belatedly begin liking his art because he had joined the French Party any more than he expected to change his art because the Russians' critic suddenly denounced it, so he went on painting as usual. Privately, however, he said to a friend with some sharpness, "I don't try to advise the Russians on economics. Why should they try to tell me how to paint?"

The next year, Picasso's art relations with the U.S.S.R. took a turn for the better through an ironic accident. According to the most popular version of the anecdote (there are many forms of it, as there are of every item touching on Picasso and his work), in the late winter, while living in his villa at Vallauris, in the Midi, he received a neighborly call one afternoon from Matisse, in company with a handsome, lonely white fantail pigeon that Matisse had been keeping as a pet in his studio in Nice and was now donating to Picasso's pigeon cote, where it could find friends. That same day, Picasso made a truly marvellous naturalistic lithograph of the Matisse pigeon, technically ranking as one of the finest prints of his career—a lovely, lovable domestic fowl. It was this feather-toed pigeon that, by a Communist propaganda miracle, was turned into the Party's peace dove. The magical transformation was achieved by Louis Aragon, that scintillating Party zealot, who, on seeing the lithograph, at once recognized the possibility of the bird's mass popular appeal as art, its potential symbolic significance if viewed not as a simple fantail but as the dove of peace on earth, and its vast propaganda value both for the Party and for

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Picasso when coupled with Picasso's signature. The lithograph was first used as a poster in connection with the Communist World Peace Congress held at the Salle Pleyel in the spring of 1949, and was admiringly commented on by the Paris press for its beauty and technical perfection. (That autumn, "The Dove" was awarded the Pennell Memorial Medal by the Philadelphia Water Color Club and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.) Since then, the Party has made prints of the bird by the million, using it at the 1951 World Festival of Youth and Students for Peace, in Berlin; at the 1952 World Peace Council, in Vienna; in China, Poland, and other satellite countries; and at all big Communist meetings in Western Europe. The Party has sold it as an art item for framing, has reproduced it on dinner plates, has put it out in reduced size on postcards—has, in fact, made it the most widely distributed, most familiar, and most popular work Picasso has ever produced. Of all the thousands of revolutionary pictures he has created as a world-celebrated artist, it is his pigeon, disguised as a dove, that has been his single art contribution of direct popular use to the Communist Party.

In 1953, the death of Stalin brought about Picasso's most embittering and humiliating Communist experience—an attack by the French Comrades themselves, especially the working-class members, on a portrait sketch he drew as his tribute to the defunct and, at that moment, hysterically mass-mourned leader. It was a hasty crayon drawing of semiclassical realism. An amazing, if unhistorical, likeness, it imaginatively showed Stalin's face as very youthful and very Georgian, with a surprising, unfamiliar look on it of brooding innocence coupled with an almost quizzical look of Slavic distress; supporting the head, with its large mustaches, was an overtall, thick neck, round as a cylinder of steel. Artistically, it was a masterly minor performance, and anyone would have recognized it as a young Stalin he had never known. It was printed on the front page of the March 12th issue of *Les Lettres Françaises*, edited by Aragon, along with Aragon's own emotional *in memoriam*, which contained (among other devotional phrases since quoted with jeers by the democratic Paris press in the recent de-Stalinization operation) his sentiments of Party gratitude: "Thanks be to Stalin for those men who modelled themselves on his example, on his thinking, on Stalinist theory and practices." In the next few issues, Aragon had to recant his admira-

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tion for the sketch by printing a selection from the flood of shocked, disapproving letters the magazine had received from Communists and sympathizers elegiacally protesting the Picasso portrait. One humble letter writer declared, in his disappointment and grief, "No, this is not Stalin's face, that face which was at once so kind and strong, so expressive, so inspiring of confidence in the honesty of our dear, great Stalin. My son, aged fourteen, shares my opinion." Another writer inquired, more sharply, "What is the value of a drawing that is such an obvious betrayal of what it portrays? Where is the radiance, the smile, the intelligence—in a word, the humanity—elsewhere always so visible in our dear Stalin's portraits?" Since the attacks on the Picasso portrait constituted news, being proof of a Party quarrel and scandal, they were naturally featured by the non-Communist French press. One newspaper interviewer reported Picasso, then in the Midi, as saying tartly, "When you send a funeral wreath the family customarily doesn't criticize your choice of flowers."

In the April 9th issue of *Les Lettres Françaises*, Aragon, who was a member of the Central Committee of the Party and in troubled waters because of the Picasso picture, was forced by Party opinion—and perhaps by the Central Committee itself—to print a *mea culpa* explaining why he had chosen to publish it. In this signed editorial, which he courageously titled "A Haute Voix" ("At the Top of My Voice"), he declared that he would never have published the portrait if it had occurred to him that it might offend anyone's "*grande tristesse*," which he and Picasso shared; he pointed out that in the portrait there were "none of those distortions that Picasso often uses in dealing with the human face . . . proof that Picasso had tried to put his technique and the validity of his intention at the service of a real likeness of Stalin." Then Aragon purged himself. His error, he said, had been "to judge art on its style, rather than on its subject matter." ("Strange that this should have happened to me," he interposed bitterly, since he, more than any other, had struggled over the years against this "deviation of the critical spirit," as Party doctrine defined it.) But it was an error "common to people of culture," Aragon stated boldly, thus making his confession double-edged by the inclusion of this oblique reference to his superior, intellectual *anti-ouvriérisme*—his conviction that workingmen's standards invariably include bad taste—which had already been thought hereti-

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cal. With what may have been a Machiavellian stroke, he inserted in his editorial a letter of militant *pro-ouvriérisme*, harsher and coarser than any previously printed, expressing the writer's "stupor and anger" at "this so-called portrait, published on Aragon's responsibility"—an enraging portrait because "it was not he, our friend," the great, good Stalin, whose prestigious renown Picasso "had made a mess of, insulting our purest sentiments." The letter went on to adjure, in part, "Come now, Picasso, this portrait isn't a question of Mme. X!!! Be yourself, and don't try to make fun of those who look at your paintings and drawings. You still have something to learn, such as respect for your model, and also for anybody who tries to find the meaning of your work. Don't let your pretentiousness run away with you. Your talent is not lofty enough to deal with Stalin." The ambitious, too brilliant Aragon—with the Party's proletariat in an angry mood over what seemed to them the blasphemous portrait, with certain of the Party's intellectuals deserting him in cowardly alarm after having at first hailed the Picasso sketch, with his having been made the scapegoat for the vagaries of his friend Picasso's genius, and, above all, with his high Party position as intellectual overseer in grave danger—had by now caught his second wind, and he concluded his *Lettres Françaises* editorial indeed at the top of his voice. In an astute appeal to Party pride, and with a courage and a loyalty to amity rare among Communists at such moments, he pointed out that it was to Marxism, not to capitalism, that Picasso had chosen to ally himself politically, then added, in crescendo, "Picasso is the man who makes the enemy envy us. He is celebrated throughout the world. He is a great artist, the painter of 'Guernica' and of 'The Dove'—my friend, our friend, the unique Picasso." Possibly because of this vigorous declaration, but more likely because Picasso was too valuable a propaganda property for the Party to lose, the rebellion against the Stalin portrait suddenly petered out.

Shortly afterward, it was said by reliable gossips in Paris that Jean Cocteau, a close friend of Picasso's for nearly forty years, felt that the recent events justified his asking Picasso the question that, out of tact, his bourgeois friends had not asked in 1944: Why had he joined the Party? Picasso's answer, according to the same reports, was "I thought it would be a big, brotherly family. *Eh bien*, now I hate my family!" Several years earlier, a French friend, who knew far more about totalitarian politics than Picasso did, had asked him what he would do if his Communist Party ever succeeded in taking over France as a satellite and, in consequence, could forbid him to continue working as an artist, except along Party cultural lines. "If they stopped my painting," he answered without hesitation, "I would draw on paper. If they put me in prison without paper or pencil, I would draw with spit on the cell walls."

There was associated propaganda value, of course, and kudos for the French Party in the fact that after the war Picasso's newest pictures were often exhibited in the Communist-run gallery equivocally called La Maison de la Pensée Française, or the House of French Thought. It was here, in the summer of 1954, that Moscow, despite its damnation of his art, installed with pride its loan exhibition of thirty-seven precious early Picassos—of the Blue, the Rose, the so-called Negroid, and the beginning Cubist periods—which had never before been allowed to leave Russia (and which the Soviet citizens had not been permitted to see for years). They were drawn almost entirely from the notable collection of fifty Picassos, bought in Paris before the First World War by the rich Muscovite industrialist and collector Sergei Shchukin, which had been seized in his palace by the Bolsheviks after the October Revolution and had later become the nucleus of the new Moscow Museum of Modern Western Art. They constitute the biggest collection of pre-1914 Picassos in the world, and they made a magnificent and unparalleled exhibition in Paris, which was melodramatically cut short a few weeks after its opening. The paintings were hastily snatched up by the Soviet Embassy and whisked back home to Russia when a daughter of Shchukin suddenly turned up, with her lawyer, from Switzerland, where she lived, and vainly tried to claim the Moscow Picassos, by this time worth a fortune, as her dead father's stolen property. The fantastic story and situation were naturally carried as titillating news in the Paris press. Interviewed on the matter while at a bullfight in Nîmes, Picasso inquired, "And what if the Comte de Paris [the present pretender to the throne of France] takes it into his head one day to reclaim the Château of Versailles?"

The final ironic turn in Picasso's art relations with the Communists came in the belated aesthetic recognition accorded him in Russia itself twelve years after he had joined the Party and eight years after he had been excommunicated by Comrade Kemenov. When his seventy-fifth birthday came around, on October 25th of last year, it was surprisingly celebrated in Moscow with a large exhibition of his paintings—the first time since the war that the Ministry of Culture had allowed any of his works to be viewed by the Soviet public. The occasion was, moreover, the capital city's first recognition of Picasso himself as a famous member of the French Communist Party—which, by this time, many French supposed he had ceased to be. The exhibition, comprising about ninety pictures—more than half from the Shchukin collection, ending with canvases painted in 1914, and thirty-five, dated between 1915 and 1952, that had been sent up from Picasso's own store of his works—plus five examples of his recent ceramics, opened at Moscow's Pushkin Museum on the evening of his birthday. The night before, a gala soirée in Picasso's honor was arranged by the Moscow Academy of Fine Arts, at which Ilya Ehrenburg, Picasso's friend for over forty years, appropriately gave a lecture on his historical position in the outside world of contemporary art—obviously to edify those Muscovite connoisseurs who would have to honor Picasso the next evening. After the opening, the Paris Party newspaper, *L'Humanité*, reported with a straight face that "all whom Moscow counts among friends of art rendered homage to Picasso." It did not explain how this profound appreciation was acquired overnight by Moscow's aesthete notabilities, who had not seen even their own Picassos for almost twenty years, had never laid eyes on his puzzling later works, and had been instructed over the past decade, at least, to regard all his paintings with abhorrence. As far back as 1923, according to one British visitor to Moscow's Museum of Modern Western Art, Picasso's pictures were officially described there as "decadent, bloodless bourgeois art." During the Second World War, Moscow's modern art was, of course, lost to view, and it was with considerable surprise that an English lady visiting Leningrad's Hermitage Museum in 1955 came upon what was unmistakably the great Shchukin collection of Picasso's pictures, which by this time were not described by the Soviet art authorities at all. Furthermore, the labels customary to museum pictures had been removed, so if the casual visitor did not recognize Picasso's early style or spot his signature, there was no way of knowing whom the canvases were by—nor was the official list of the artists shown of

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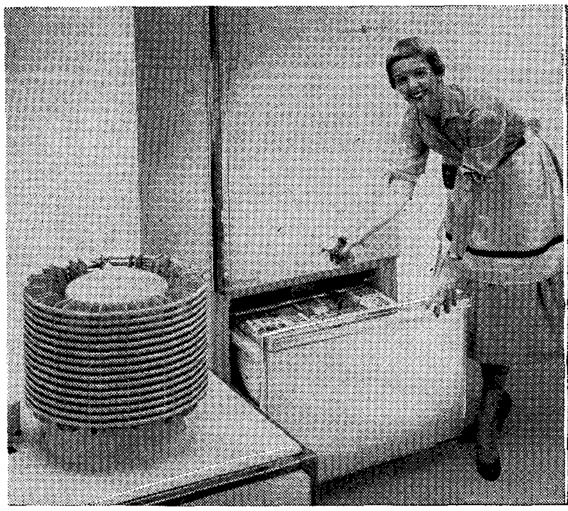

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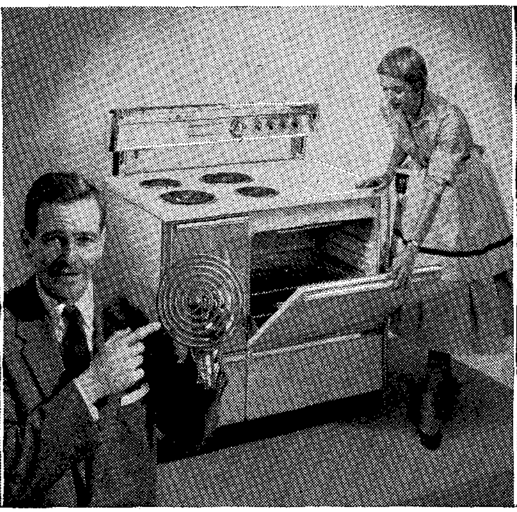

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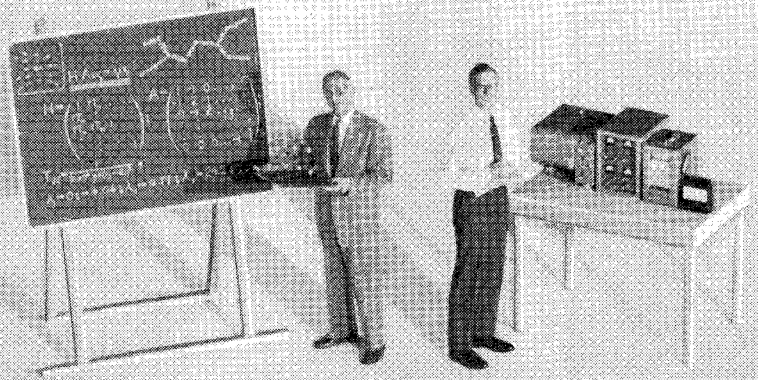

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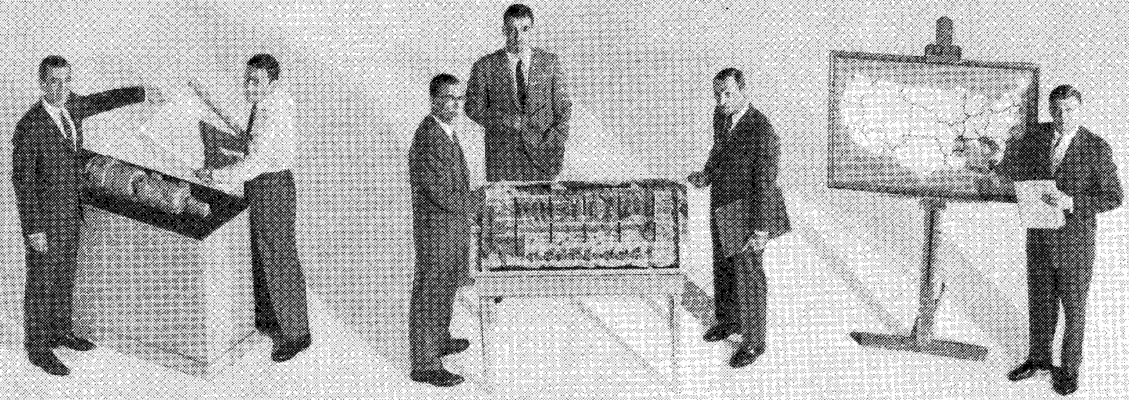

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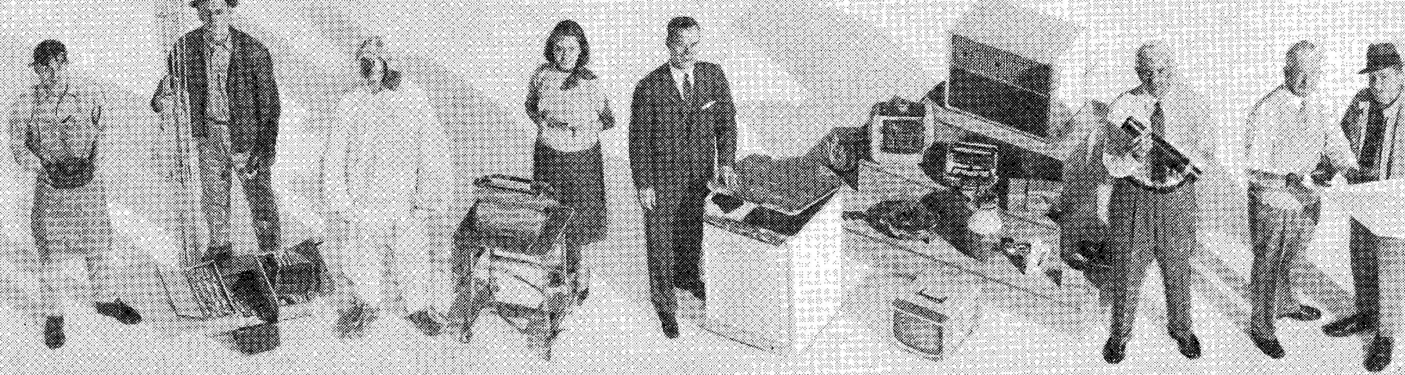

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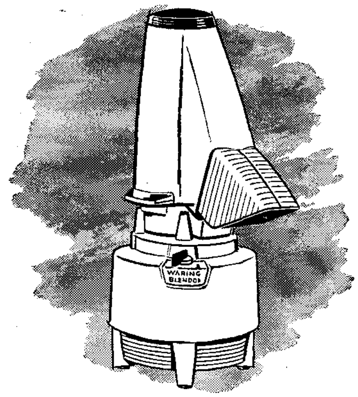
any help, since Picasso's name did not appear on it.

In connection with the 1956 Moscow birthday show, *L'Humanité* also published the amiable greetings that Picasso, in the Midi, had sent for the opening, in which he said, in part, "May this message bring friendship from Picasso to all. I said long ago that I came to Communism as one comes to a fountain, and also that my work had led me to it. . . . I regret not being with you at this time, and hope one day to undertake that beautiful fraternal voyage which at present I must empower my pictures to make for me."

A public birthday celebration—"for my centenary," as he called it, with his usual caustic humor—was also given Picasso by the town of Vallauris. His postwar interest in making pottery and ceramics had, by happy contagion, revived pottery-making in all the Vallauris kilns, suffering from a depression. Not only did his signed jugs (some of which imitated women's bodies, bulging through the stomach to give the vessels their proper shape), his plates, painted with cockfights and bullfights, and his figurines of toads and owls, primitive in their natural wisdom, become collectors' items but, through their magnetism, all Vallauris pottery developed a vogue. The town was turned upside down into a tourist center, and in gratitude it made Picasso an honorary foreign citizen. For his birthday, which occurred on a weekday, the mayor requested the potteries to let their workers out at eleven o'clock, instead of noon, so that before going to lunch they could be joined by their wives and children in a town turnout for Picasso on the little square called the Man with the Sheep, in honor of his life-size bronze statue of a shepherd that adorns it. It is near a deconsecrated chapel, now called the Temple de la Paix, which the mayor had given him, in order that he might use its walls for large mural paintings. That evening, in his pottery workshop, Picasso was host to the town potters, who presented their birthday gift—an inscribed bronze potter's wheel for his use. There was also a gigantic birthday cake, flaming with three-quarters of a hundred candles.

Picasso's final difficulty with the Communists occurred late last year, shortly after the outbreak of the Hungarian rebellion, when, with nine other intellectuals of the French Party, he signed a public letter protesting the Party chiefs' treatment of the Budapest events as a Fascist uprising. (The letter, however, bore a postscript that



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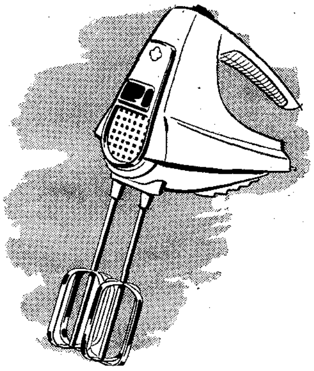

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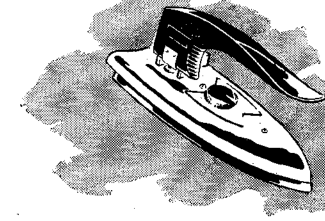

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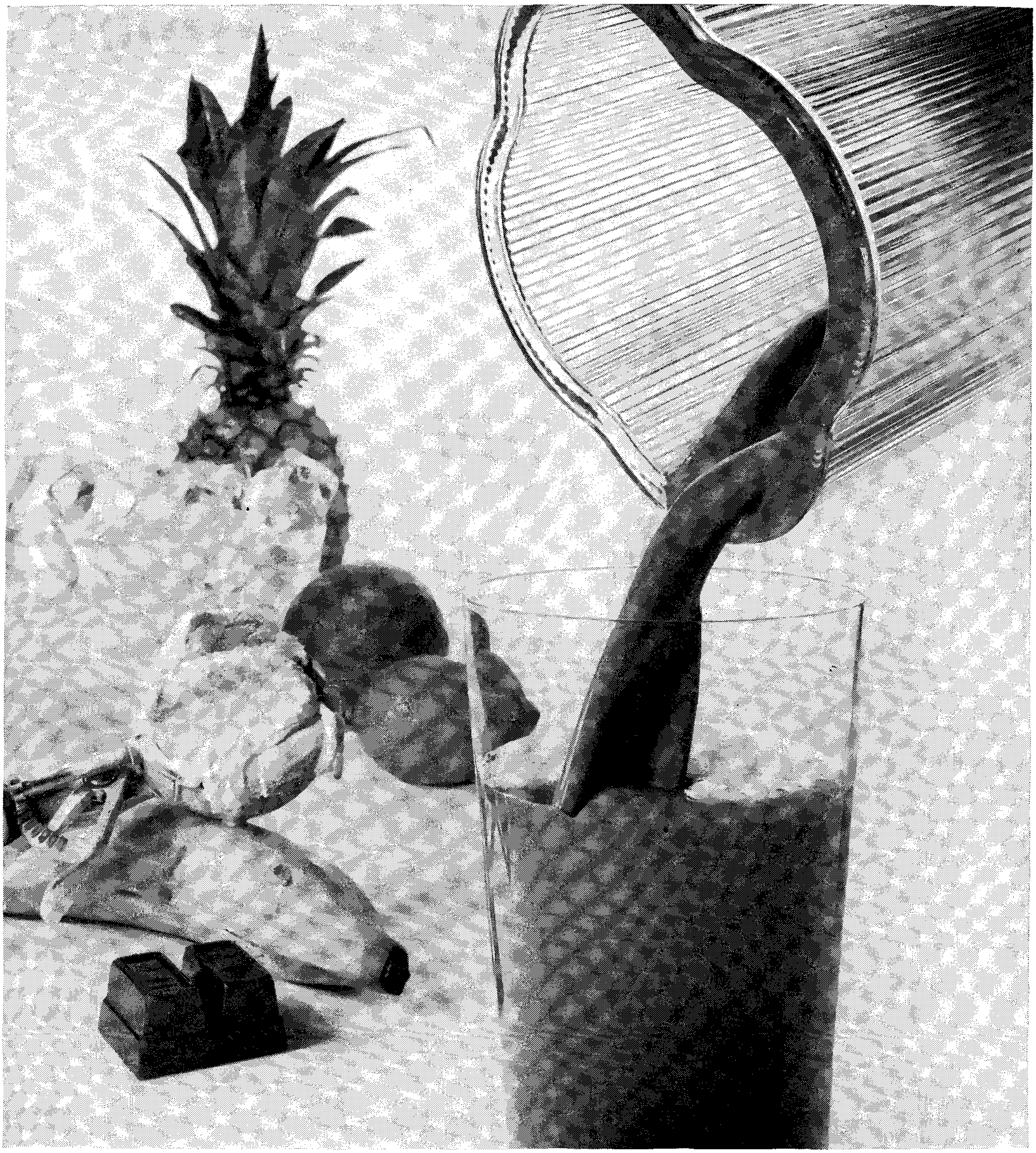

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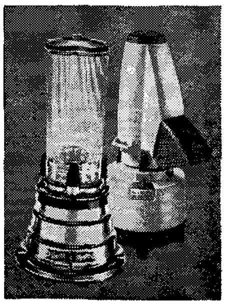

warned the French against supposing from the criticisms that the signers intended to resign from the Party.) The letter said, in part, that, as "intellectual workers, professionally searching for the truth," the signers demanded "the convocation of a special meeting, without delay, to debate the innumerable questions of conscience facing Communists." This was refused by the Party chiefs, and the ten intellectuals were called "selfish" for demanding anything special at all. *L'Humanité's* article on the letter and the response to it never once mentioned Picasso's name.

IN 1955, the French state, not waiting for Picasso's "centenary," accented the great honor it wished to pay him by doubling it—by holding two parallel retrospective exhibitions of his art in the two most famed, historic exhibition buildings of Paris. It was the first time that a modern artist had ever been dually celebrated in this manner. A hundred and forty-one of his paintings were displayed in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, which is in the Pavillon de Marsan of the Louvre, and two hundred and eighty-two of his engravings, etchings, lithographs, aquatints, and book illustrations were displayed in the Galerie Mansart and the Salle Montreuil of the Bibliothèque Nationale. Together they united the largest body of his art ever shown in the fifty-one years of his long career in France. In due recognition of his personal history, the Arts Décoratifs exhibition listed among its first canvases his "Self-Portrait" and his "Portrait of Gertrude Stein," the two signal, strange-appearing 1906 faces that began the gravity of his fame and of hers—his as painter, hers as appreciator. From there on, the pictures more or less represented the multiple periods of Picasso's art life (he says that "painting is another way of keeping a diary") up into 1955, ending with final, typical female portraits in stylized human distortions—perhaps his way of painting fiction. On the whole, what the exhibition made clear was that Picasso's art is of the purest twentieth-century invention, as unconnected with nature as an airplane, which only on its own terms flies like a bird; it underlined the opinion of one of Picasso's oldest friends that he is indeed "the surprise of the century." There were the long years of cerebral painting in Cubism, then voluptuous still-lifes of pears and other fruit, Spanish and sensual in their alien style. There was sad and anguished painting—sometimes private, sometimes political—not of weeping humanity, with faces charred into broken black

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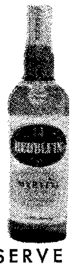

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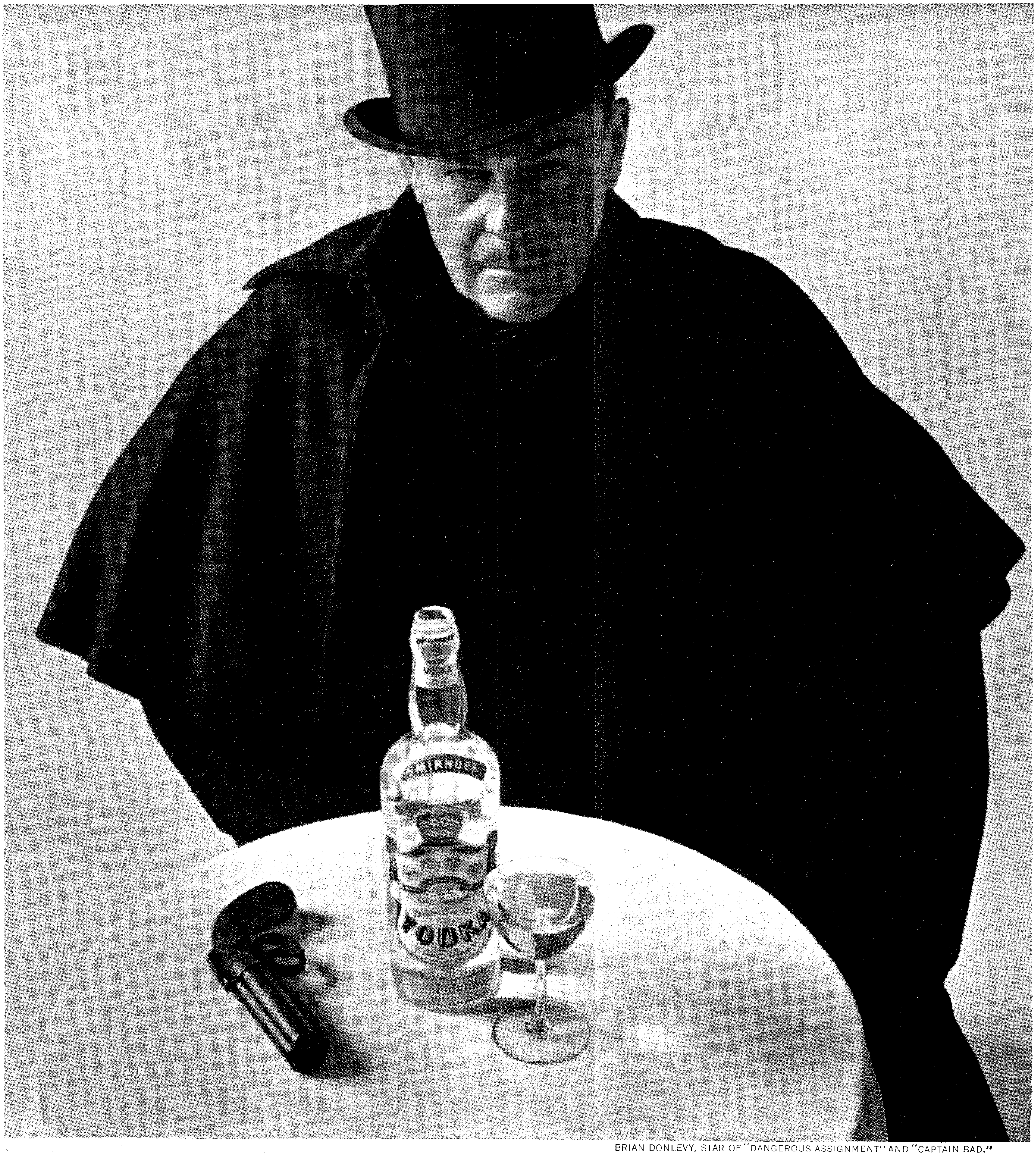

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lines of grief by war or abandonment but often of unidentifiable shapes deliberately tragic in their very outlines, outraged and outraging. There were paintings of ugliness, of contrived hideosities—further projections of his angry, disillusioned imagination—and paintings of chimerical monsters like necessary illustrations for his cruel modern legends. The rare bravura returns to classic beauty lay only in the world of make-believe—in portraits of ballet dancers posed as young lovers, of harlequins, of his little son in fancy dress. He has painted thousands of pictures, which, except for the early allied creations in Cubism, look little alike and yet are all related through the consanguinity of his protean imagination. The preface to the Arts Décoratifs catalogue opened by saying, "It is not impossible that the art of Picasso, like that of the poet Rimbaud, will long remain unassimilated, that it is essentially unlikely to become the conformism of any epoch or society. For it is an art that is refractory, unruly, outside the law. . . . [These liberties] make for its unequalled importance."

Among the significant items in the exhibition were a study for one of the five savage "Demoiselles d'Avignon," done in 1906 and still archaic, still ultramodern; the graceful geometric problem of the Cubist "Girl with a Mandolin," of 1910; the vastly intelligent, unrecognizable portrait of Braque in the hermetic Cubist "Accordionist," of 1911; the refreshed, verbalist Cubism of 1912, bearing painted words like the forthright statement "Jolie Eva;" the stimulating, airy *papiers-collés*, which the Dadaists admired as legerdemain; and the 1914 synthetic Cubism, ebullient in its many forms. By 1917, Picasso had already gone so far in transforming subject matter into shapes of his own invention that he paused to etch some realistic portraits of living writers—Paul Valéry, Raymond Radiguet, and André Breton—"to see if I can still draw like everybody else," he said sardonically, as if producing portraits that actually looked like certain men of talent, instead of images begotten merely by the genius of his own imagination, constituted a sort of modern-art charade. (These accurate literary likenesses were displayed in the Bibliothèque exhibition.) In 1921 began a stage of sumptuous, nostalgically Cubist still-lifes, and of masked and majestic *commedia-dell'arte* figures—modern figures like "Three Musicians," whose rich angularities led to "The Dance," a work, denticulated in red and blue, that Miss Alice B. Toklas, Miss Stein's friend

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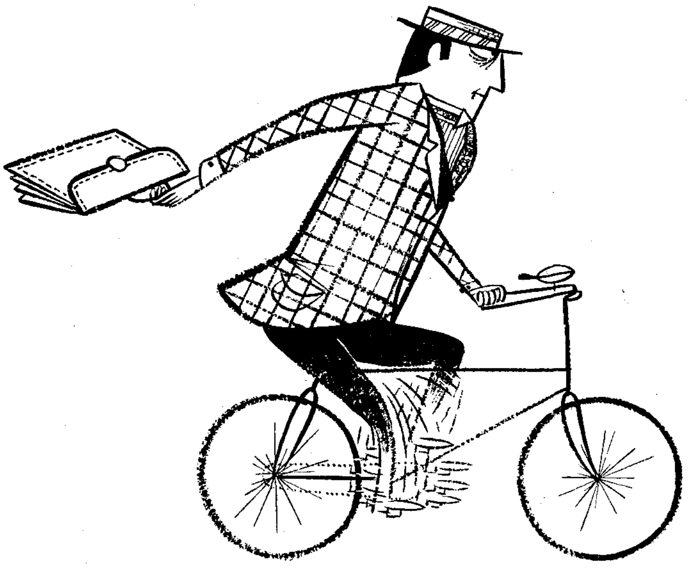

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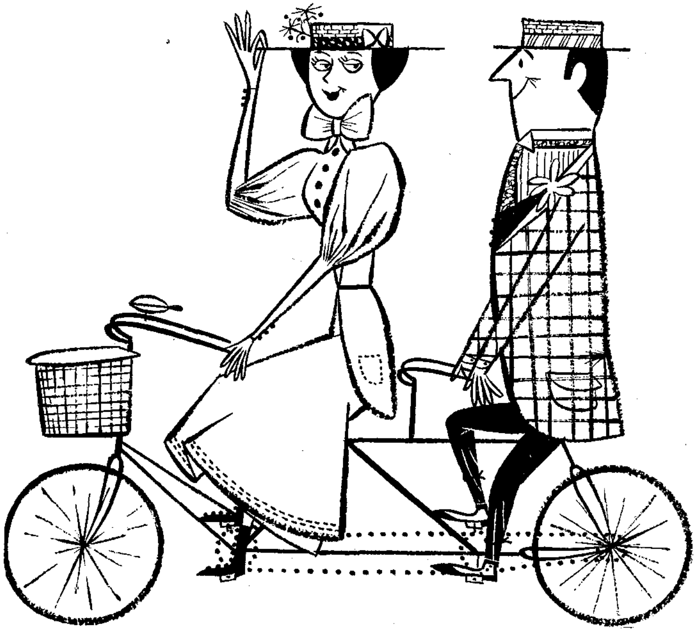

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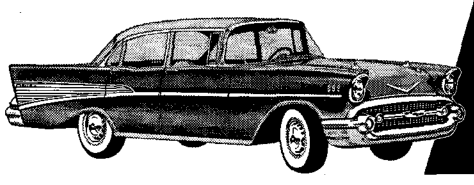

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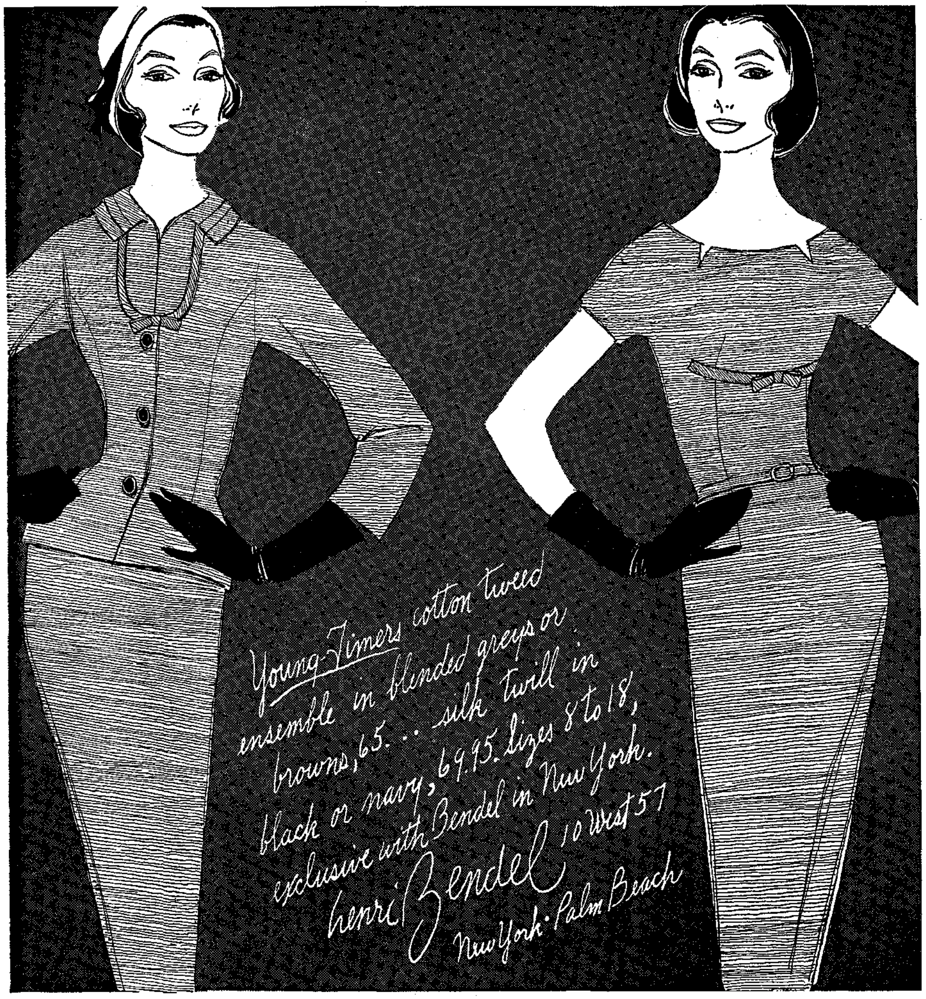

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and survivor, described simply and authoritatively as "one of his most beautiful pictures." She regretted that Miss Stein could not afford to buy it when it was new, Picasso's success having already put him beyond anything but the ladies' continuing appreciation. The picture still belongs to him. In 1925 began what the catalogue called "his strange, invented human figures, which established new relations between the organs and members of the body—ear, nose, arm, breast, leg, etc." These eventually led to what the public considers his first period of aesthetic horrors, among them the so-called bone styles of 1929 (at which even many habitual collectors balked), depicting sickle-jawed females with teeth like machinery. With relief, in 1931, came the first of the fascinating two-faced female portraits, with profile and front view separate and yet become one—his most celebrated, mystifying, disconcerting, and influential invention. The Arts Décoratifs example, one of his earliest, was inconsequentially called "The Red Armchair"—in which the dual-visaged phenomenon indeed sat. This, too, still belongs to him; he is a large collector of significant Picassos, as if such canvases illustrated special days in the painted diary of his imagination.

In 1934 began the women with hands and feet like gloves, as in the "Muse," who, pencil in hand, is drawing her reflection in a mirror. Then, during 1935, for private emotional reasons, Picasso ceased painting almost entirely. Instead, in that year he brought to finality what is considered the most important print of his career—"The Minotauromachy." (A perfect example was among the Bibliothèque items.) In this visionary etching he inscribed a dark allegory around the figures of the chimeric, taurine-headed Cretan man; a bare-breasted woman matador astride a disembowelled, screaming horse; a flower girl with a bouquet and a lighted candle; two girls in a window, intent only upon a pair of doves; and an ascetic male figure mounting a ladder—a scene of associations that remains inexplicable, impressive, and anguished in its linear poetry and private mythology. It is comprehensible, perhaps, only in its reference to the animalistic death dramas the painter saw as a little Spanish boy at the Sunday *corridas*, watching first the death of the horses, then the death of the bulls. In 1937, Picasso undertook his prodigious production of thirty-one aquatints of animals, at the rate of one or more a day, as modern illustrations for a reprinting—projected by his art editor, Ambroise Vollard—of that eighteenth-century French masterpiece, Buffon's "Natural History." (A copy of this remarkable book was on show at the Bibliothèque.) Picasso's beasts display a new version of his practical genius. As part of the legend of the multiplicity of his knowledge and attainments, he is reported by friends who watched him at work to have drawn all his animals without recourse to any model—without, for instance, going to the Vincennes Zoo, as most Paris artists would have been driven to do. They are naturalistic creatures in genial black-and-white, each true to its species and the picturesqueness of its outward nature, and each seeming to be the very essence of its kind, whether ape, goat, cock, or ostrich; in their entire company, they make up what rank as the supreme illustrations of any great French classic republished in our time.

The Arts Décoratifs exhibition included "Guernica," also still the property of the painter but in recent years on loan to the New York Museum of Modern Art and reloaned to Paris for the show. This time, it was the cynosure of the public's attention, being described in the catalogue with the phrase "No work of the twentieth century is more famous." (Another politically epic canvas shown was his 1951 "Massacre in Korea," with its robots in armor machine-gunning a nude citizenry. His 1952 double panels of "War" and "Peace," in the first of which appears a horned Mars in his chariot, carrying microbe bombs from which bacteria may be seen emerging as big as bumblebees, bats, and serpents, were, for various international reasons, not included. They are now installed in the Temple de la Paix in Vallauris.)

In 1941, Picasso was painting the bifurcated faces of a race of women often called *les monstres*, distorted by anguish and invention; by 1942 they had changed to rarefied, triangle-faced female shapes that looked like effigies. From 1950 through 1953, he painted many black-lined, bright-colored portraits of his younger son and daughter, born late in his life; some of them, like "Maternity in Orange," which includes their young mother, were hung at the Arts Décoratifs exhibition. After 1910, as a rule, he painted from no living models except his wife and first-born son, his mistresses and their children, and, occasionally, his friends; in these paintings, likeness, despite deformation, was always devotedly maintained. In other pictures of women, of which the exhibition showed many examples, he re-

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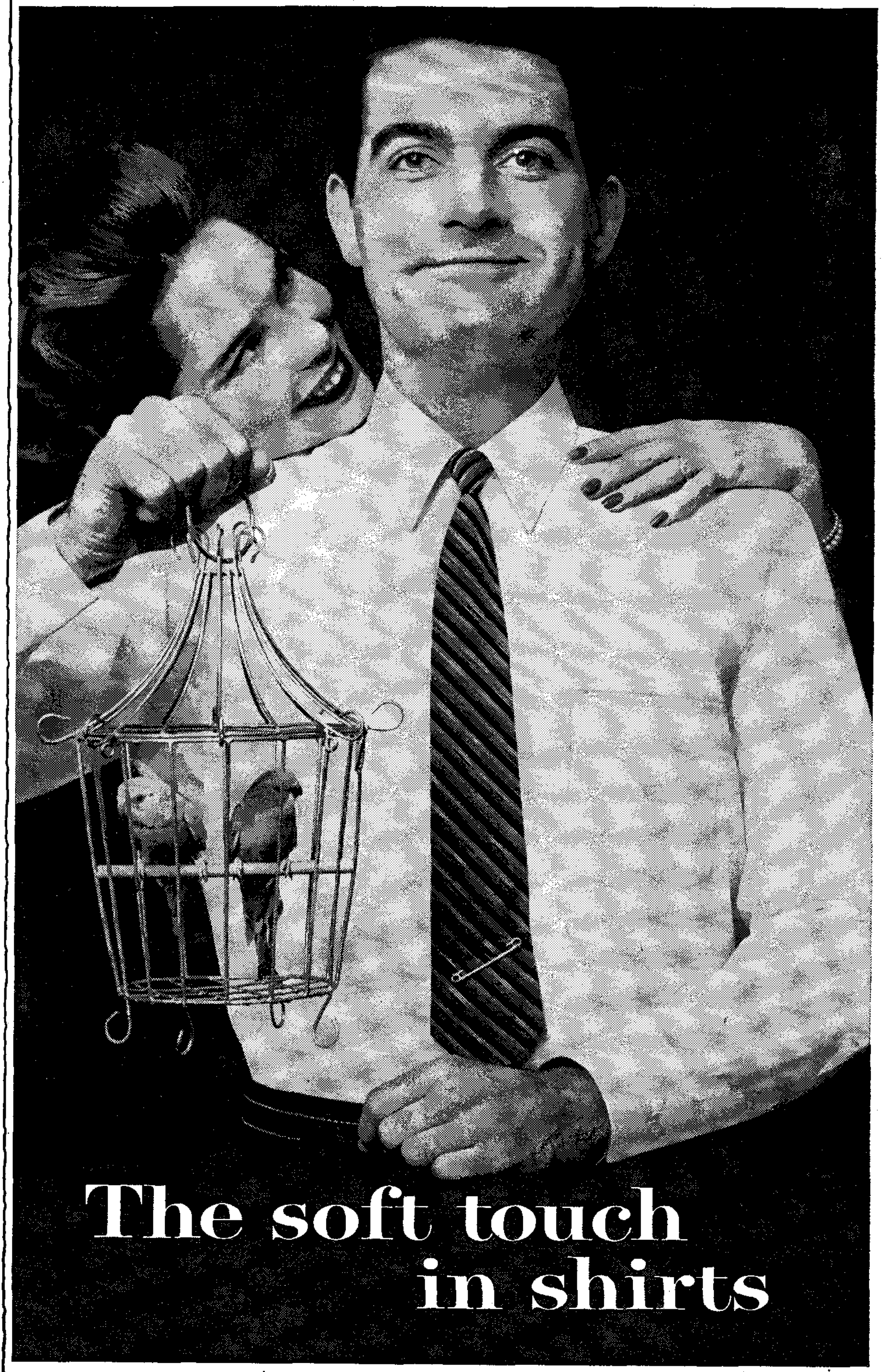

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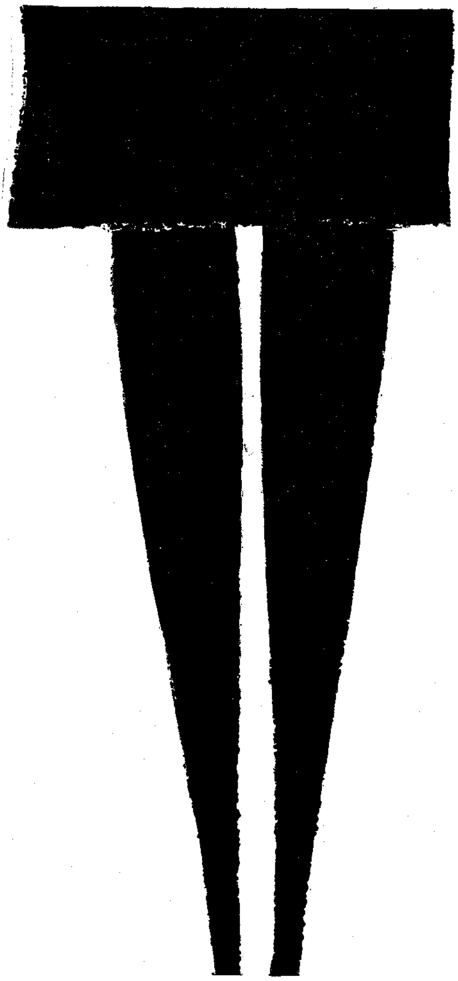

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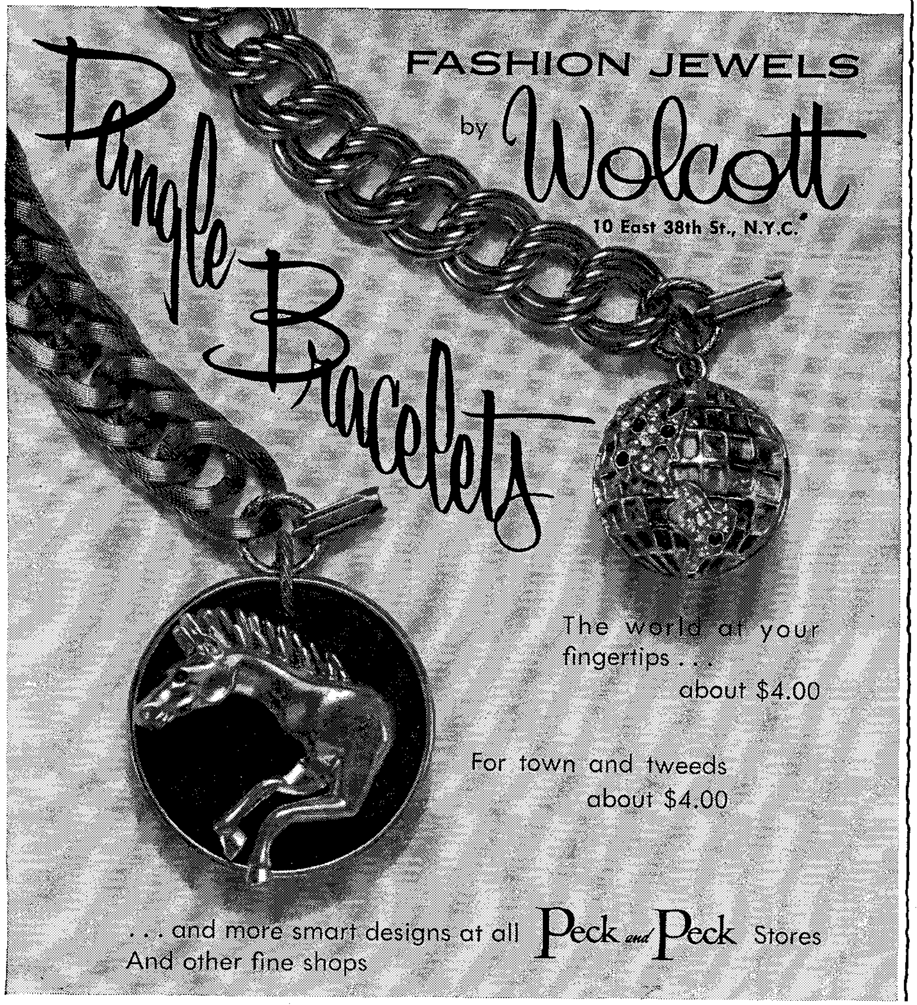

duced the faces to what the art experts call "signs," with the human features organized as a picture, not as a reflection of humanity.

The final item in this vast exhibition consisted of fifteen canvases painted with concentrated energy and speed in late 1954 and early 1955, when he was seventy-three years old, all of them versions of the famed Louvre painting by Delacroix called "The Women of Algiers"—a harem scene of odalisques, servant maid, and narghile. Such variations on a theme are natural practice for composers but rare for painters except *when they are still very young* or else old and ripe enough to impose their style on works that a previous generation of masters has left behind.

THE Arts Décoratifs catalogue contained a startling innovation. In it, for the first time, the French state took official cognizance of the private life—that is to say, the love life—of a painter *while the painter* (and, indeed, several of the women who shared it) was still alive. This sparse, carefully dated, and discreetly phrased information—the old-fashioned provincial term "*compagne*," meaning "companion," was mostly used—appeared in the catalogue's brief Picasso biography and, more expansively, in the catalogue's notes on the portraits of those women who were participants in his personal history and have remained illustrations of the chronology of his art. The general information (though not necessarily the details) was already fairly familiar to most Parisians, but it came as a surprise to many foreign visitors—especially when itemized in an official catalogue published under the aegis of the Ministre de l'Education Nationale and bought in the purlieus of the Louvre. As a lady who has known Paris modern-art circles and Picasso for fifty years said not long ago, "All the important painters had a private life of some sort—frequently so private that no one ever discussed it, because it was dull. But Pablo's private life has always been public and interesting. Everyone has known about it, everyone has conversed about it, including Pablo himself, and everyone has written about it. He always painted the women's portraits, recognizable or not. They became part of his art and legend, and it was all extremely fascinating and worth talking about."

The most picturesque of Picasso's early companions, as well as the best-known—probably because she wrote a book, called "Picasso et Ses Amis," on the seven years she spent with him and his art circle—was the handsome, al-

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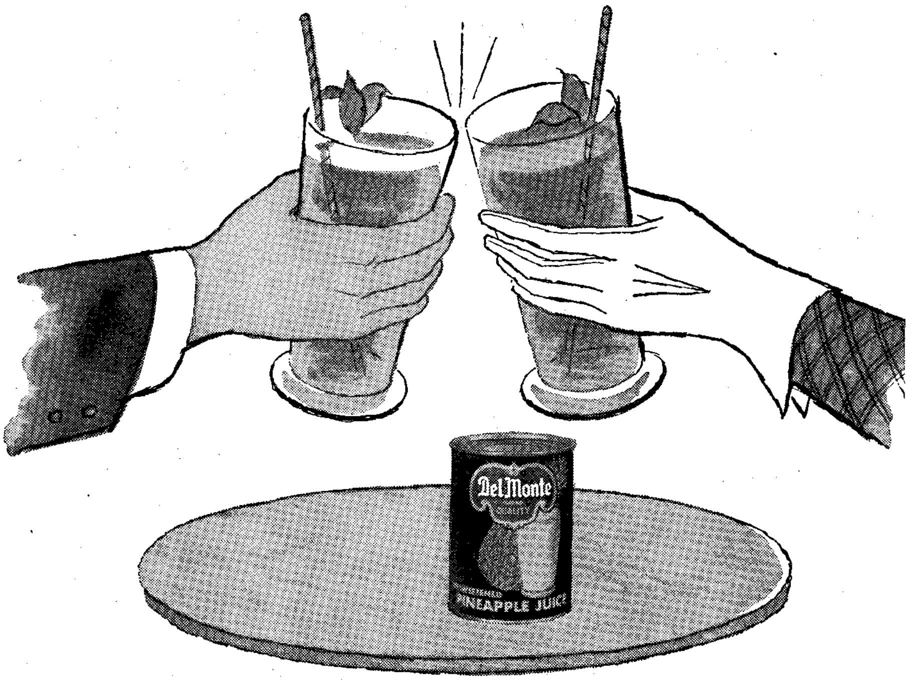

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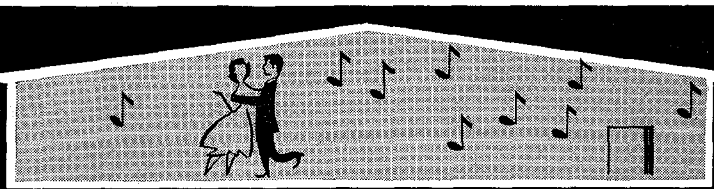
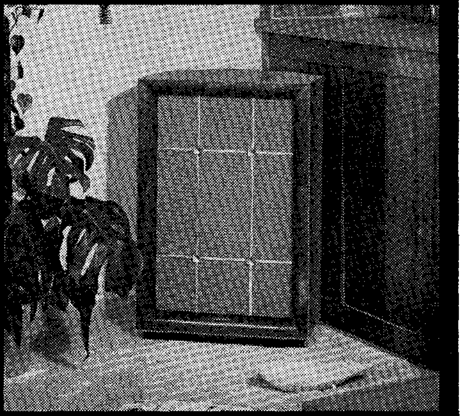
mond-eyed Fernande Olivier, whom he met in 1904 in a corridor of the tenement known as the Bateau-Lavoir, where they both lived; he was carrying a kitten, which he offered her, laughing, and would not let her pass. The catalogue mentioned her mostly in connection with her subsequent travels with him (three times to Spain) or with him and Braque (to their holiday painting center in Céret). The well-educated, observant Fernande, who never became the schoolteacher she had been trained to be, had exquisite diction and an angelic voice when reciting poetry; during the eighty sittings that Miss Gertrude Stein had for her portrait by Picasso, Fernande read aloud to her all of La Fontaine's "Fables." An old friend recently said that Picasso wanted to marry her, but she had married earlier, to get away from home, had been separated from her husband, and at that time was unable to trace him to obtain a divorce. It was not until almost forty years later, after the Liberation of Paris, that she learned, by chance, that her husband had died just after she and Picasso first met. Her book's verbal portrait of Picasso as he looked then is now historic: "Small, dark, thickset, unquiet, disquieting, with sombre eyes, deep-set, piercing, strange, almost fixed. Awkward gestures, a woman's hands, ill-dressed, careless. A thick lock of hair, black and glossy, cut across his intelligent, obstinate forehead. Half bohemian, half workman in his clothes; his hair, which was too long, brushing the collar of his worn-out coat." The morbid side of his work both bothered and charmed her. It was the end of the Blue Period, and "his studio was alive with work, in the midst of such disorder—great God!" One canvas particularly affected her—"a lame man, leaning on his crutch, with a basket full of flowers on his back . . . emaciated, gaunt, poor, with a look of lamentable resignation. . . . What was behind it all? Was his work completely cerebral, as I later understood it, or did it reveal a profound, desperate love of humanity, as I then thought?"

Then, in 1912, came Marcelle Humbert, whom Picasso called Eva—meaning that to him she was almost Eve, the first woman of creation—and for whom, "at the moment when she took her place in his life," as the catalogue said, he began painting nine analytic Cubist pictures, all in her honor and all containing the inscription "Ma Jolie," a refrain from a then popular song, which he printed on them. At the time, he and Braque, painting together at Sorgues, near Avignon, in the summer, were using words as *trompe-l'œil.* "I love her very much and shall write it on my paintings," he wrote Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, his picture merchant, and he did so—inscribing "J'aime Eva" on two, both historically celebrated but neither shown at the Arts Décoratifs.

In 1918, as the catalogue biography stated, Picasso married Olga Koklova, a *petit-sujet* dancer in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, with whom he fell in love in Rome in 1917, when he was making the décors for the ballet "Parade;" as Diaghilev, who knew his female compatriots, had warned him, "Russians marry." Their son, Paolo, was born in 1921. When Paolo was a baby, Picasso, with the devoted artistry that painters over the ages have used in formalizing the intimate, plastic relations between mother and child in their Madonnas, created those dozens of neoclassic pictures and drawings that he tenderly called "Maternity." It was when the marriage came to its breaking point, in 1935, that, in complete disorientation, he deserted painting almost entirely for a year. It has been reported that Mme. Picasso blamed the destruction of their marriage partly on his involvement with the Surrealist movement—an aesthetic line of reasoning that perhaps only a Russian dancer of that French epoch could have given domestic application. As the catalogue said, divorce was envisaged, but they were instead legally separated, and their marriage ended only on her death in 1955, in southern France. (Paolo, who is now married in his turn, has led an uneventful life; for some years he was his father's chauffeur. Recently, his father gave him the Château of Boisgeloup, scene of the final collapse of the marriage; because of its painful associations, Picasso had long since ceased to live in it.)

Glancing back to 1932, the catalogue stated, "This year marked the opening of his relations with the future mother of his daughter, Maïa," who was born in 1935, and whose 1938 portrait was exhibited, with the explicit information that her birth had inspired "no maternity pictures, doubtless because the mother did not share in Picasso's life." One lovely portrait ("Seated Woman," ribbed in pastel colors, almost like a Chinese paper lantern) was shown of Maïa's mother, however, a handsome young blond matron whose name is well known in France but is never printed in conjunction with Picasso's—not even by the French state catalogue. The catalogue added that "in 1938, Mlle. D. M. had already taken her place in





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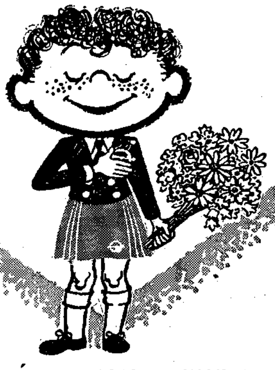

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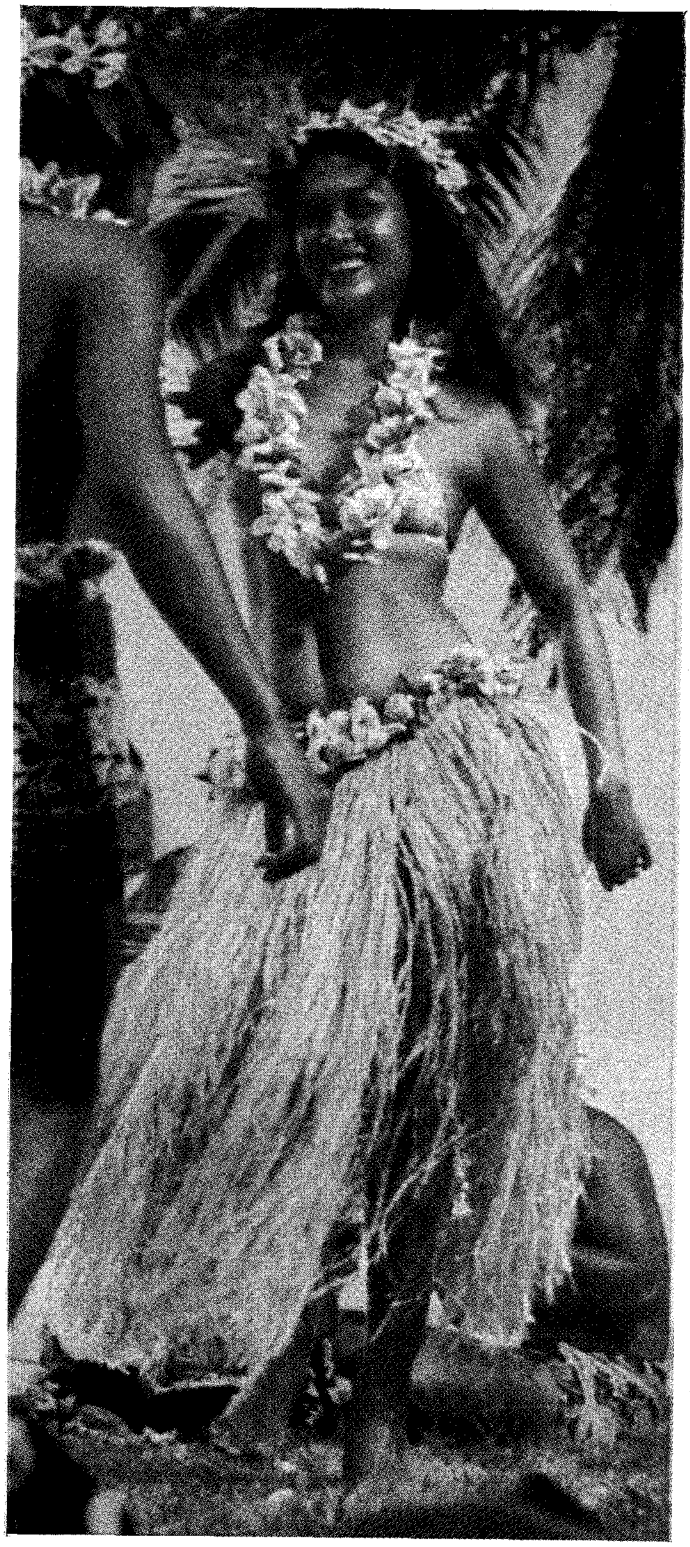
the artist's life . . . as a new companion, whose features are frequently found in the faces he painted until 1944." Of the many women in his life and art, Mlle. Dora Maar was the most highly esteemed as an Egeria by his old friends—a handsome, extremely intelligent, dignified brunette Yugoslav, with a rich, quiet voice and laugh, and with elegant, narrow hands and feet, her fine, long handmade shoes being a rare sartorial touch in the bohemian crowd at the Café de Flore in the prewar and Nazi Occupation period. Educated in Argentina, where her father, an engineer, had accepted a post, she first entered Paris art circles as a photographer, then became a painter, influenced by Picasso's style. Until 1944, hers was the familiar art face of his pictures—in particular, of some of the double-visaged portraits. (He also painted a realistic portrait of her, doing justice to her normal, high-cheeked beauty—a painting never exhibited and still in her possession.) After the break in their relations, she abandoned painting, but she has recently started again, in her own style and with her own subject matter—scenic views that are like small poetic mirrors reflecting the prisms of sunset light over the empty, pre-mountainous hills surrounding her remote summer home in southwestern France.

In 1946, the catalogue announced, "Françoise Gilot, met the previous year, became Picasso's companion," and many of the Arts Décoratifs portraits and Bibliothèque lithographs were part of his "homage" to her. (She, too, turned painter, and exhibited in Paris last autumn at the Salon des Surindépendants.) Picasso also painted portraits of his second son, Claude, born in 1947, and of his fourth child and second daughter, Paloma, born in 1949, as well as numerous pictures of Françoise and her two children together. The Arts Décoratifs catalogue then recorded that "Françoise Gilot and Picasso separated in 1953." Paris newspapers reported her as saying at the time—in the Midi, where they had made their life together—that she could no longer stand "living with a historical monument." The exhibition's final portrait, of a dashing new face, dated 1954 in the catalogue but not otherwise commented on, was significantly titled by Picasso "Portrait of Mme. Z," as if, possibly, his amorous alphabet had come to its end at last.

YEARS ago, Picasso said, "I should like to live like a poor man with a great deal of money." This character-



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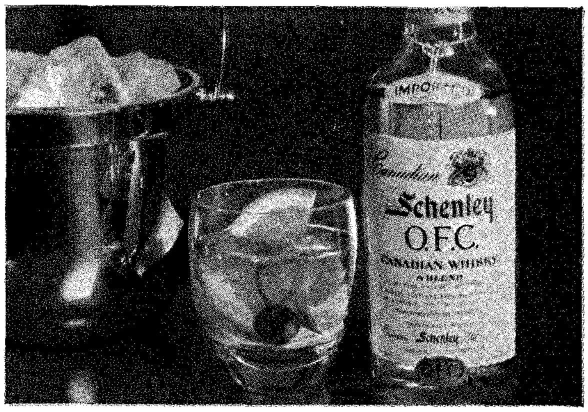
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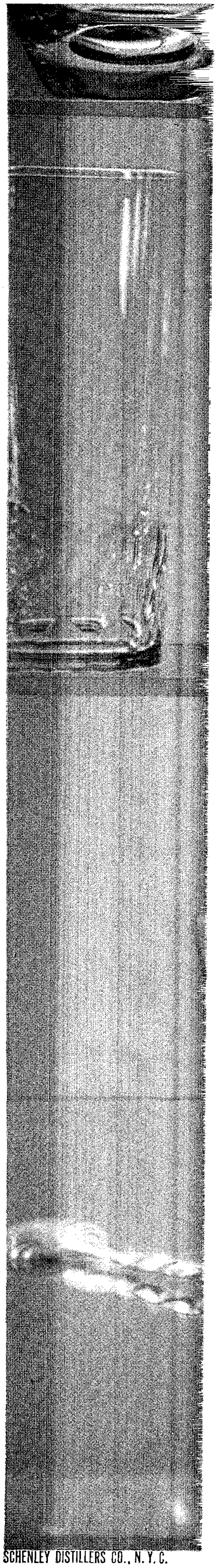

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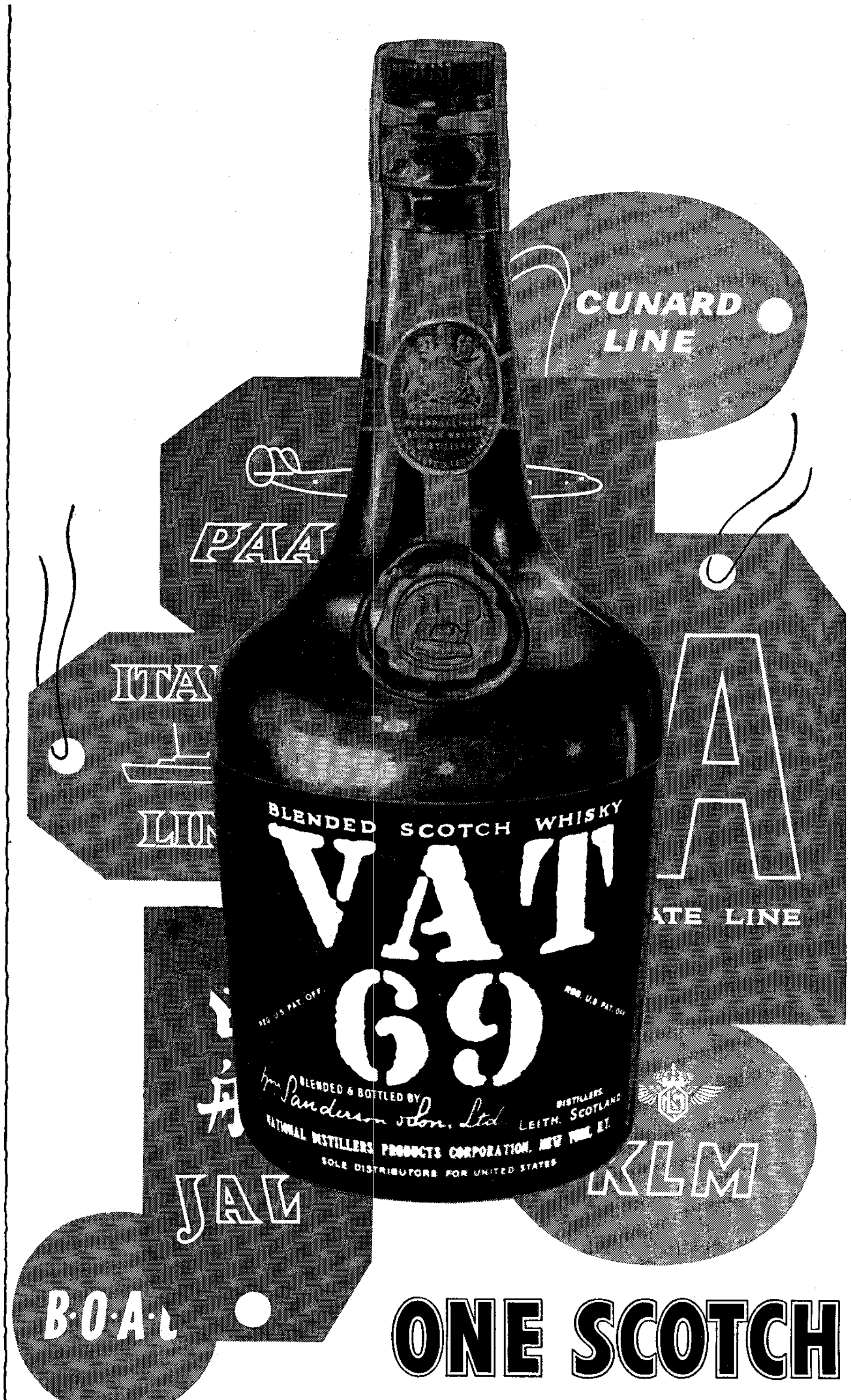
istic diversity he has long since perfected as a millionaire. He lives in what one French wit called "*un faste misérable*"—a kind of destitute grandeur, like champagne drunk at the kitchen table. When young, Picasso also said, "Art is a salable commodity. If I want as much money as I can get for my art, it is because I know what I want to do with it." What he wanted to do—or even what he has done—with the fortune he has earned nobody seems to know, beyond totting up the obviously computable parts he has given over to renting or buying his various studios and houses and to supporting his various offspring. (Reportedly, the one person who is aware of the details is an elderly international banker, in whom the painter has full confidence and with whom he is said to have placed his earnings.) It is known that Picasso gave very large sums of money to the Republican cause in the Spanish Civil War, and, for years afterward, to the refugee organizations that cared for the defeated Republicans who had fled into France. Today he gives to Montmartre and Montparnasse. He gives to painters he has known who are slipping downhill—who had talent and have become failures—and even to some who only thought they had talent but whom he chooses to spare from knowing their mistake.

In June, 1956, at an auction in the Paris Galerie Charpentier, a little Picasso painting, nine and a half by thirteen and a half inches, Cubist in style, and called "Mask and Gloves," fetched 1,750,000 francs—the equivalent of five thousand dollars, and about as high a price for so small a contemporary-art surface as has ever been paid. The paintings of his various Cubist periods, which offered the mystery of a calculated new invention, have in the end, since appreciation set in, perhaps become his most generally popular, along with his earlier, realistic reports on human beings, such as the poor in his Blue Period and the romantic jugglers in his Rose Period. Many of his succeeding aggressive or tragic or distorted periods have excited public curiosity—at least in Paris—but have certainly had no general popularity. His styles have been so multiple, and the public reactions to them so varied, that the sharpest summing up of his work, supposedly launched by Picasso himself, is in the imaginary dialogue: "I don't like Picasso." "Which Picasso?"

In the international postwar inflation that has raised modern-art prices to astronomical heights, Picasso's prices have consistently been the highest, and at the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same time his output has consistently been the largest—probably, indeed, the largest of any famous artist in history. Recently he told a friend that he had taken some of his pictures to the Louvre, presumably after it was closed to the public, and had hung them on the wall, "to see how they would look there after I am dead." And how did they look, the friend wanted to know. "*Ils se tenaient très bien* [They held up very well]," Picasso said, with his indecipherable air of farce and fact, and the friend later remarked that, like most of his more incredible yarns, it could well be true.

The possibility that profound oblivion may one day be the fate of his horrendous, most unpopular styles is one that, according to friends, he would neither believe nor be concerned about. "Everything is sorted out in art in time," he has said. "Pictures live only by their legends"—by what men differently think and say as they look at them, now or later. (What the complete legend may be in the twenty-first century nobody today can even imagine.) To Picasso, the way the world looks is a travesty—dressed up in a limited and customary reality—of a truer fictitious world that exists in his own imagination and that he records in color and line. Sabartés has commented that, before Picasso, artists isolated an object in order to imitate it; Picasso regards an object as a point of departure toward an infinity of permutations and combinations, so varied and far-reaching that the object has become something re-created and different from its original truth when he has finished with it and laid down his brush. Painters of his generation have thought him a dangerous man to emulate; yet it is he—not they, not Matisse, not Braque—who has been emulated by contemporary European artists. Many painters today believe that if one does not accept all of Picasso, one has lost him; he has his own unique indivisibility. He was born and has lived as a phenomenon. "What is a painter?" he once asked, and then answered, "He is someone who founds his art collection by painting it himself."

—JANET FLANNER

(*This is the second of two articles on Pablo Picasso.*)

•

WOODSTOCK, Feb. 7—Dr. E. Erna Goodman urged 36 Eagle Scouts at a recognition dinner here tonight not to give up their dreams of high adventure, mission in life, girl and infinity.—*Rutland* (*Vt.*) *Herald*.

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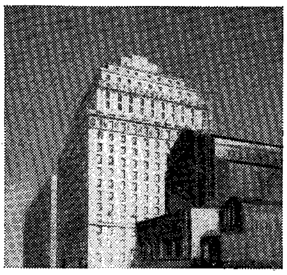

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THE THEATRE

CHILD'S PLAY

ONE summer afternoon, not so many years ago, a producer whose sanity I had no real reason to suspect asked me to read a novel that he was meditating having somebody, conceivably me, adapt for the stage.

"Ought to make a wonderful comedy," he said. "You're going to love it."

He was my guest for the weekend, and that night, after he had gone to bed, I sat down with the book. I forget now who wrote it or what it was called, but the central jest persists in my memory as clearly and painfully as the Black Tom explosion or the passing of Legs Diamond. It had amused the author to imagine that a great atomic war had rendered all the men in the world sterile, with one exception, and the body of the book was naturally concerned with the rather crowded social life that would inevitably be led by such a man. We discussed this little atrocity briefly the following morning.

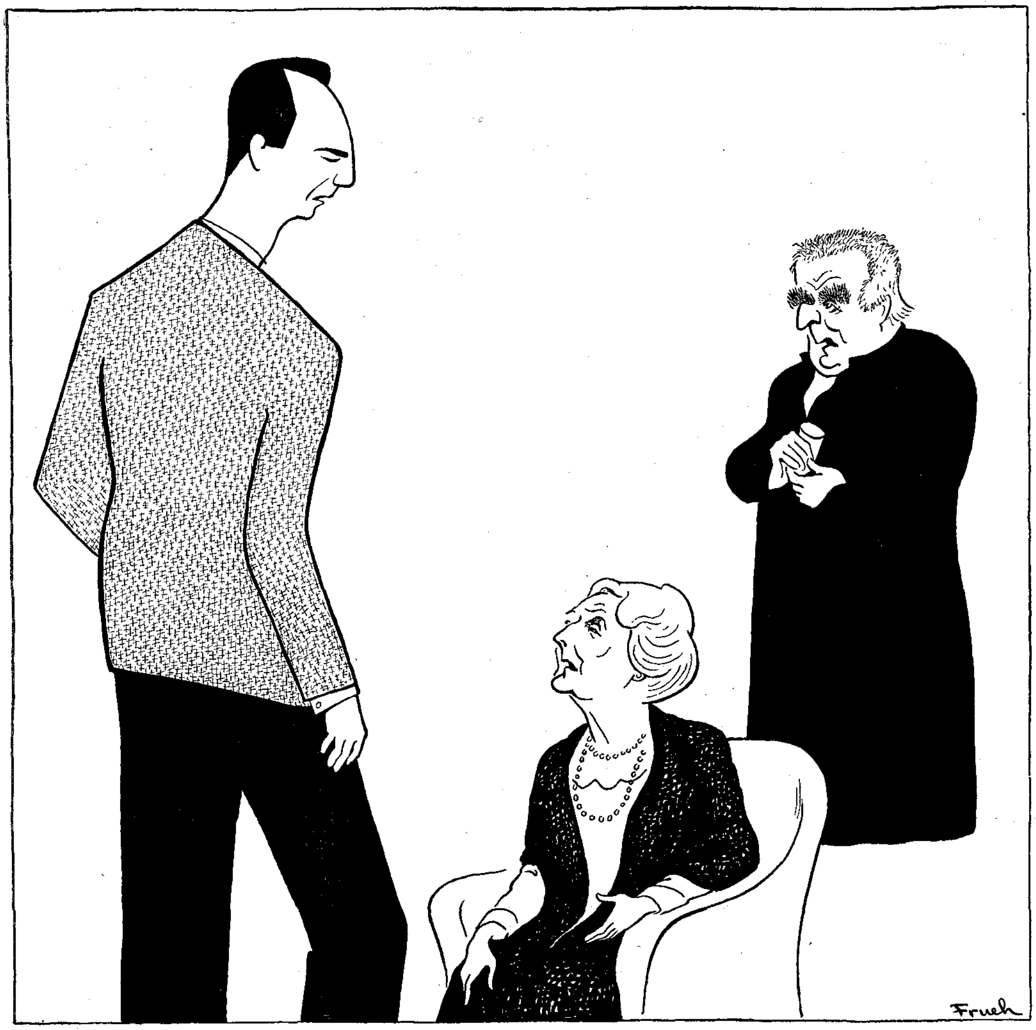
"I think it is one of the most horrible books in the English language," I said.

"Well," he replied, "perhaps you're right."

With that, the subject was dropped and, as I recall it, we both went fishing on the bay.

My only excuse for bringing up this aimless bit of reminiscence here is that "Good as Gold," which subsided after four performances last week at the Belasco, was a terrible demonstration of what can happen when otherwise rational people allow themselves to be bewitched by a work of really superlative foolishness. The novel in this case was written by Alfred Toombs, a humorist unfamiliar to me, and the persons chiefly victimized by it were Cheryl Crawford, whose productions up to now have generally been characterized by a cool and civilized intelligence, and John Patrick, who, of course, adapted "The Teahouse of the August Moon" very charmingly indeed. I have no idea which of them was first entranced by "Good as Gold" or how the other was persuaded to share his, or her, enthusiasm, but there can be no question that together they achieved one of the most stupefying comedies to have turned up since the Rogers Peet advertisements vanished from *The Playbill*. It would have been so much better if everybody had just gone fishing.

Like the book that caused me so much distress, "Good as Gold" started out with a remarkably farfetched and laborious premise: the hero, a young botanist, has developed a process that will transmute gold into a kind of dirt in which vegetables and flowers will grow to monstrous size. This, I should say, would be a barely adequate notion for a sketch in a revue; expanded to two acts and twelve scenes, it was practically intolerable, having all the dismal idiocy of the Yokumberry Tonic sequences in "Li'l Abner," without, unfortunately, either music or shapely girls to divert the restive mind. The action takes place in Washington, and the plot has something to do with two broadly caricatured con-



"THE POTTING SHED"

The tall young man here is Robert Flemyng, who is trying to remember something terribly important that happened to him when he was fourteen, and his companions are his mother and his clerical uncle, played by Sybil Thorndike and Frank Conroy. Graham Greene's play about the conflict between faith and rationality is at the Bijou.

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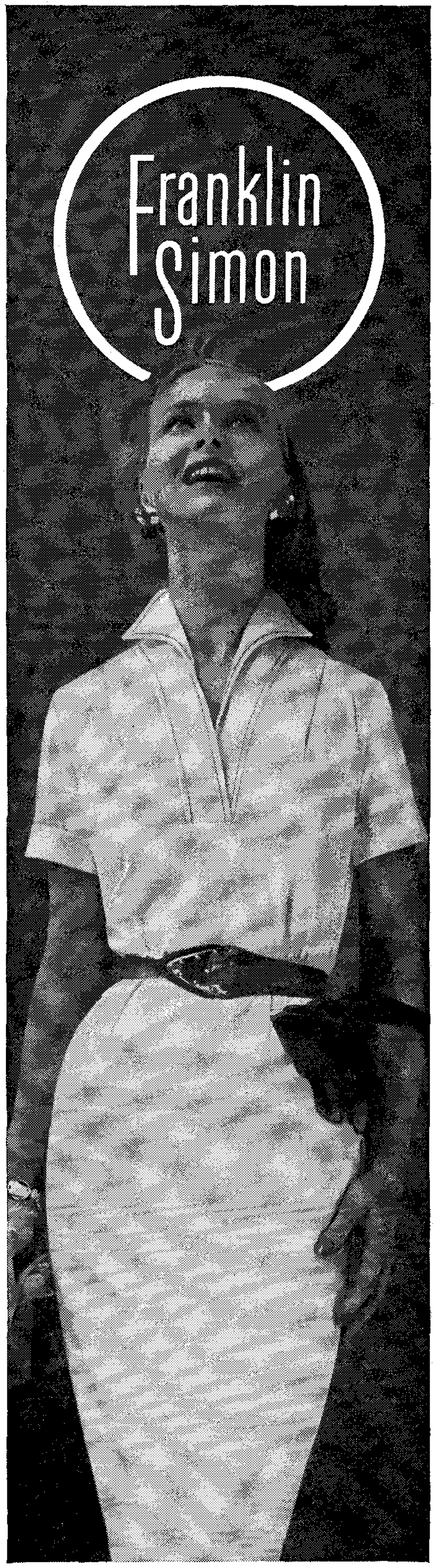

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gressmen and their attempts to use the young man's invention for their own political ends. Somehow or other, this leads to jokes about the F.B.I.; Congressional investigating committees, with special reference to the loyalty of the Boy Scouts of America; the Pentagon; Fort Knox; and the profession of newscasting. If pinned down, both Miss Crawford and Mr. Patrick would probably have defined their offering as essentially a satire. This would seem to me a strangely innocent and rather touching misapprehension, and I wish I were sufficiently disarmed by it to concede "Good as Gold" at least some small merit. Except, however, for the actual sprouting of gigantic vines and flowers on the stage, which appealed strongly to something childlike in my nature, the whole thing, including a notably apathetic love affair that wandered dimly through it, struck me as an elaborate bore.

The players, all of whom I have encountered under far happier circumstances, included Roddy McDowall, as the young Burbank; Loretta Leversee, as his fiancée; Paul Ford and Robert Emhardt, as the overstuffed statesmen; and Zero Mostel, as a not particularly winsome old eccentric whose wooden leg served as a container for whiskey. They did all that was humanly possible with their primitive roles, and Peter Larkin's sets often had a humor completely independent of the script.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD DEPARTMENT

[*From the London Times*]

Sir Edward Boyle, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Education, appealed to Oxford University Conservative Association yesterday "not to take too gloomy a view of our position to-day."

To people who talked about emigration he offered four statistics as signs of Britain's health: the greatly increased circulation of non-fiction books in libraries; the statistics of people going round historic houses; the remarkable sales of long-playing gramophone records; and the increased consumption of wine.

•

Editor, Virginian-Pilot:

In my letter of February 4 the phrase "Labor memorial group" was used. This should have been the "Labor memorial group," referring to Mr. Lober, the sculptor. The error, of course, did not affect the point made: the Ocean View Triangle should be beautified with a living war memorial.

PAULINE H. KEIMLING

Norfolk 3.

—*Norfolk & Portsmouth (Va.) Virginian-Pilot.*

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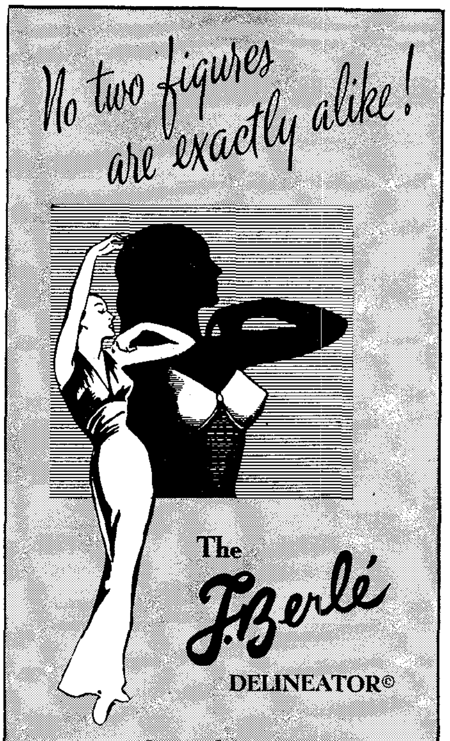
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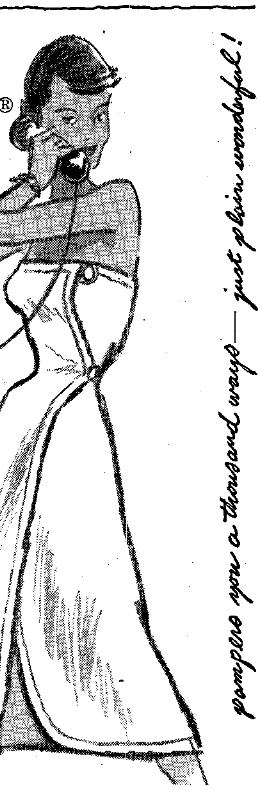
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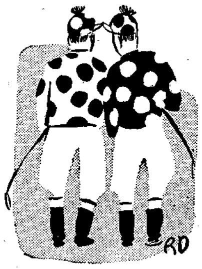
THE RACE TRACK

That Jumper Again



ONCE more we have the happy spectacle—or the unhappy one, depending on how you feel about it—of a former jumper beating topnotch flat horses. For my part, I am tempted to be even more enthusiastic about Corn Husker's performance in taking the San Juan Capistrano Handicap at Santa Anita last weekend than I was when he won the Santa Anita Handicap a fortnight before. In the San Juan, the rugged, big-bodied Llangollen Farm four-year-old carried eleven pounds more than he did in the Santa Anita, and ran half a mile farther, over sodden turf, but he came through gallantly, beating Spinney, Infantry, and ten other stake winners. I must say that Spinney made a nice try, leading to within a dozen strides of the winning post. Corn Husker was slower to begin than he had been in the past; in fact, he wasn't mentioned by the track announcer until the last furlong, and even then, it seems, Arcaro, who rode him, wasn't sure the beast would make it. He did, though, by a head, and his share of the purse was $69,400, which brought his earnings at the meeting to $201,500. Let's just forget he was ever a jumper.

I HAVE no opinion whatever about the merits of the eighteen runners who took part in the Hialeah Turf Handicap, the mile-and-a-half gallop, for a six-figure purse, that wound up the meeting on Monday of last week. Apparently the horseplayers on the grounds had no very strong opinion, either, for the favorite was better than 4½–1. However, from all accounts it was a lively race, with Jabneh, one of the less fancied starters, winning by a couple of lengths from Oligarchy, and Blue Choir and Roman Battle finishing in a dead heat for third. Next day, racing moved on to Gulfstream Park, where Fabius, a son of Citation, added to Calumet Farm's Florida winnings by taking first money in the Armed Handicap.

It had seemed ages since Jim Conway, who trained My Request, Miss Request, Grecian Queen, and a number of other good ones, saddled three winners in an afternoon. Well, he did it at Gulfstream last weekend, with Pamper Me, Top Mark, and Call Me Lucky, the last beating Nance's Lad and half a dozen others in the Magic City Handicap.

AS was more or less expected, Federal Hill led all the way in the Louisiana Derby at the Fair Grounds at New Orleans, winning comfortably from Shan Pac and Federal Judge, a 50–1 shot. And just for the record, Solar System romped off with the Barbara Frietchie Handicap at Bowie last Saturday. This weekend, the Bowie Handicap.

AS you may or may not know, there will be no jumping races at Belmont Park this year. Part of the course was torn up when the Greater New York Association had the infield levelled off, and the ground will have to settle before it is fit to gallop over. So to keep the sport going, Delaware Park will put on as many steeplechases as it can during its summer meeting. And Monmouth Park will have its usual number of hurdles races. Of course, if you can't see a jumping race, you can always read about one, which is a preface to saying that a first-rate book about a great English steeplechase has recently come out. Its title is "The Cheltenham Gold Cup" (Constable, of London), and its author is John Welcome. Inaugurated in 1924, the Cheltenham Gold Cup, a weight-for-age race at three miles and a quarter, has become almost as important in England as the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase. That remarkable animal Golden Miller, who won the Cup five times in a row, had a lot to do with giving the race its kudos. He met and beat the best jumpers of England and Ireland in the race, and it's generally agreed that the finest Cup ever run was the one in 1935, when he beat Jock Whitney's Thomond II after going with him stride for stride most of the way. Mr. Whitney won't have a starter in the Cup this year, but you may be interested to hear that among his jumpers is a promising fellow named Son and Heir II, who is a full brother to Capot. As for Mr. Welcome's book, it is refreshingly unpretentious, and a relief from some of those glassy-eyed volumes on American sports.

—AUDAX MINOR

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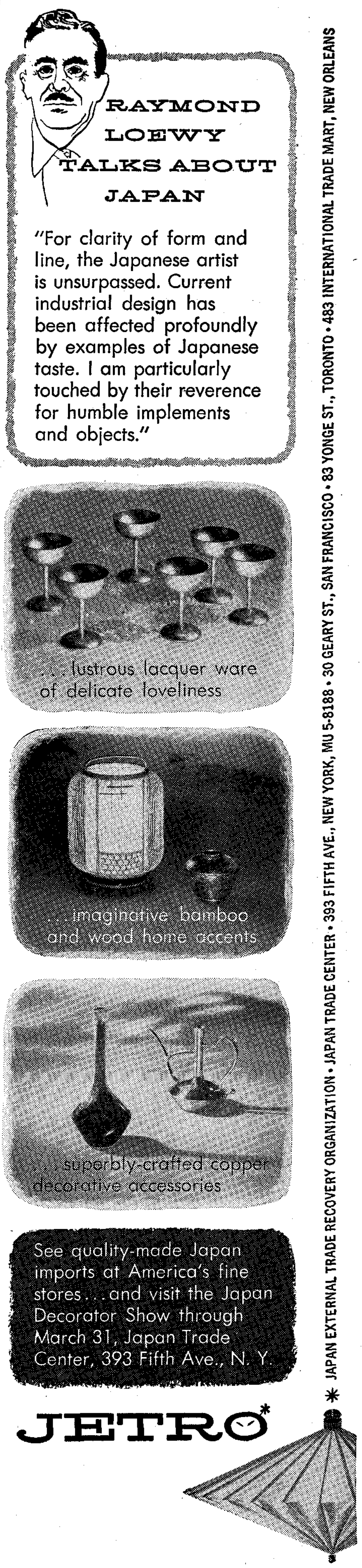
L. A. LEADS NATION
IN BANKRUPTCIES
—*Headline in the Los Angeles Times.*

Brag, brag, brag.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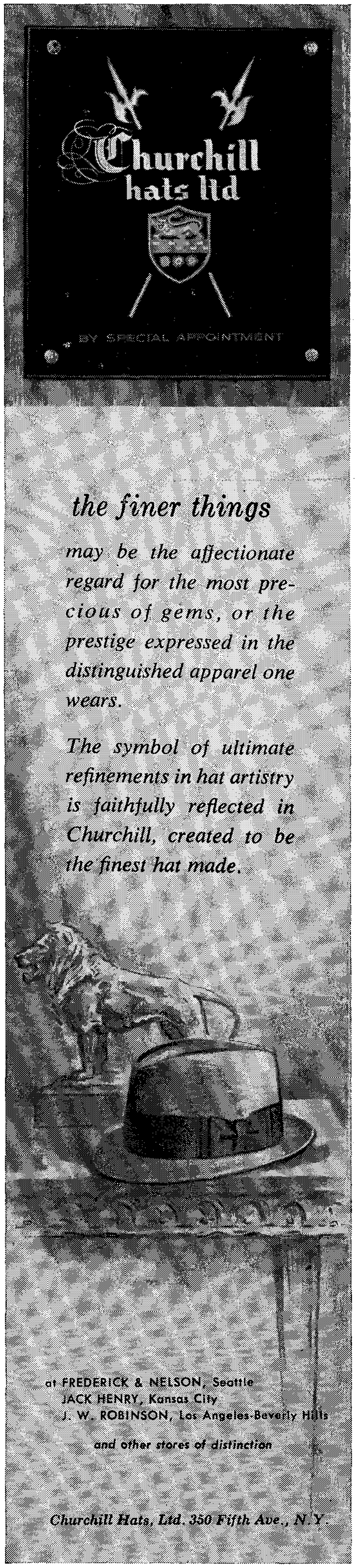
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Guitry's Gorgeous Deluge

IF pageantry is your dish, you can get a surfeit of it at the French movie called "Royal Affairs in Versailles." Written, produced, and directed by Sacha Guitry, it is a colorful, superficial account of the reigns of Louis XIV, XV, and XVI. By way of being helpful, M. Guitry has supplied the following observations about his film: "It is my earnest hope that 'Royal Affairs in Versailles' will be regarded as more than a motion picture, for it is, to me, my crowning achievement in more than half a century of activity in the world of arts. 'Royal Affairs in Versailles' is more than a filmed story. It is a kaleidoscopic cavalcade of historic events that encompasses three hundred years of French history, underscoring the glory and the infamy of the sovereigns who ruled from the most fabulous of all seats of royalty—the Palace of Versailles. . . . Immodestly, perhaps, I regard 'Royal Affairs in Versailles' as a monument to the most important age in the history of France." M. Guitry's adverb is well chosen. In two and a half dishevelled hours, he concentrates so hard on boudoir shenanigans that his end product resembles nothing so much as some high points in history as they might be interpreted by Cholly Knickerbocker. M. Guitry has a fine eye for the splendid trappings of royalty and comes up with some stunning shots in various tableaux set against the magnificence of Versailles. But when he tries to round out the personalities of his assorted elegants, he stumbles badly, depicting them merely as a clutch of blue bloods whose patents of nobility might be questioned in a Hollywood casting office.

In M. Guitry's kaleidoscopic cavalcade we encounter all the old familiar faces, from the three kings themselves to Mmes. de Montespan and de Pompadour and Marie Antoinette. Every now and then, a few commoners are introduced, to demonstrate that while the frivolous nobility was gambolling at Versailles, the masses were having a tough time of it and becoming very restive, but these detours into the lower depths of French society don't last long, and the *canaille* is no more convincing than the *noblesse*. To give the proceedings a touch of intellectuality, M. Guitry offers us the likes of Voltaire, Molière, and Benjamin Franklin, none of whom seem overly scintillating. As a matter of fact, Benjamin Franklin, played by Orson Welles, looks like a botched embalming job, and his mortuary croaking contributes nothing in the way of wisdom to the affair. M. Guitry himself has taken over the principal role—that of Louis XIV—and he makes of that glittering monarch a cross between Monsieur Beaucaire and Pa Kettle, giving Beaucaire's dash to his portrayal of the King in his salad days and Pa's tired acceptance of domesticity to his interpretation of Louis's last hours with Mme. de Maintenon.

Scattered about in the various episodes that make up the picture are Claudette Colbert, as Mme. de Montespan; Jean-Pierre Aumont, as Cardinal de Rohan; Lana Marconi, as Marie Antoinette; Micheline Presle, as Mme. de Pompadour; Gérard Philipe, as d'Artagnan; and Edith Piaf, as a woman of the people. They are all costumed to the nines, but even in their elaborate getups they look rather pallid against the wonders of Versailles. In his presentation of that superb palace, M. Guitry cannot be faulted.

—John McCarten

•

A Correction

Our advertising has recently included the following statements:

"Budman's 49th Anniversary GAS HEAT SALE."

"We'll take your coal from your bin and PAY YOU FOR IT!"

"Give you Immediate 5-Hour Installation!"

"Low as $89.88 . . . 9 Famous Makes of Burners."

Testimonial of Mrs. T—"My Budco Burner is Marvelous . . . Last year I heated 10 large rooms for only $120.00 . . ."

Our attention has been called to the fact that this was not a "49th anniversary sale;" that while some allowance was made, customers allege they were not paid the actual cost of removed coal; that customers were not able to obtain "Immediate 5-Hour Installation;" that 9 famous makes of burners were not available as low as $89.88; that some ads failed to mention that installation was extra; and that the testimonial was inaccurate as Mrs. T's burner was not a "Budco" and her last year's heating cost was considerably higher than $120.00.

We regret the foregoing and have taken steps to prevent any recurrence.

BUDMAN'S
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—*Adv. in the Detroit News.*

Remember us to Mrs. T. when you see her.

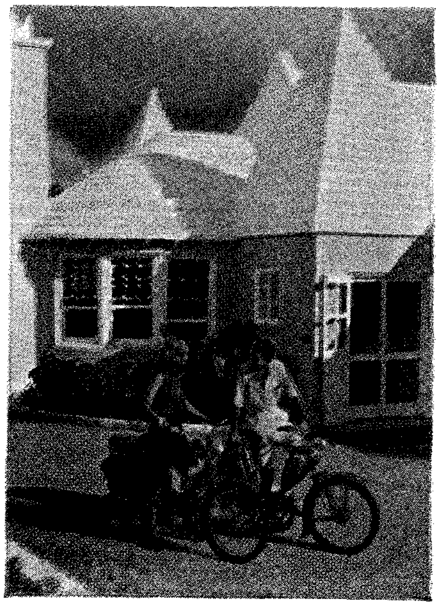
In warm Atlantic waters lies a happy holiday island

BERMUDA

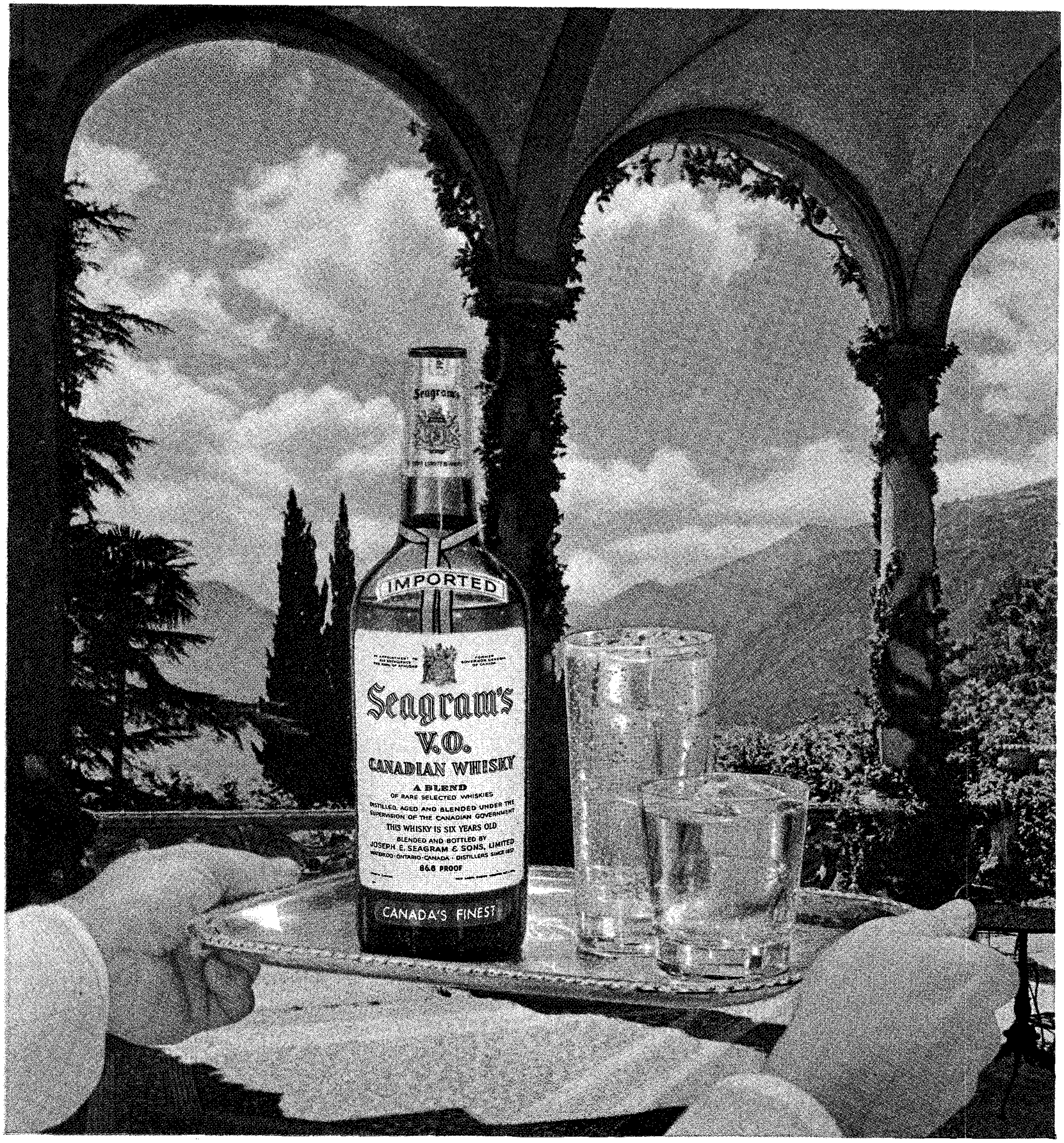
Bermuda is really a group of hundreds of islands, in all only twenty-four miles long. Sailing among them is a fun-filled venture in exploration. Soft, pink beaches are invitations to loafing while the blue water tempts you to a refreshing dip. Golf, tennis, fishing, bicycling and picnicking are enjoyed any time of year. Hamilton's shops are the showcase of Europe. Traditional pageantry is a reminder that Bermuda is a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. And the Islands' history and beauty make sightseeing a happy pastime.

Bermuda is only three hours' flight from New York or you may prefer the more leisurely trip by ocean liner. Bermuda's hotels are famous providing everything needed for holiday living. And guest houses welcome you to the Islands' friendly, easy-going ways.

There are many details to be considered in planning any holiday. But you'll save time and trouble by talking things over with your travel agent. Helpful too is the Bermuda Vacation Kit which you can get by writing to: The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.



Somewhere along a shore road they will find a picnic cove.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A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • SIX YEARS OLD

A CHRONIC PECULIARITY

AROUND Santa Fe, as in most of the Southwest, we are spectators of and participants in an eternal cliff-hanger in which moisture, the hero, comes just in time to save the land from ruination. Our consciousness of precipitation is unlike an Easterner's. You never hear "Raining again!" or a disgusted "More snow!" but "I'm afraid this rain won't amount to much," in the tone of a connoisseur, or "That was a *good* snow we had yesterday."

This consciousness is heightened by the quick, dramatic way in which rain usually comes—what the Navajos call male rain, the narrow, fast-moving storm, with its outriders of thunder and lightning. Much rarer is female rain, gentle from gray skies that, one may hope, extend for hundreds of miles—female rain or its snow equivalent, coming down slowly, almost stopping, falling again, building wetness, soaking into the earth, a mild, effective blessing that brings with it a relaxing of the usual stimulus of this bright climate, humidity, and perfect sleeping weather. Such days come hardly three or four to a year. They have a series of effects on me that have become fixed in sequence.

The first is a sense of something too strong, too large, too good to be called magic. The highly stylized Indian art has symbolized the phenomena of weather in forms one cannot help seeing when the clouds gather. Indian ritual poetry has described not only the phenomena but man's and the earth's subjective response to it. (When I speak of the earth's subjective response, I suppose I am speaking like an Indian.) Most of their ceremonies beseech water and arouse a great conviction that they can bring it. When the dry earth is being soaked, it is difficult not to feel the Indians strongly. Most especially one feels the Pueblo tribes, which are settled in a long, irregular line from mid-Arizona to just outside Santa Fe. The Pueblos have been here since an appallingly remote epoch. The kiva, in which their worship centers, is a windowless structure, partly underground and entered through the roof; the floor is pierced by holes, to give communication to the yet older underworld, and the ladder by which the kiva is entered points tall prongs to the sky. It is not hard to believe that many people concentrating their prayer within these chambers exert a power that touches all of nature.

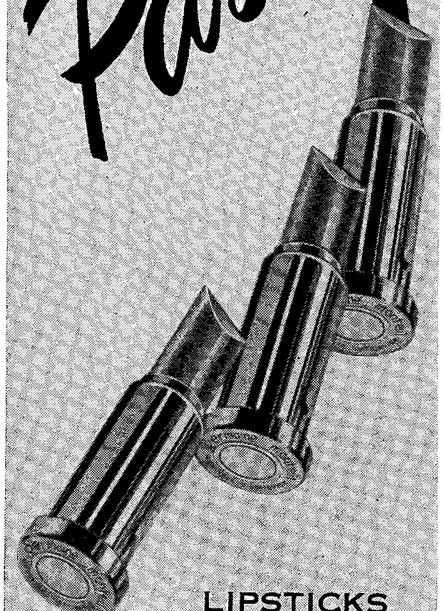
Most of our rain and snow comes from the west. That is, it comes to Santa Fe from over Navajo country (and the night-long chants of the Navajos are not to be despised), from over the many kivas of the strong-praying Hopis, and thence from one kiva in New Mexico after another. When you know how these people unite their spirits, how they call the rain, gather it, and spread it out for the world, then, when it comes, you cannot help ascribing it at least in part to them.

That first effect is of local origin, obviously; it is agreeable and somewhat literary. It is followed by the quite different one of homesickness. When the clouds stretched between the Jémez Mountains to the west and the Sangre de Cristos to the east hang so low as to create moments of fog, I have a delusion of the seacoast. Then I have to face the fact that choosing to live in a place I have come to love is also self-imposed exile and costs exile's price. The freight train on the branch line that comes up from Lamy whistles with the piddling whistle trains use nowadays, and I am transported to within earshot of the foghorn on the Big Dock at Saunderstown, and see the gray, white-capped waves on Narragansett Bay and smell another vegetation. It is not entirely an unpleasant pain, and it leads into the third effect.

I have been carried away. As I return to Santa Fe, I seem to approach it hovering, and see again the whole, which is ordinarily forgotten in details, recalling what might be called confirmations of my choice of living here. I do not mean a new view of the physical scene; that is always before the eyes—the authentic, the phony, the merely banal. I mean the peculiar qualities of this town, the City of the Holy Faith, which its publicists call the City Different and many of its inhabitants the City Difficult. I mean what I think of as "the Santa Fe sensation," which contains familiarity with the irrational, and enjoyment of it—a chronic peculiarity not entirely unrelated to the Indian more-than-magic that surrounds us.

IT fits Santa Fe that it should not be on the main line of the Santa Fe Railway but should be served by a spur

Pastel



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from the insignificant hamlet of Lamy, and this not because the railway spurned its name city but because, when the line was a-building, certain leading citizens of the place set out to bite the hand that sought to feed them, whereupon the hand was snatched away.

Indians are not of the city itself. They are part of its setting. They are a context for all the mixtures of people that have come here after them. Having the atomic-research center of Los Alamos barely twenty miles from our plaza is part of the incongruity, and it is eminently fitting that not far away there is an enterprising Spanish rancher who keeps his sheep in jackets. This does wonders for their wool and confuses the coyotes.

A few blocks from me, on my street, a sign on a brick wall shows arrows pointing north and south. Over one is lettered "San Miguel," over the other "Circular Staircase." San Miguel is an ancient church, for which the dubious claim is put forth that it is the oldest in the United States. It is a handsome antiquity, in any case, suitable to a city that trades on its age. The staircase, in Loretto Convent, is something more. To the layman's eye it defies reason and gravity. It is said that, needing access to the upper story and having no room for ordinary stairs, the nuns searched long and vainly for someone who knew how to build stairs in a spiral. One day a bearded, gray-haired carpenter appeared and took on the job. He finished it overnight and disappeared. The carpenter could hardly have been anyone but Saint Joseph, and there are few Protestants in town so Protestant as to deny that the construction is miraculous. A couple of blocks from Loretto Convent, on the Plaza, both the Woolworth and the J. C. Penney stores are built in really fine adaptations of the prevailing, Spanish-Indian style of architecture, instead of in their usual forms, and that this should be so is also a pretty good miracle.

NOT long ago, the landscape hereabouts was brightened by the appearance of numbers of Apaches in turquoise-blue Cadillacs. This particular branch of the Apaches, the Jicarillas, used to harry the countryside in a great arc, northwest, north, and east of Santa Fe—an arc that at times fitted uncomfortably close to the city. It is by no means a hundred years since the last time they ran off local cattle or stole a likely boy. These past misdeeds are not held against them. After all, the Spanish-speaking people enslaved

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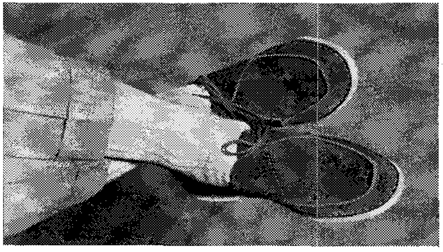

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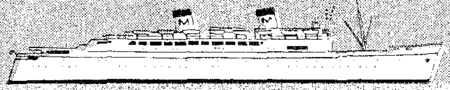

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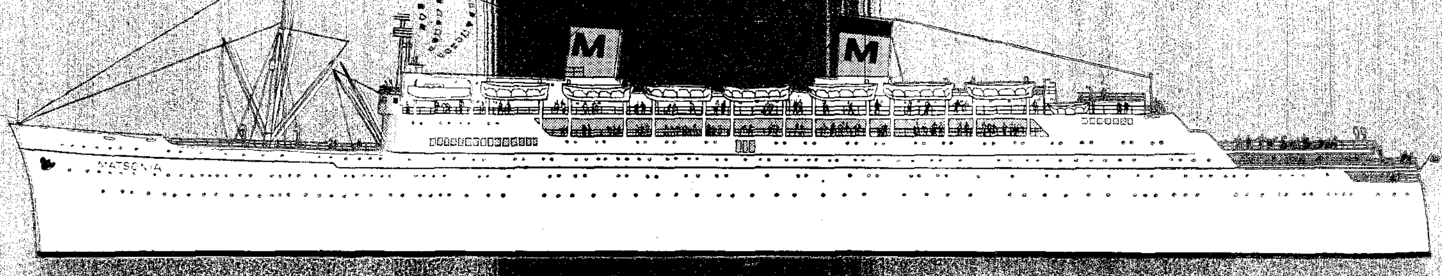

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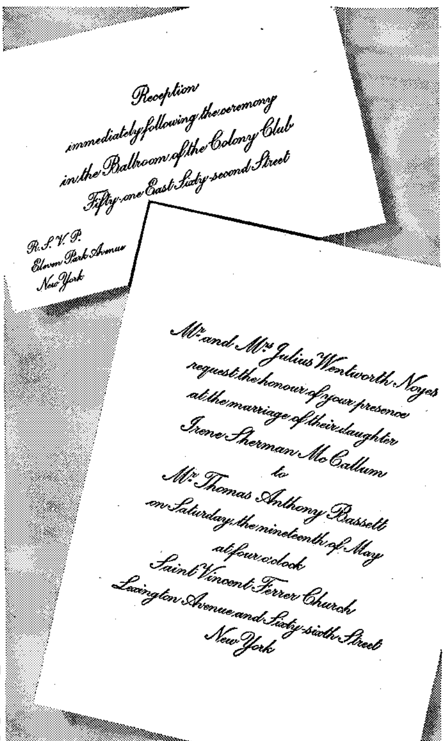
Apache women and children if they could get them; more than one Anglo-American owned some; and Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation met serious opposition here although the territory was strongly Republican and its men fought well for the Union. It just did not occur to anyone that freeing the Negroes would imply anything about the status of Indian captives.

After the Jicarillas were subdued, they had a dreadfully hard time of it. They eventually became modestly successful sheep and cattle men. Then it turned out that their reservation, which embraces the western extreme of their old homeland, also embraces a lot of gas and oil. So, having set up a million-dollar fund for putting their children through college—and confounding American folklore by naming the fund in honor of a beloved Indian agent—they began cutting up the melon and passing pieces round.

This resulted in a satisfying sight that *is* part of American folklore but not often seen in real life—the Indian with braided hair and on his head a large, black, expensive Stetson decorated with a beaded band, driving himself in the latest thing in automobiles, with his lady sitting beside him, a touch of light red paint on her cheeks and forehead, her braids tucked under her handsome flowered shawl. It causes everybody pleasure, and since the cars first blossomed during a hot dry spell, their color in town and on the roads was refreshing. I particularly enjoy seeing them in the parking lot at La Fonda, the Fred Harvey hotel that, along with its neighbor the cathedral, dominates the center of Santa Fe—the temples of Catholicism and tourism, like a statement of the city's motif. The Apache cars compare favorably with the showiest parked in the lot by Texans, and, man for man and manner for manner, the Apaches compare all right, too.

Even at the peak of their raiding days, they maintained friendly relations with the Indians of certain pueblos, and the Apaches continue to visit them. Most Pueblo Indians make their living farming, although working for the Atomic Energy Commission is now an important source of income. Suddenly, instead of being more wealthy than their Apache guests, they have become, by comparison, poor tillers of the soil, but as both parties are given to easy, simple behavior, neither seems aware of the change. The Apache visits present the charming picture of Abel dropping in on Cain, the Lord having indeed shown respect unto the herdsman, and abso-



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Mr. and Mrs. Julius Wentworth Noyes
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Irene Sherman McCallum
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Mr. Thomas Anthony Bassett
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lutely no hard feelings on anybody's part.

ABOUT the time the novelty of Apache wealth was wearing off, the people of Santa Fe were whipped into one of their periodic and stimulating furies by an article in *Variety* about the Cochití corn dance. Cochití Pueblo is famous for its drum-making and its drumming, and it puts on an excellent and utterly sincere corn dance, but the *Variety* man was thrown off by the fact that the priest in charge of the affair, who watches over the line of dancers during the public performance, sprinkles sacred corn meal for them in various ways, and maintains continuous inward prayer, was a young Indian who held a white-collar job with the Atomic Energy Commission and had taken leave of absence from Los Alamos to do his part. The young man had wrapped a blanket around himself, but it never occurred to him not to wear his white collar and his business suit. His appearance led the reporter to conclude, by an illogic equal to the best Santa Fe can offer, that the whole performance was phony and that the dancers (several hundred members of the tribe, none of whom receives a cent) should join Actors' Equity to keep from being exploited. Innumerable people dipped their pens in vitriol and wrote, the local paper made a thing of it, everyone fumed. A lot of fussing and feuding goes on in the City of the Holy Faith, and it is hard to get people to stay organized for any purpose. Events like this restore our unity and generally create cheer.

The classic in this line, by which later rhubarbs are always measured, occurred when an organization called something like the Society of Pioneer Dames tried to donate a statue of the Pioneer Mother to the city. The statue was to be erected in the Plaza, at the End of the Santa Fe Trail. The End of the Santa Fe Trail is a sacred spot comparable to the Omphalos at Delphi, its sanctity being in no way diminished by the fact that to attempt to select any one spot as the End of the Trail is absurd, since the wagons came in to town by a number of different routes and unloaded at many different places.

The Pioneer Mother was being placed all over the West at that time. It was a mass-produced concrete article aesthetically similar to the Civil War soldier who is so familiar farther east, and whose wife the Mother might well be. It showed a powerful woman in a poke bonnet, striding forward, baby on one arm, rifle over the other, and a

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DON'T MISS THE

Jamestown Festival

APRIL THROUGH NOVEMBER, 1957

AMERICA celebrates its 350th birthday this year at Jamestown, Virginia, where Captain John Smith and the first permanent English colony landed. There will be daily pageantry in the reconstructed Triangular Fort, colorful outdoor dramas, international exhibits. See the full size replicas of the colonists' three ships and the reconstructed glass factory —America's first industry. Make Historic Williamsburg your headquarters when you visit the Jamestown Festival.

Fine lodgings at Williamsburg Inn and Lodge, colonial guest houses, taverns and the new Motor House. For information: write direct, see travel agent or Reservation Offices—In New York: 30 *Rockefeller Plaza, Telephone* CIrcle 6-6800. *In Washington, D. C.:* 1145 19*th St., Tel. REpublic* 7-8114.

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City ....*Zone* ...*State* ....

plowshare nudging her ankle. Whether or not the City Council had actually accepted this gift has become obscure, thanks to the subsequent cloud of accusations and denials. Apart from objecting to the monument on artistic grounds, all Santa Feans are aware that the pioneer women here were either Spanish ladies or the local Indians whom the lesser conquistadors took to wife. They dressed according to their origins, and while an Indian woman might occasionally wield a hoe, neither would set hand to a plow.

With due fanfare and advance publicity the Society's delegation arrived, with the statue on a truck. The group was led by a rising politician from Kansas City—where the Santa Fe Trail began—named Harry S. Truman, who was to make the presentation speech. There was a reception committee, too, and it included the full force of the flourishing art colony, a number of ladies of the finest Spanish descent, and, at the head of the lot, the late Mary Austin, who was somewhat more than a committee all by herself. Mrs. Austin told the delegation bluntly what Santa Fe thought of them and their concrete cast, and pointed out that the city had been in existence more than two hundred years before any Anglo woman in or out of a poke bonnet ever reached it, and the delegation was sent packing—truck, monument, Truman, undelivered speech, and all.

WE haven't had anything as good as that since, and a tendency to live on the memory of it may indicate that we are falling off, but this last fall was pleasantly enlivened by an invasion of bears. I don't know how other communities feel about bears, except that up at Los Alamos they are a nuisance and frequently tree security guards patrolling the outer limits of the area. The guards are at a disadvantage, since bears are not classified as subversive and are protected by the game laws. They dropped into Santa Fe shortly after school opened in September. One of the first was a small brown bear that turned up on the street in front of the junior high school as the children were on their way to school. The children were enchanted; the bear was confused but apparently not greatly embarrassed; teachers and police were terrified. The grownups managed to keep the young from getting too intimate with the animal, school opened late, and the bear disappeared.

Bears kept on appearing for several weeks. We haven't had Indian trouble

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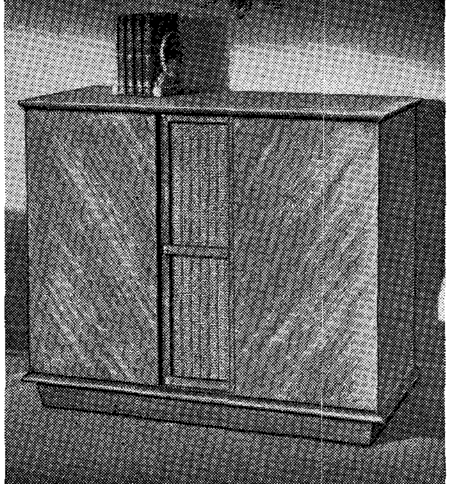

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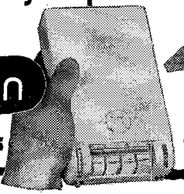

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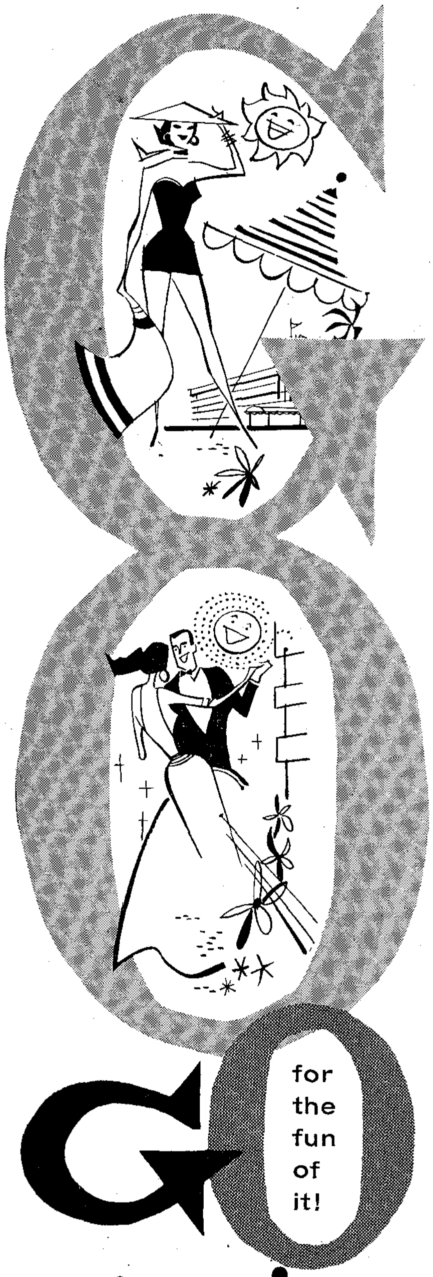
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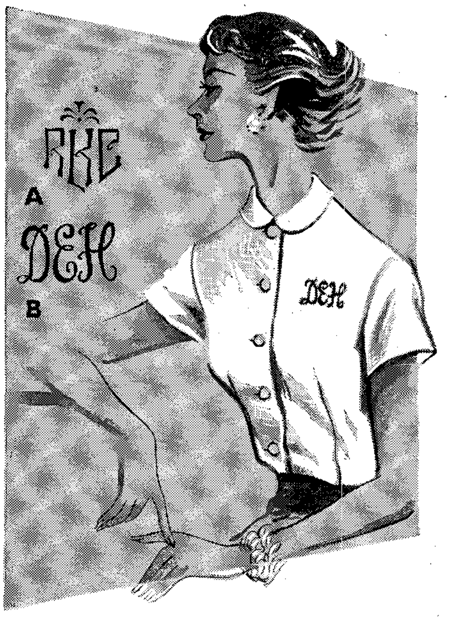
since the eighteen-seventies, Billy the Kid has been dead so long he has become a myth, wolves have been extinct these many years, and you can't get much of a wild-frontier effect out of coyotes and jack rabbits. We did have a wildcat that raided a chicken yard at the edge of town and started a rabies epidemic. That resulted in the first roundup of stray dogs since the Comanches stopped eating them, and was a real boon, but, again, it did not reinforce Santa Fe's picture of itself. The bears did, and we were grateful for them.

They were a nuisance to parents. The houses lying a short distance outside the main mass of the city, toward the mountains, are mostly occupied by families with children. As soon as the children said they had seen a bear hanging around, all their friends moved out to spend the night. They were prevented from taking their bedrolls and sleeping in the open, as many of them wanted to do, but they would not go to sleep unless they were promised that they would be waked when the visitor turned up. Fathers were popping up at all hours—if they didn't hear the bear, the children did and called them—and a lot of sleep was lost.

The Game and Fish Department managed to trap one bear that got lost and bewildered among the motels on Route 85, to the west. The others just stopped appearing; no one knows why, any more than anyone can give a good explanation of why they came. They were Santa Fe-type bears, in my opinion.

IT is this order of assortment of small things that makes the nature of Santa Fe, although how to calculate their sum, or average, or highest common factor, I would not know. A short while back, we were having a balmy spell such as comes from time to time during every winter, when in the sun you do not want even a jacket. You know that it would be better if it would turn cold and snow—for fine weather is our ruin, and our great enemy, drought, comes upon us gentle and smiling—and you hope that the change will not lead to an early spring, but you put those thoughts aside and enjoy it.

I was driving out to see a friend who lives along one of the many approaches that have a right to claim to be the Old Santa Fe Trail. It was such a nice day that I dawdled, the window open and my elbow sticking out of it, enjoying the breeze on my cheek. The road dips where it crosses the Arroyo Chamiso; that is, the road goes down to the sandy bed of the arroyo and is carried across



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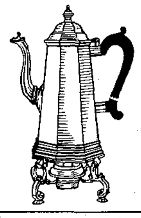

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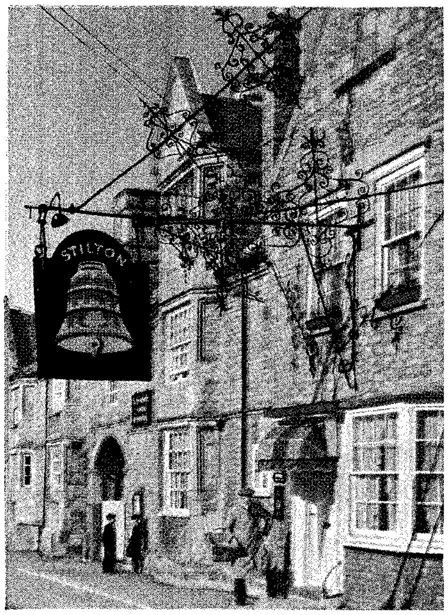

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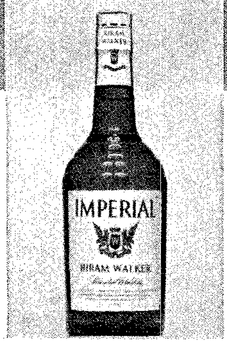
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by a sheet of concrete, over which water flows when there is any. The arroyo is about a hundred feet wide. As I descended toward the dip, I saw a black sedan, off the road at an angle, and around its back wheels some nuns. The one nearest me was working with a shovel. I thought that the unfortunate women had somehow slid off the road and got stuck in the heavy sand, and realized with annoyance that I could not very well fail to stop and help them. I slowed yet more as I drew near, looking to see where I could stop off the road without getting stuck myself. There were four nuns. Then I saw that they all were wearing blue-checked pinafore aprons over their habits, and all had shovels. The rear doors of the sedan were open. They were tossing small shovelfuls of sand, by turns, onto the floor behind the front seat.

Well, that was their privilege, and far be it from me to stop and pry. I pressed on the accelerator and went on by with a sense of relief, and once again I experienced the pleasure of the Santa Fe sensation. —Oliver La Farge

•

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that contradict each other—
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yet the blind, bland,
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soon starts on another,
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and the same expectations.

Does anyone ever
find his Indies?
That I don't believe.
But the sensible voyager
comes, at last, to a shore
where the natives are friendly,
the climate congenial.
No longer inclined to explore,
"This is the Indies," he announces,
and he settles there.

—Josephine Saunders

•

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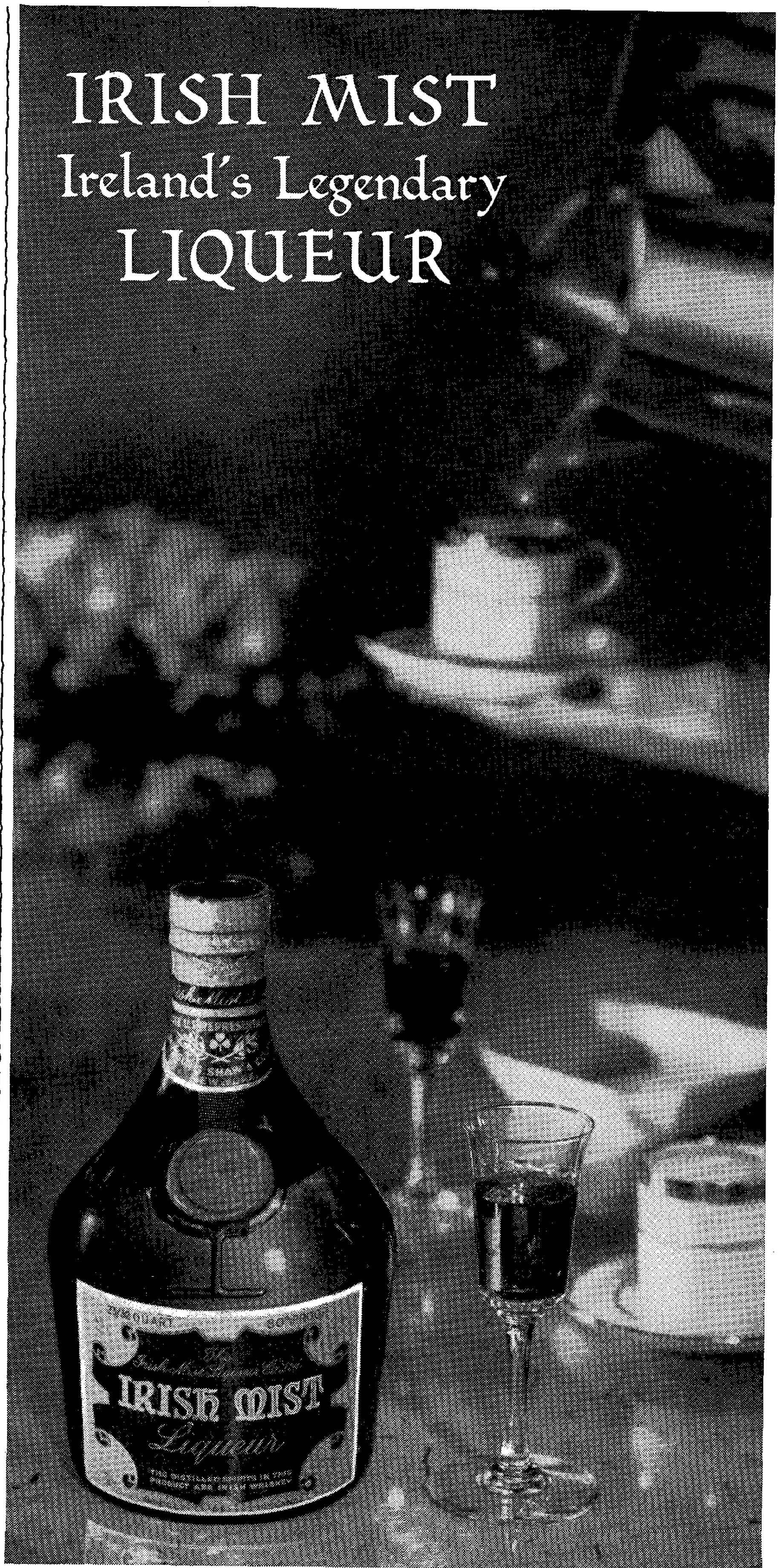
He was Maxie's brother.



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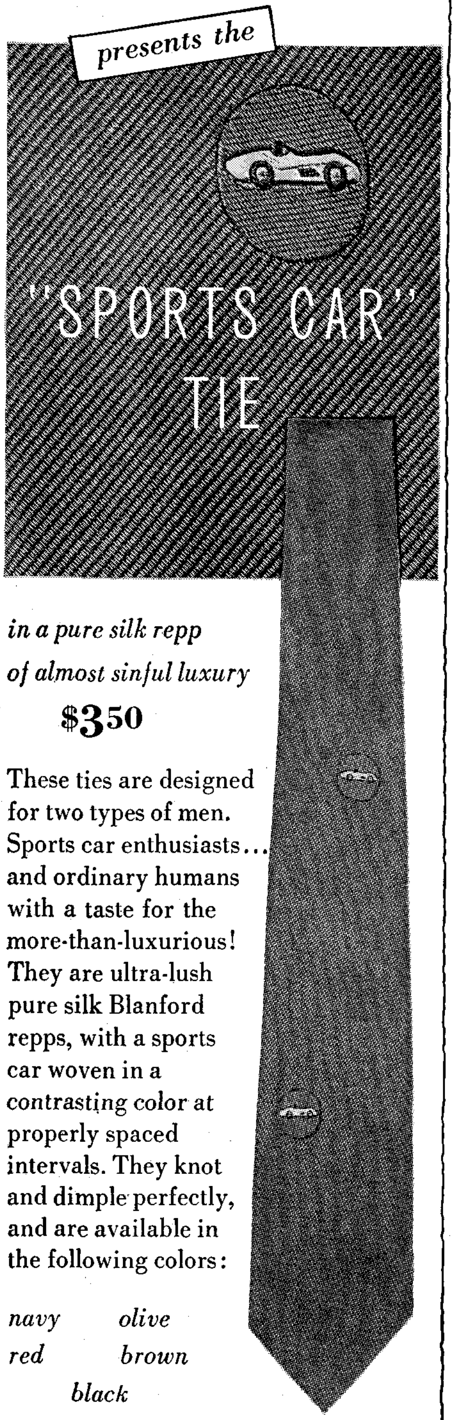
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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

Yale University,
New Haven, Connecticut,
February 25, 1957

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

IN your issue of February 16th I find an attractive offer by an Irish peer who modestly uses his family name, signing himself John Godley. Six years after succeeding to his title, he—the third Baron Kilbracken—discovered among his possessions a three-hundred-acre bog at Corrawallen, in County Leitrim. Chagrined, now, to learn that his ownership does not include the rights of turbary, or peat cutting, he offers to sell the property at a nickel a square yard to "sentimental Irish-Americans who would like a stake, however small, in the Old Country."

Sentimental or not, I think I have a better reason than most other Americans of Irish descent to buy a piece of Lord Kilbracken's bog, which he belittles as "the damned place." Let me explain. I am a biologist, and my interests include the biogeography of Ireland. A few years ago, I absorbed some wounding criticism for having said, in print, that St. Patrick couldn't have driven the snakes out of that country. I still say so. The last ice age pushed them out of the region, and afterward the sea level rose, made the Emerald Isle, and prevented their return. That is why Ireland has no snakes—or short-tailed field mice, either, which were driven out along with them. But let's go on to peat.

Now, peat is what I really know. Probably a love of it is in my genes, for my ancestors were bog hoppers. And what is peat, or turf, besides being a low-grade fuel and a matchless flavoring for whiskey? It's a priceless record of the past. Year by year, peat forms, if the climate is right, and year by year it receives on its surface pollen grains of all the plants for miles around. Biologists look at fossil pollen grains embedded in peat and try to tell from them the meaning of every change that has taken place at every level. Ten thousand years ago, reindeer browsed over the Irish tundra, and pollen grains of arctic willow, their chief forage, are found deep in the peat beside their bones. Later, the climate changed, and Stone Age man reached Ireland (by boat, and without snakes or short-tailed field mice). The countryside was drier, if

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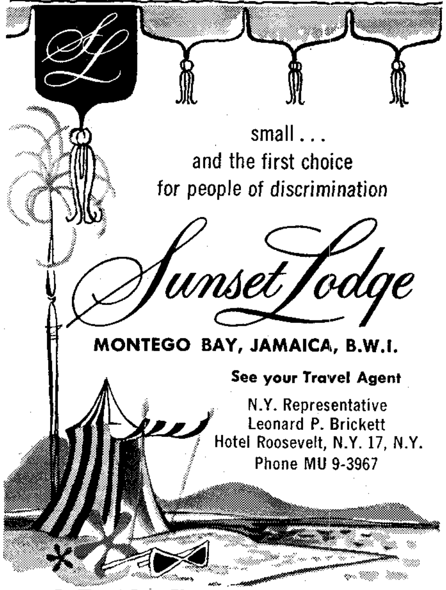
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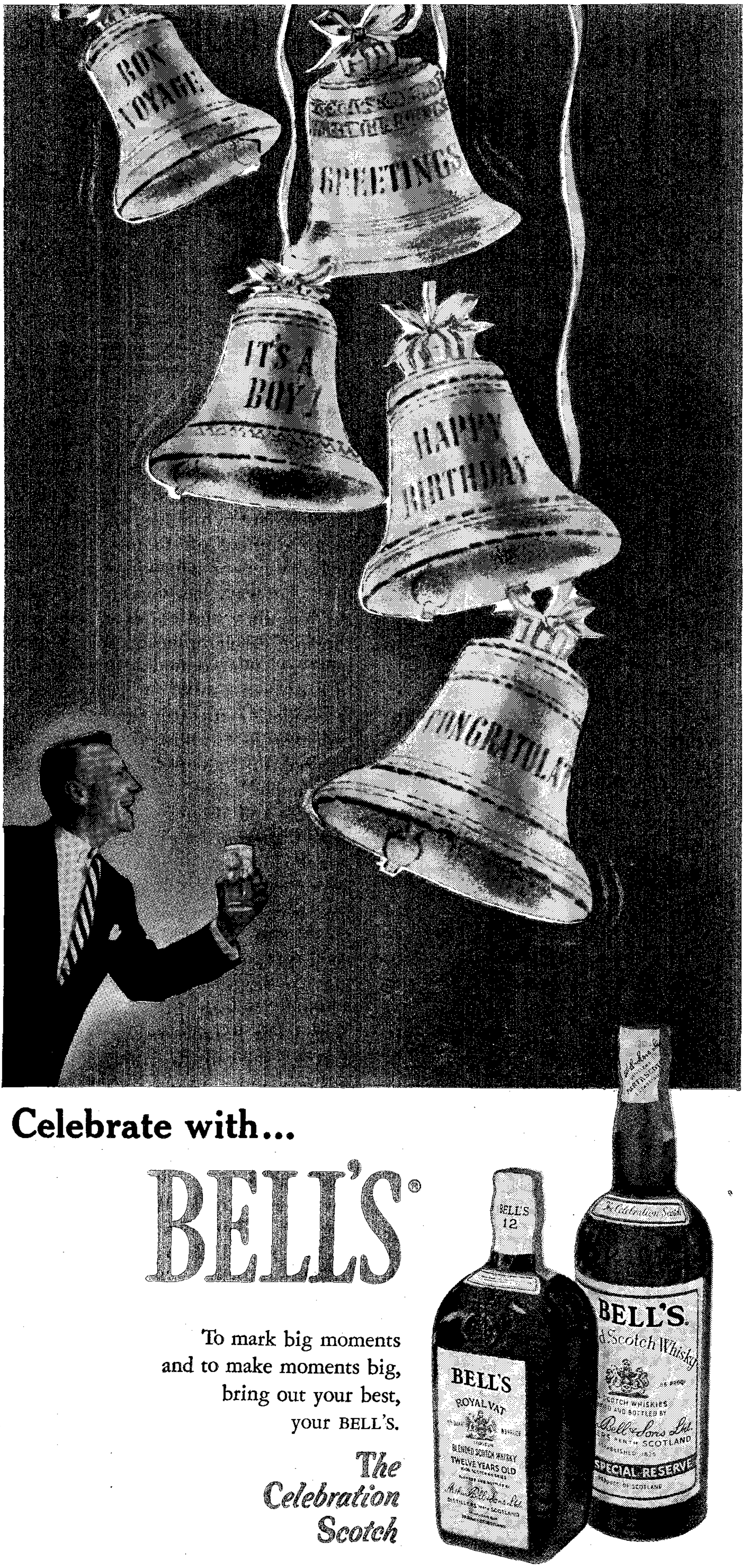
less charming, than it is today, and pine forests grew, and dropped pollen, where now the blanket bog mantles the hillsides. Still later came the neolithic farmers and the warriors of the Bronze Age. The forests were cut down, and in the peat we read a record of the changing verdure in the quantities of elm and plantain pollen we find there.

But not all the evidence is pollen. In the Middle Bronze Age, the climate became much wetter, and the bogs began to get out of hand. The people built wooden trackways across them, but these were soon drowned in the growing peat. One such trackway—in County Leitrim, incidentally—has been dated by the proportion of radioactive carbon in its wood: 1440 B.C.

There is more, much more, but perhaps I have made my case, and I would like to ask Lord Kilbracken if I may buy a piece of his despised old sod. A dollar's worth, twenty square yards, will do nicely. They needn't be contiguous; in fact, I'd prefer them scattered at random over the bog. The local people are welcome to the peat. All I will ask of *them* is a chance to nip a few tiny samples from the turfs of my property as they are cut. I will consult the pollen, meantime keeping a weather eye on the larger pieces of turf, and if a Bronze Age sword, a fossil musk ox, a hoard of gold coins, or a neolithic corpse turns up there, so much the better. Science will get the benefit, the treasure will belong to the government anyway, and the lord of Killegar can borrow it back and charge admission to a museum on his own land.

My only reservation is about the dollar. Strictly, Yale University should pay the cost, since in the long run it stands to reap the scientific advantage. I hesitate, however, to have the Bureau of Purchases make out an order for "20 sq. yd. Corrawallen, Co. Leitrim @ $0.05, extension $1.00 (U.S.)." This would leave an open entry in their books until delivery, and the monthly follow-up postcards would amount to a dollar for postage in only a little over two years. All things considered, although I may get into trouble, I will send my personal check for One and 00/100 Dollars, if Lord Kilbracken is really prepared to sell, and I will ask the petty-cash account to reimburse me for fifty cents. This will enable Yale and me to share title, and there will be a minimum of confusion in the accounts.

Yours truly,
EDWARD S. DEEVEY
Associate Professor of Biology



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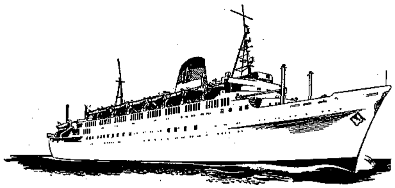

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TABLES FOR TWO

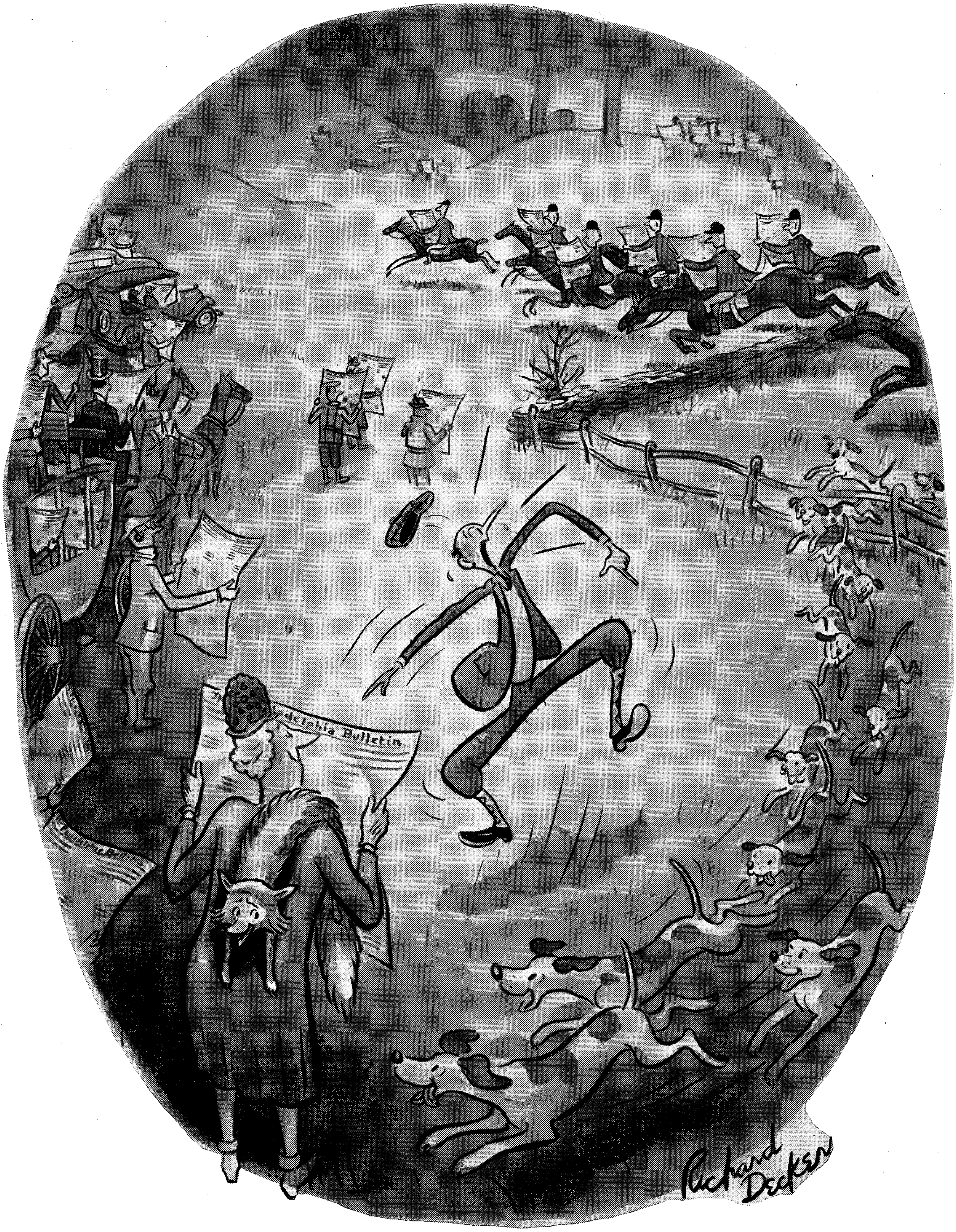
Homing Lorelei

ALICE PEARCE, a very funny young woman who has been missing from the night-club scene for a few years, working on the stage and in the movies, is back at the Blue Angel. Where else? Miss Pearce has the distinction of having appeared in no other night club since she took up this line of work, some ten years back, and it suits me that I always know where to find her, and don't have to go running off to the Copacabana or Las Vegas or somewhere in search of her. Anyway, she wouldn't be caught dead in that sort of place. She gives the impression of being an essentially quiet girl who, downing the first drink of her life at a small gathering, suddenly decides to entertain everybody. This girl happens to know several old songs of doubtful value—things like "Constantinople" and "A Tulip Told a Tale"—and although she has mastered none of them, she essays them all with wonderful verve. Miss Pearce, if we are to believe her introductory remarks, has been gallivanting about Europe lately, and one of the trinkets she managed to squeeze through customs on her return was a German version of "Dinah," which she ran across on the Berlin Hit Parade—a "Schlagenprunk Extra," she calls it. Another thing she has on hand is an old Nelson Eddy recording of "Boots;" she likes to pretend that *she's* reciting it, but unfortunately her phonograph is a bit undependable, and its frequent slowings down and speedings up make the task a demanding one. Then, too, she has a deep affection for "If I Were As High As a Bird in the Sky," a kind of rallying song for disillusioned lovers. You've probably heard her do most of these numbers before, but hearing them again may restore your faith in the world of night clubs.

Also on hand at the Blue Angel these nights are Johnny Mathis, a highly stylized crooner; Martha Davis and Calvin Ponder, who constitute what is very possibly the most enjoyable jazz act in town (she plays the piano and he plays a bass fiddle, and they both sing—sometimes together and sometimes solo); and a couple of other items, including the Jimmy Lyons Trio, an accomplished instrumental group.

BENNY GOODMAN is back in the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria with a big band, but the results seem nowhere near as lively as they did a year or two ago, when, following a long absence, he got some superior musicians together and made a triumphant return to this scene of his early glories. That was a happy occasion, but I'm afraid the idea was good for just one time around. There have been no new developments; for the most part, the band plays the same old arrangements of the same old numbers—"Don't Be That Way," "Mission to Moscow," "Sing, Sing, Sing," and one or two others—and the only original touch of the evening comes when Goodman, commenting on his recent tour of the Far East, leads his men through samples of the kinds of American jazz in favor in different lands. (This demonstration opens with a pseudo-Oriental treatment of "Don't Be That Way" that is pleasant but amounts to little more than a display of showmanship.) The musicians are all first-rate in their own separate ways, but it seemed to me that this year's band didn't knit too well into a whole, and the new trio, made up of Mel Powell on piano, Mousie Alexander on drums, and, of course, Goodman on clarinet, was far less stimulating than some Goodman trios I can recall. I admired Powell's excellent technique, but I felt that he really got into the spirit of things only occasionally, and Alexander's drumming, though expert, impressed me as being too heavy. This left me with just Goodman's playing (still delightful, thank goodness) to fall back on. Among the other instrumentalists who caught my attention at one time or another were Budd Johnson, a veteran saxophonist with a colorful style, and Buck Clayton, a trumpeter capable of some tasteful inventions. There's a new girl vocalist—Lynn Taylor, a pretty young thing—but she had very little to offer that appealed to me. To tell the truth, I enjoyed myself most when the show was over and the lights had dimmed, and this newest Goodman band settled down to provide relaxed, engaging swing music for the dancing customers.

A TENOR named Frank Parker is making his night-club début in the Cotillion Room of the Pierre. A stocky, middle-aged chap who has been rattling around in radio and television for a good many years, Mr.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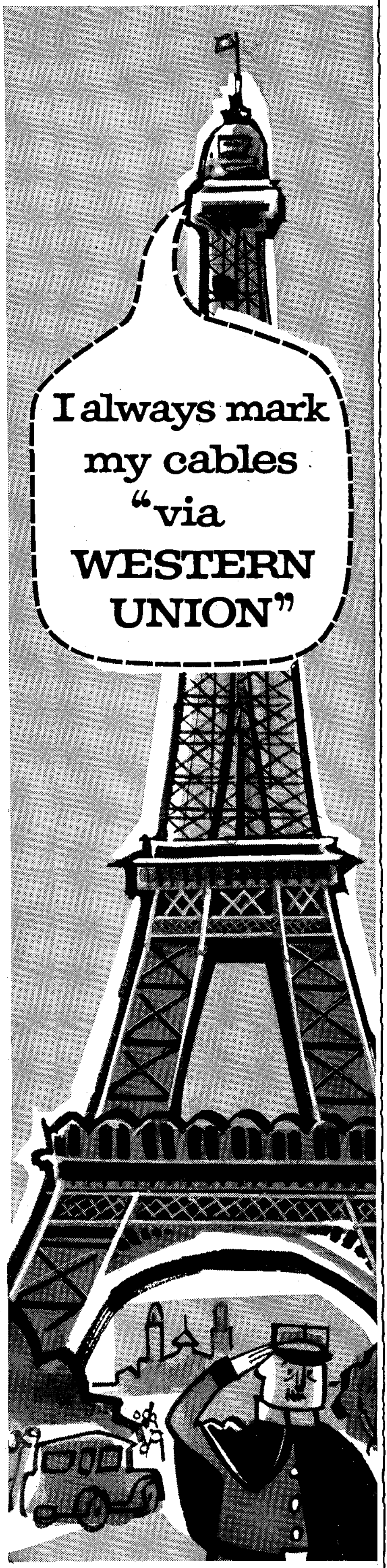

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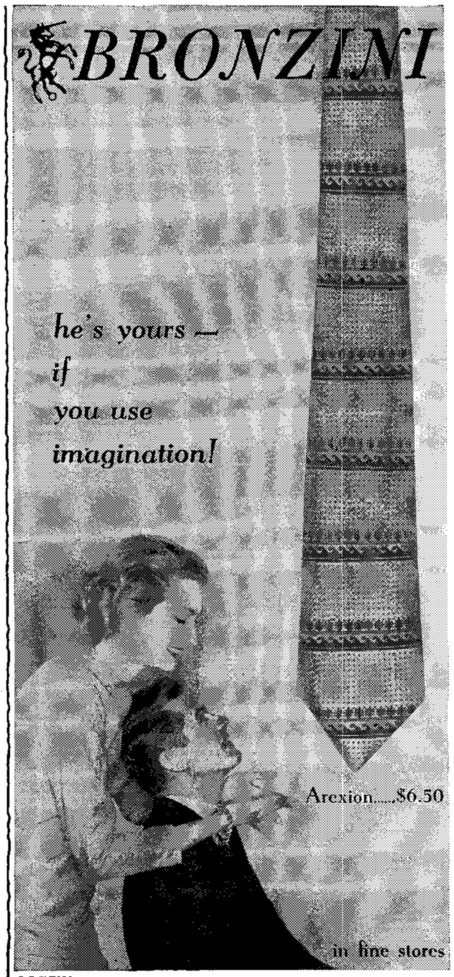
Western Union offices in principal cities of the world.

Parker is understandably a bit ill at ease standing out there on the floor of the Cotillion Room in front of real people, and this stiffness, plus the fact that he was wearing a cutaway the night I saw him, gave me the uneasy feeling that a headwaiter had been hurriedly called in to amuse the customers until the real entertainer got there. However, after singing a few chestnuts in a persuasive manner, Mr. Parker had me more or less on his side, despite a good deal too much idle chatter about his age, the trouble that tenors have asserting their masculinity, and so on. I found him most disarming when, with a pretty violinist standing beside him and furnishing an obbligato, he sang "Intermezzo" and, with a small girl standing beside him and pretending to interview him for a school paper, he went into "September Song." His singing grew more and more assured as the evening went on, and he finished up with quite a forceful rendering of the last half of "With a Song in My Heart."

DIPPING down into the Maisonette of the St. Regis one night last week, I encountered a disconcerting sight. Monique Van Vooren, a toothsome blond baggage, was standing there in an unbelievably tight emerald gown, and she had her hair piled carelessly on top of her head, like a housewife in midsummer. In this outlandish getup, and teetering on spike heels, she bawled songs in French and English in a voice that was plainly not intended for anything more strenuous than low, throaty invitations. I seemed to remember meeting up with the lady under slightly happier circumstances a year or so before, in the same place; back then her hair was neatly combed, her gown was less startling, though chic, and she was pleasantly funny about her vocal shortcomings. This time out, however, Miss Van Vooren was obviously bent on proving that she is capable of batting in the same league with all those French singers who have been coming our way. . . . An exceptionally comfortable art gallery called the Left Bank, which at intervals offers some restrained singing and piano playing by Hubbell Pierce, has been thrown up in the shadow of Madison Square Garden, and it certainly dresses up the neighborhood. The bar, which you go through to get to the main room, is hand-crazy; there are murals of hands on one wall, and the opposite wall, behind the bar, is crowded with paintings, sculptures, and ceramics of hands. The main room, lighted by good-looking braziers, is lined with paintings, mostly modern, and while a



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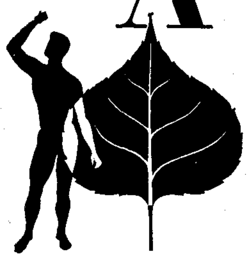

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few of them may upset you, they at least furnish something to talk about. As for Mr. Pierce, he is a bug on obscure show tunes, and every now and then he digs up a dandy, such as that old Cole Porter jape "A Shooting Box in Scotland," which he played and sang with gentle enthusiasm during my visit. —D. W.

•

MRS. MINNIE MAE DAVIDSON WARMS UP THE HEATER

[*From the Fort Wayne (Ind.) Journal-Gazette*]

KENDALLVILLE, Jan. 7—Six vehicles—with only one owned locally, a parking meter and a store front were damaged here late yesterday afternoon in a chain-reaction mishap which tied up traffic in the business district for approximately an hour.

Police estimated total damage at $2,925.

Investigating officers said that Mrs. Minnie Mae Davidson, 64, of Auburn, waiting in an automobile angle parked on North Main Street here while her husband, Harry Davidson, went into a nearby drug store, decided to start the car's engine to warm up the heater.

As the engine started, however, the vehicle jumped the curb, broke off a parking meter post and crashed into the dividing wall between the Central Drug Store and the Kendallville Hardware Store, breaking a plate glass window in the latter store.

Mrs. Davidson, finding the automobile nosed against the buildings, threw the vehicle into reverse, and the car roared backwards into the street, making a U-turn in reverse and slamming into a passing car driven by Arnold Dale Lung, 39, of R. R. 1, Wawaka.

Lung's car, stopped abruptly, was rammed from behind by a station wagon driven by Guy Thomas Peckhart, 54, of R. R. 15, Fort Wayne.

Mrs. Davidson, meanwhile, had thrown her car into forward gear, with the result that the vehicle plunged across the street and crashed into an angle-parked car owned by Kenneth Wayne Savoie, 26, of Albion.

The Savoie vehicle, struck in the side, was forced into the car parked next to it, one owned by Burton R. Holmes, 37, of this city, and the Holmes automobile, in turn, was thrown into the next parked car, which was owned by Roy W. Miller, Albion.

Mrs. Davidson, still attempting to get stopped, had thrown her car into reverse again, but a passerby jerked open the left front door, turned off the key and pulled on the emergency brake, leaving the vehicle crosswise in the street, with damaged autos on both sides.

Mrs. Davidson, shaken but apparently not injured, was charged with reckless driving and officers spent the next hour rerouting traffic while untangling the story.

Damage to the Davidson car was estimated at $700, with damage to the Lung, Peckhart and Savoie vehicles set at $500 each. The Holmes car suffered an additional $300 damage, while damage to the front of the Kendallville Hardware Store and merchandise in the window was set at a like amount. The parking meter damage was estimated at $100, and damage to the Miller car was set at $25.

Mrs. Davidson told officers she has 20 years' driving experience.

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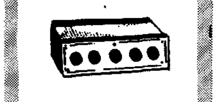

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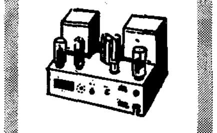

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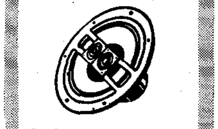

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE MEADOWS—II

FROM the observatory on the hundred-and-second floor of the Empire State Building, the thirty-thousand-acre tract of tidal marshland that lies just beyond the Palisades and is generally known as the Jersey meadows looks like a badly sunburned suburban lawn surrounded by a ring of toy factories, each spouting an unreal-looking little wisp of smoke. To a person who ventures into the meadows, on the other hand, the Empire State Building looks like a truncated skyscraper designed by an architect suffering from acrophobia—an illusion created by the fact that the Palisades hide its lower stories—and the sunburned lawn turns out to be chiefly an enormous expanse of *Phragmites communis*, or common reeds, rising to an almost uniform height of some nine feet from a thick layer of treacherous muck, which, crisscrossed by tidal creeks and man-made drainage ditches, forms the floor of the meadows. Out there, the factories assume life-size proportions, and as for the smoke, it impresses itself on the eyes, and even more emphatically on the nostrils, as very real indeed. Merging with the emanations from decaying vegetation, polluted water, and other aromatic substances, it helps to make up a symphony of smells so subtly acrid that even J. K. Huysmans, with all his talent for describing singular odors, could scarcely have done justice to it.

Because I grew up in central New Jersey, on one side of the meadows, and have now lived for some time in New York City, on the other, and because I have crossed them hundreds of times by car and train, I feel an almost proprietary interest in them, but recently, having read up on their history and physical characteristics, I realized that although their eastern edge is within two miles of Manhattan, I had never set foot in them. I decided that it was high time I did. I particularly wanted at least a glimpse of the celebrated meadows muskrats, for it was they who, by their relentless tunnelling through and under dikes, thwarted at least one major effort to reclaim the land for agriculture during the nineteenth century, and I knew that in spite of the tainted slime that has either driven away or exterminated most other forms of wildlife, enough of them have survived to attract a few commercial trappers. Half a dozen telephone calls to nearby towns put me in touch with a fellow named Charles Lanza, of Lionshead Lake, fifteen miles northwest of the meadows, who told me that he works as a mason eight and a half months of the year and then, during the muskrat season—which ordinarily runs from December 1st through March 15th—lays aside his trowel and devotes himself to trapping. Occasionally, he puts out a line of traps up in his neighborhood, but for the most part he concentrates on the meadows, which he considers the best muskrat ramble anywhere around. I asked Lanza if he would let me accompany him on one of his expeditions into the meadows, and he said sure, if I really wanted to, adding that the going in the muck might be a bit rough for a city fellow. We arranged to meet the following Wednesday at a point on Route 3 that was two miles west of Secaucus and about a hundred yards east of Berry Creek Bridge, since at the moment his traps were strung out fairly near there. Just before hanging up, I mentioned that I had a pair of chest-high rubber waders, which I ordinarily use for surf casting, and Lanza said, "Better bring them along."

"Before I give my Treasurer's report, I'd like to remind all of you I never wanted to be Treasurer."

OUR meeting was scheduled for one o'clock in the afternoon, when the tide would be out; we couldn't start any earlier, because at high tide large stretches of the meadows are submerged. But I wanted to make a meadows day of it, so when Wednesday came around, I set out right after breakfast, planning to spend a couple of hours with Jacob Kraft, a man whose name had come up repeatedly in the course of my inquiries about trappers. While Kraft is not actively engaged in trapping any more, I gathered that he is generally regarded as the dean of the little group of men who live—physically and economically—on the meadows. "Jake is about the oldest meadow rat you'll find," an official in Carlstadt, a town on the western fringe of the marshland, had told me, confirming something I'd already heard from people in such sister-communities as East Rutherford, North Arlington, and Secaucus. "We used to call him the

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—*or,*

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THE COCKTAIL PARTY is a highly useful social institution in this day and age. It makes for informal entertaining, and is relatively easy to arrange. But it also presents a problem. How can the last lingering guests be tactfully induced to leave, in time to permit the host and hostess to get the family dinner, go to the theatre, or do whatever else they had planned to do for the evening?

A friend of ours has hit upon a solution to this problem which is nothing short of brilliant. For best effect, this little plot benefits from the services of a maid, or, for utmost effect, a butler. But lacking either (as so many of us do these days), one's wife can play the part nicely. At the moment when the lingerers are becoming a problem, she should approach the host, and say in a stage whisper audible throughout the room, *"I'm afraid the Chivas Regal is all gone!"* Then, after a slight pause, she should add, "Shall I serve something else?" The inflection is all-important. Her voice should convey the definite gap that separates 12 year old Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky from "something else." The effect upon the lingerers will be electric.

We like this solution to the problem, because the remark can usually be made with utmost truthfulness. It is all too true that the supply of Chivas Regal *does* give out at parties. This magnificently mellow whisky is available, to our regret, only in limited quantities. And the demand for it in America is unprecedented.

If your own supply of Chivas Regal gives out, and if you are unable to replace it on your first call to the dealer, please bear with him, and with us. This blend of the noblest whiskies of Scotland cannot be mass-produced. But you can be absolutely sure that we are distributing the supply equitably. So—won't you please give your dealer or barman a second call if he happens to be out of Scotland's Prince of Whiskies?

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Mayor of the Meadows," the Carlstadt man went on. "He lives in that brown house on the south side of the Paterson Plank Road, opposite the sign advertising Bucky's Parakeets. It's right out in the middle of the meadows. You can't miss it. And in this cold weather you'll generally find Jake at home."

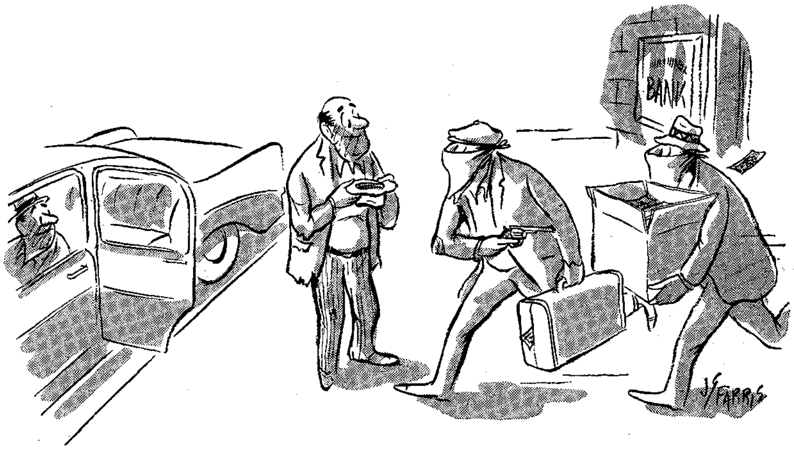
The Paterson Plank Road, I knew, is the dividing line between East Rutherford and Carlstadt, and you reach it from midtown Manhattan by taking the Lincoln Tunnel, following Route 3 through Union City and Secaucus, and then, just after you cross the Hackensack River, turning to the right on the Route 20 cutoff. After a minute or so, you come to the Paterson Plank Road, and to get to where Kraft lives you turn left and head west again. Before starting out, I studied a map of the meadows, and found that Kraft's place was only five or ten minutes' driving time from the spot where I was to meet Lanza. The morning was misty and chilly, with the temperature in the forties at the time I got under way; looking back when I reached Secaucus—an island town, surrounded by the meadows, that is only three miles from the foot of West Forty-second Street—I saw that the Manhattan skyline was completely obscured by haze and smog. At the same time, I became vividly aware of the particular meadows smell for which Secaucus is celebrated—a blend dominated by the pungent aroma of pigs, which are raised there in great numbers. Having made these sensory observations, I left Secaucus with all deliberate speed, crossed a bridge over the Hackensack River—a meandering stream, about a thousand feet wide, that more or less bisects the meadows—and swung onto the cutoff. A couple of minutes later, I was on the Paterson Plank Road, which is actually a paved road, built on a causeway; it gets its name from the fact that it was originally made of planks, resting on a foundation of tree trunks laid crosswise in the muck. Reeds grow right up to its edges, except for a spot here and there where the ooze has been filled in to accommodate a small manufacturing plant, a bar-and-grill, an automobile graveyard, or the transmitting tower of a radio station. (Over the years, men have been driven nearly crazy trying to figure out how to put the meadows to good use, but so far one of the few ways in which the area has proved serviceable is as a site for amplitude-modulation transmission; it seems that an AM signal gets off to the best start over sea water, and, electronically speaking, the meadows, which are brackish and soaking wet most of the time, amount to the same thing. I noticed that stations WBNX and WOV have their transmitters just off the Paterson Plank Road.)

As I drove on, I entered a new effluvial region, permeated by a sickly sweetness. This was undoubtedly attributable to the Trubek Laboratories, situated about a mile west of where I was, whose products include what are technically—and, as I can testify, descriptively—known as "aromatic chemicals." I was weighing the relative demerits of the pig and Trubek scents when I saw ahead of me a sign reading, "Bucky's Parakeets," and, opposite it, Kraft's brown house. The house was one of about a dozen two-story frame cottages ranged on either side of the Plank Road, and as soon as I saw the little settlement, I recalled that I had noticed it on previous trips out that way. What had particularly struck me about it, in view of the reedy landscape extending for miles in every direction, was that several of the houses had well-developed shade trees in their yards, and now, as I pulled off the road, I saw that there were perhaps a dozen around Kraft's house, one of them a splendid white birch. The house itself was small but sturdy-looking, and had a "For Sale" sign on its front porch. Just to the east of it was a smaller house, painted blue and overhung by a poplar and two large willows—the biggest trees in sight. Upon entering Kraft's yard, I saw that the "For Sale" sign was by no means the only reading matter posted on the premises; on a side door was tacked the admonition "I MAY BE OUT BUT NOT FAR SO BEWARE," and a shack a few feet away carried the warning "VICIOUS DOG, KEEP OUT." I hardly knew whether to be more on my guard against man or beast, but both apprehensions were set at rest when a pudgy brown-and-white dog ambled out of the shack, wagging his tail amiably, and, in response to my knock, the side door was opened by a chunky, gray-haired man wearing a checked wool shirt, brown corduroy trousers, and a smile that, while thin, was unmistakably friendly. "My name is Jake Kraft," he said, in a notably mild manner. "What can I do for you?"

I replied that I was hoping to get him to tell me something about life in the meadows, and his smile broadened immediately. "Come in and have a cup of coffee," he said. "I see you're looking at Rex, there. Don't worry about him. He's half Alaskan sled dog, but he's as harmless as a chipmunk. He won't even go out of the yard without me. Those signs are just intended to keep intruders away."

Leaving Rex outside, Kraft led the way into the kitchen. It was a showcase of gleaming modern appliances, and its spick-and-span appearance presented something of a contrast to the living room, which, as I could see through an open door, was in the state of disarray usually associated with masculine housekeeping. Kraft turned on the burner under a coffeepot, and while we were waiting for the coffee to heat, I asked him about the "For Sale" sign. "Well, I live alone now," he said. "My wife died a few years ago, and my younger daughter, who had been living here with me, got married last fall. I don't need such a big house any more, so I thought I'd put myself up a bungalow in the lot just west of this one. It'll be a wrench giving up the house, though. I built it with my own hands thirty-five years ago—filled in the marsh with cinders and earth, put the house on top, planted the trees in the yard. I built my son's house for him, too, and helped build my nephew's; they're both a little way down the road. You probably noticed the blue house next door. Well, my father built that in 1896, the year I was born. I planted the two big willows in the yard there when I was a kid. In those days, the Plank Road was several feet lower than now—it was sometimes under water at high tide—and there was solid cedar swamp on both sides of it. You had to cut down the trees, as well as put in fill, before you had a building lot. Now there's hardly a cedar left in the meadows. My father moved out here from a farm in Carlstadt, and he was one of the first settlers in these parts. When he came, there was nobody on the Plank Road from the Halfway House to Berry Creek—a good half mile in either direction. Want to know what his lot cost him? Twenty-five dollars, for half an acre of virgin swamp. And once he got it cleared and filled, the house itself cost him just ninety-eight dollars—for materials. I finally sold the place in the forties, a few years after my mother died. My father had died long before. He lived off the meadows, same as I always have and same as my son does. A third-generation meadow rat—that's Bill."

Kraft poured two cups of coffee, and we sat down at a table beside a window that looked out on his back yard and the meadows beyond. After taking a sip,



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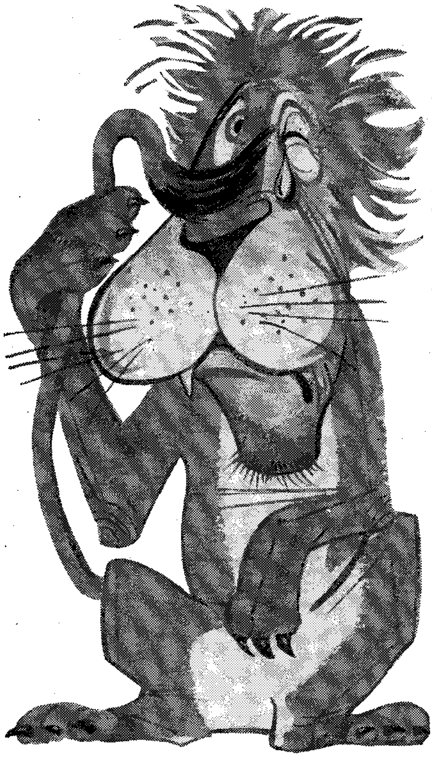
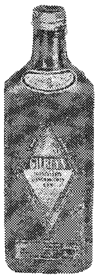


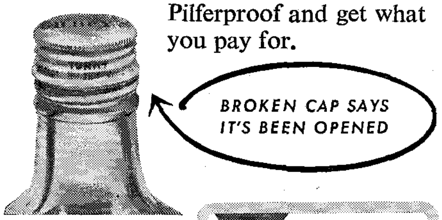
The Lion Without Any Pride

(A PILFERPROOF FABLE)

Once a lion with a pride of 7 wives lost his perspective. "7 come 11," he said, spying 4 svelt ones on the veldt. When they held out for the amenities he stole some gin to make martinis. But the gin was Gilbey's, the closure—Alcoa® Pilferproof! This tipped off the owner who sold the 7 wives and 4 others to Metro. Prideless, the lion died of endemic frustration.

MORAL: No one with any pride will steal from a bottle with an Alcoa Pilferproof Closure. It's too humiliating when the act is discovered. With the first opening twist, a slotted band breaks, foils thieves or counterfeiters. But the bottle is easy to open and reseals tightly. Buy gin like Gilbey's, capped with Pilferproof and get what you pay for.





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Kraft said he bet I'd like to know how a man went about living off the meadows; most dry-land people, he had found, were curious about that. I told him that I was, too. Well, he said, times changed, but somehow there always seemed to be a way of making a buck out there. His father had been in the salt-hay and cedar-wood business. The salt hay, which grew wild in the marshes in his father's time, was used as animal bedding and for packing cakes of ice that were cut each winter from fresh-water ponds at the northern end of the meadows. The trunks of the cedars made fence posts, arbor posts, and poles for clotheslines. Kraft said that when he was a boy he frequently helped his father cut the hay and chop down the cedars; as a sideline—chiefly for sport, but sometimes for profit as well—the two of them did some trapping, hunting, and fishing. The trapping was mostly for muskrats even then, but also for raccoons, weasels, and a few mink; the hunting was for ducks and rabbits and, every once in a while, deer; and as for the fishing, the ponds and creeks right along the Plank Road were full of eels, catfish, sunfish, and, in the spring, shad and striped bass.

Kraft sighed, looked out the window, and said, "One way and another, everything seemed to go to hell in the years after 1910, and we had a mighty lean time of it then." In the first place, he explained, the automobile and the refrigerator, replacing the horse and the ice-house, all but eliminated the demand for salt hay, and anyway at about that time, for a variety of reasons, the salt hay started being crowded out by *Phragmites communis*, which the meadowsmen call foxtails, and in some places by cattails. In the second place, the supply of cedars grew scarce, partly because of overcutting and partly because fires began to sweep over the meadows nearly every spring and fall, but mainly because the trees just started to die off and no saplings sprouted to take their places. I had read two explanations of the death of the cedars; one is that they were killed off by the sewerage and industrial wastes seeping in from the Hackensack River, and the other is that ditches dug in an effort to discourage mosquito breeding had, by draining off fresh water, increased the salinity of the water around their roots.

My host had heard these explanations, too, but he gave me the impression that after all this time he considered the whole matter rather academic. "Anyway, the cedars died, and that was that," he said. "They died so fast that for a few winters my father and I were

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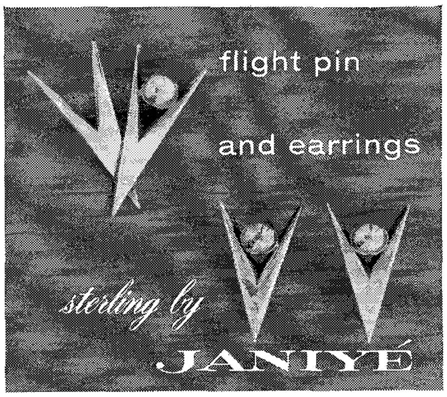

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kept busy going out into the meadows, whenever they were frozen hard enough to get a horse across them, and hauling back the trunks of the dead trees. But by 1916 there weren't enough trunks left to bother with, and things were worse than ever. I had to find a job—that's how bad they were. The job didn't take me off the meadows, though. I dug ditches for the Bergen County Mosquito Extermination Commission, for two dollars a day. The Commission is the only boss I've ever had, but as things turned out, I worked for it quite a long time. The point of the ditches was to drain off stagnant pools, or else stir them up by feeding water into them. We used a special shovel—a great big thing that it took two men to handle. That shovel would cut out a chunk of muck ten inches square and thirty inches deep, and lift it as if it was a piece of cheese. Maybe those ditches of ours didn't get rid of all the mosquitoes, but they certainly got rid of the snakes. You've probably heard that there used to be lots of big water snakes in the meadows. Believe me, there were. I've seen water snakes around here five or six feet long. But that was years ago, and now you won't find anything but a few little garter snakes. Well, everybody has a different story about where the big snakes went, and I'll tell you mine. They fell into those ditches, or else they crawled in on purpose, and they couldn't get out, because the sides were straight up and down, and slippery, too, so they starved, or drowned, or were killed off by owls. Anyway, I used to see hundreds of snakes lying dead in the ditches. A lot of people say it was the sewerage and stuff in the meadows that killed them, but I say it was our mosquito ditches. Like some more coffee?"

I said I would, and Kraft got up and poured a cup for each of us. "Things didn't get any better around here after the war—I mean the first war," he continued as he returned to the table. "I was in the Army then, and before I got out, my father died in the flu epidemic of 1918. When I came home, it didn't take me long to see that there wasn't much a man could do to make a living on the meadows any more and still be his own boss. So I went back to the Mosquito Commission—just working in the warm months—and by the time I retired, eleven years ago, I was chief inspector for the meadows. Winters, I'd trap. Mostly muskrat, sometimes a mink. A mink brought about ten times what a muskrat did, but there were never very many mink up

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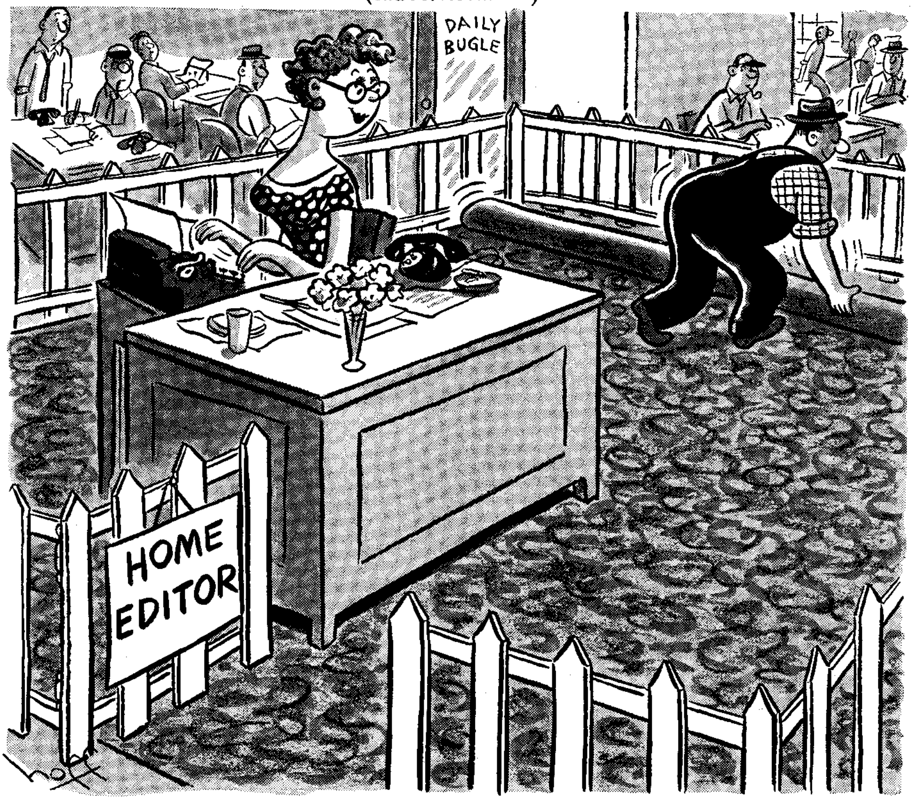

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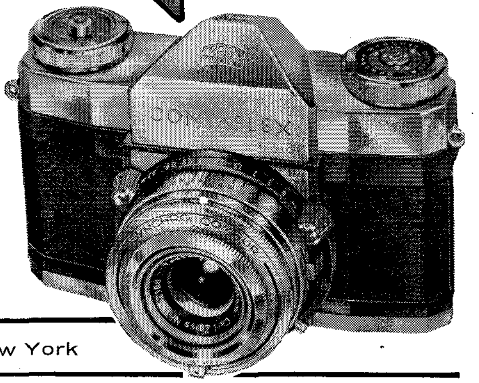

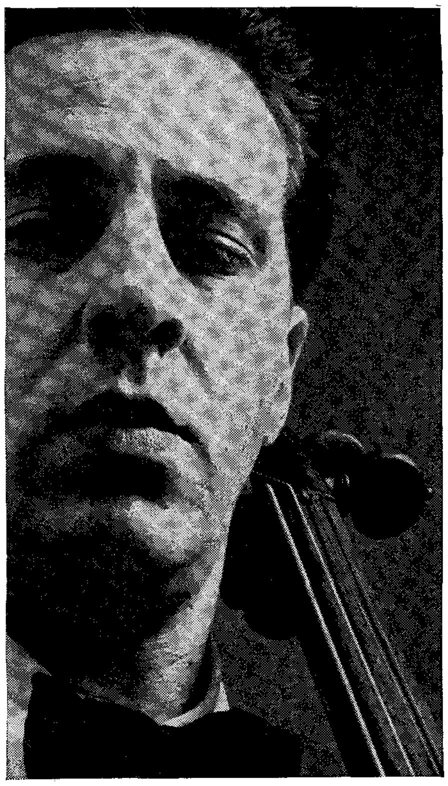

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this way. When I was a boy, I knew a couple of brothers named Feigel, who lived five miles south of here, down near where the Lackawanna tracks cross the Hackensack. They used to claim they got fifteen or twenty mink a day in good years. Up here a man would be lucky to get that many in a whole season. But the amazing thing to me—with so much building going on, and the pollution, and all that—was the way the muskrat population held up, and still does. I trapped every winter until I retired from the Commission. I had a little heart spasm that year—nothing serious. I can still do plenty of hard work, but it's just too much for me to go plowing around out there setting and tending traps. Before that, though, every winter, trapping in the meadows was my living."

As Kraft and I talked on about the abundance of muskrats and the absence of water snakes, we were interrupted by a knock at the door. When Kraft opened it, there were two men outside, and one of them asked him if he had any clams. He replied that he sure had, and, slipping on a windbreaker, led them out to his car, a spruce-looking Dodge sedan that was parked behind the house. I tagged along, and reached the car just in time to see Kraft throw open the trunk and reveal a bushel basket full of wetly gleaming quahogs. At that moment, over and above—or perhaps through—the pervasive odor of the meadows I caught a whiff of the sea. Each of the customers bought a couple of dozen quahogs, and after they left, I told Kraft that I hadn't known there were clams in the meadows. "There aren't," he said amiably. "And if there were, you sure as hell wouldn't want to eat them. No, these clams come from Barnegat Bay, on the Jersey coast. I've got a little place down there, at Manahawkin, that I go to in the summer and for a couple of days now and then during the winter. If I pick up a few clams, it helps pay for the gas."

I know Manahawkin, as it happens. The bay there is fringed by tidal marshland very much like the meadows, except that there are plenty of cedars and salt hay and no alien stenches. When I asked Kraft if he had picked Manahawkin as a vacation place because of this similarity, he seemed almost startled. "I've never thought about it," he said. "Now that you mention it, though, I guess the two places are a lot alike. All I know is the first time I saw Manahawkin, I felt right at home. People tell me I paid too much for my lot down there, but it's got bay frontage, so I figured I was buying the whole bay."

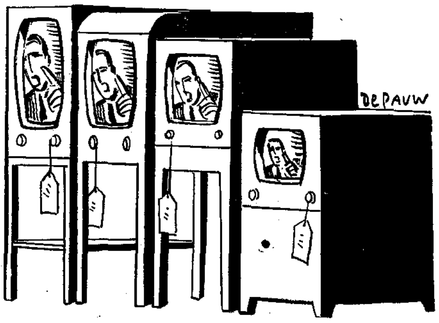
Kraft showed me around his place a bit, pointing out first a pile of cedar poles, which he explained by saying that he still sold a few from time to time, importing them from south Jersey. Besides the dog's shack, there were two or three other outbuildings ranged around the yard, and I asked what they were for. Nothing much these days, he said; they had originally been used for storing salt hay, and more recently he had bred parakeets in them, in competition with Bucky, across the way, but he had given up the bird business three or four years ago. Bucky, he went on, had moved out to the meadows in 1926, and they had been friends ever since. "In those days, Bucky and I had pretty much of a corner on the trapping and fishing—right around here, anyway," Kraft said, grinning reminiscently. "There were plenty of other trappers working the meadows, and naturally we didn't have exclusive rights on any land except what we owned, and that was just little plots. But anybody who tried to trap in the swamp along the Plank Road had us to reckon with."

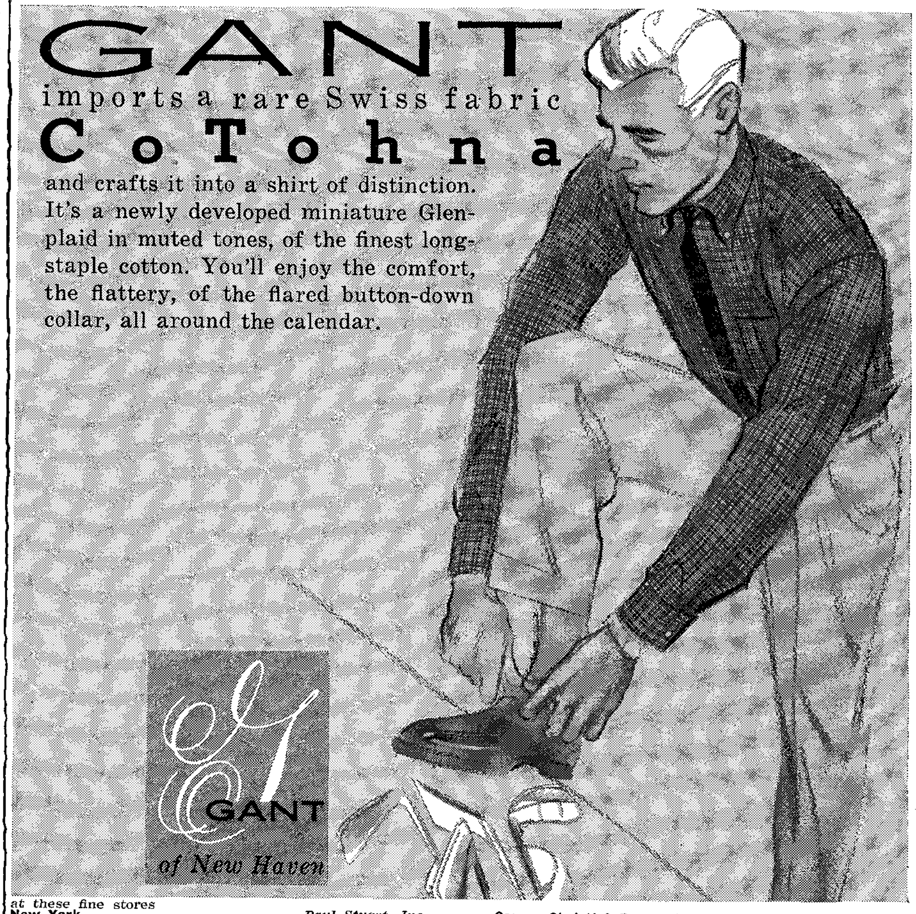
We strolled out back to the edge of the yard, where the fill ended, and off in the marsh I could see a tidal creek, its muddy water moving sluggishly toward the sea. The reeds had been cut back for a distance of about twenty feet from the yard—as a firebreak, Kraft said. "I try to keep that space cleared all the time, just to be on the safe side," he told me. "Touch a spark to those foxtails when they're good and dry, and they'll flare up as if you'd poured gasoline on them. I've been luckier than some. I've never had a fire on my property but once, and that wasn't from the meadows. Years ago, I rented the house my son is living in to an Indian, and one winter night he fell asleep with the top off the stove. Burned up most of one wall."

As we stood watching the water idle by in the creek, and savoring the Trubek-scented air, which was now taking on the rich, satisfactory, universal smell of approaching low tide—something that even the filth seeping into the meadows has not been able to dispel—Kraft's mind continued to dwell on the past. "The cedars were still thick in some places around here as late as the twenties," he said. "There were millions of huckleberries, too. Wherever there were cedars, there were huckleberries. The old trolley line from Hoboken to

Paterson—the White Line, its name was—went along the Plank Road, and in summer they'd run a special car for berrypickers. It was called the Huckleberry Cannonball. It would let them off right out in front here, and when my father was alive, he used to make a few bucks by charging the berrypickers a nickel to use his place for changing into their boots and for washing up afterward."

Kraft paused, and something about the way he stared at the impenetrable-looking wilderness of reeds out beyond the firebreak made me think that his memories of the berrypickers were not confined to the nickels his father had collected from them. My suspicion turned out to be justified a few moments later, when he suddenly turned to me and said, "One Thursday night—it was the sixteenth of July, 1925, as a matter of fact, and I won't ever forget it—a woman from Secaucus came out here to see me. It was along about eleven o'clock, and she said her husband had gone out berrying around seven, just after dinner, and hadn't showed up yet. I knew the fellow—Bill Galten. He owned a store in Secaucus, and he was working for me on the Mosquito Commission. Well, there wasn't much to be done about it right then, because searching the meadows in the dark is practically useless. But the next morning Galten still hadn't showed up, so the county hired a private plane to search for him, and they asked me to go along with the pilot, because I knew the meadows. The name of that pilot was Clarence Chamberlin—the fellow who later flew the Atlantic. Remember him? Chamberlin and I flew back and forth over the meadows for hours, but we couldn't find Galten. After we landed, I joined up with the police and a few other old meadow rats, and we went all over the meadows, in boats and on foot. The police tried everything—they even used flares and sirens, to give Galten an idea which way to head, or at least let him know there was a search on—but Friday night and most of Saturday went by without anything happening. Finally,

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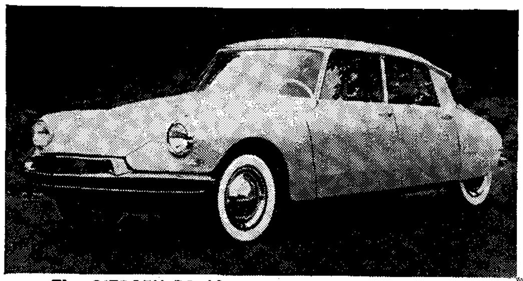

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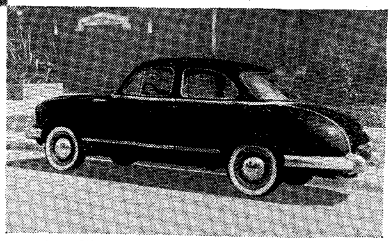

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on Saturday night about eight o'clock, I found him. I was in my motorboat, searching one of the ditches that ran off from Berry Creek a mile or so southwest of here, and there he was, lying in a clump of reeds, just about knocked out. It was almost in sight of the Erie Railroad tracks—right near where Route 3 runs now, only it hadn't been built then. He'd been in the meadows fifty hours, and he was in bad shape. He'd lost forty pounds, he'd been nearly eaten alive by mosquitoes and green flies, and he'd more or less gone off his head. It turned out that after picking berries an hour or two he had started back for Secaucus by a shortcut, and got lost. He must have found some high ground at high tide, or else he would have been drowned, but he couldn't remember about that. In fact, he couldn't remember anything much that he had done during those fifty hours. Well, he eventually got a good part of his weight back, but he never was the same man again. His mind went to pieces, and eight months later he died. People said that all those mosquito bites had poisoned his brain."

The mist was lifting a little, but there was still a penetrating chill in the air, and the story of the Secaucus storekeeper's ordeal didn't make the day or the setting seem any more cheerful. Shivering, I looked at my watch, and saw that it was time for me to be getting on to my rendezvous with Lanza. "The meadows aren't what they used to be—not by any means," Kraft remarked as we walked back across the yard to my car. "There's so little left, what with the cedars gone, and the snakes and the raccoons—just about all the fur-bearing animals except the muskrats, and a few skunks and weasels, and maybe a mink or two somewhere around. All the good fish are gone from the creeks; there's nothing left but salt-water killifish and some eels that are too polluted to eat. There are still plenty of duck in season, but the sora—railbirds, we called them in the old days—are gone. Back in the early years of the century, there was wild rice growing in the meadows, and the railbirds used to stop off to eat it. Then, around 1910—that's when I told you things started going sour, remember?—an oil pipe broke up in Wood-Ridge, at the north end of the meadows, and the tide carried the oil all over the place, killing the wild rice and lots of other things. Well, the rice didn't come back, and pretty soon you never saw a railbird. Nobody has seen a deer here in years. Around 1940, there was talk about a wolf being on the loose in the meadows,

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but that was a freak, and anyhow nobody saw him for sure. He was supposed to have sneaked aboard a freight car that had just been loaded with Christmas trees somewhere in upstate New York, and by the time the train got down here, he was going crazy for lack of food and water, and finally managed to chew and claw his way out of the car. Or so people said. There's one thing sure, though—no wolf has come to the meadows because he wanted to in many, many years."

Kraft laughed dryly, and as I got into my car, he reached in and put an arresting hand on my sleeve. "But the funny thing isn't how much the meadows have changed," he said. "It's how much they've stayed the same. Of course, the meadows down around Newark and Elizabeth are all built up with factories and stuff, but around here you can still walk three or four miles in a straight line—if you don't mind plowing your way through muck—and never see a single sign of civilization. Your ordinary commuter, he crosses the meadows twice a day, five days a week, and he says, 'What a hole! Nothing but reeds and burning garbage.' All right, to them it's a hole. But I can see the birds' nests in those reeds, and I know where to find turtle eggs and muskrat runs in the creeks. I watch the cars and buses and trains going by—heading east in the morning, west at night—and I look at the people in them and think, I've got the edge on you. I can see things here that you can't. Well, goodbye. Good luck with your trapping."

BACK on Route 3, I had no trouble finding the spot Lanza had designated—a spot, it suddenly occurred to me, that must be almost within sight of the clump of reeds where the unfortunate Galten had collapsed more than thirty years earlier. Since it was still a few minutes before one, I took the opportunity to eat a couple of sandwiches I had brought along, climb into my waders, and get my bearings. The air was continuing to clear slowly, and I had a pretty good view for some distance around. To the south, four miles away, I could see Laurel Hill—an outcrop of igneous rock, formerly called Snake Hill, that rears up out of the reeds beside the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks. To the east was the thickly settled slope leading up to the precipitous wall of the Palisades, and beyond, six miles from where I stood, loomed dim, disembodied fragments of the Manhattan skyline—the upper parts of buildings protruding above the cliff. Far to the south

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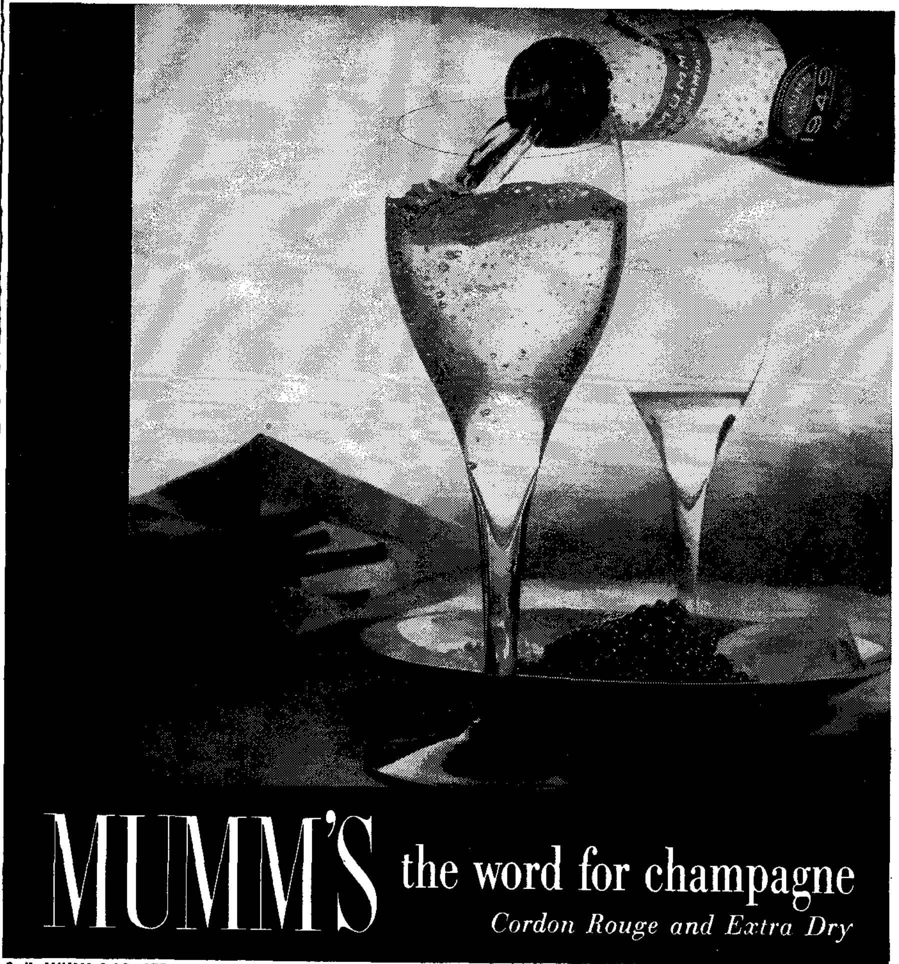

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was the Wall Street group, and then, after a long gap, came the Empire State Building. North of that was a jumble of lower and, for the most part, less readily identifiable skyscraper tops; I could be sure only of the Chrysler Building, with its sharp spike, and the observation roof of the R.C.A. Building. Altogether, I counted thirty-five of these urban peaks.

I had just finished my count, and was reflecting that here the dominant element of the meadows smell was contributed not by pigs or by Trubek's aromatic chemicals, or even by the exhaust pipes of the huge trucks that pounded past me every few seconds, but by a burning garbage dump on the opposite side of the highway, when a blue Ford pickup truck swung off the pavement and stopped behind my car. Out of it stepped a stocky, open-faced man in his early thirties, who was wearing chest-high waders very much like mine and had a brown hunting cap on the back of his head. "I'm Charlie Lanza," he said, strapping a good-sized wicker basket across his shoulders. "If you're all set, what do you say we get going? I've got four dozen traps to check, and I don't want any letup in the average I've hit so far this season—twenty rats a day."

I said I was all set. Lanza stuck a hand into the back of the truck and took out a stick about four feet long, with a wire hook at one end, and we started off, climbing over a cable fence and sliding down an embankment. Once we had reached the natural level of the meadows, Lanza led the way south, and I at once understood what he had meant about the rough going. Each time I set one of my boots down in the muck, water oozed up around it, and whenever I struck a particularly soft spot, my leg would sink in up to the knee. Then, bringing my other foot into line with it, I would make a floundering effort to free it from the viselike grip of suction, and more often than not would end up with both feet mired. This never happened to Lanza, so after a while I began to study his method of crossing the bogs. Whenever his forward foot began to sink, he would bend his other leg at the knee, producing much the effect of an old-fashioned curtsy, and then, in a single movement, swing it out, around, and a full stride forward, to what usually proved to be firmer ground. He did this so fast that the stuck foot rarely had a chance to sink more than a few inches, and four times out of five he executed the whole maneuver without even breaking stride.

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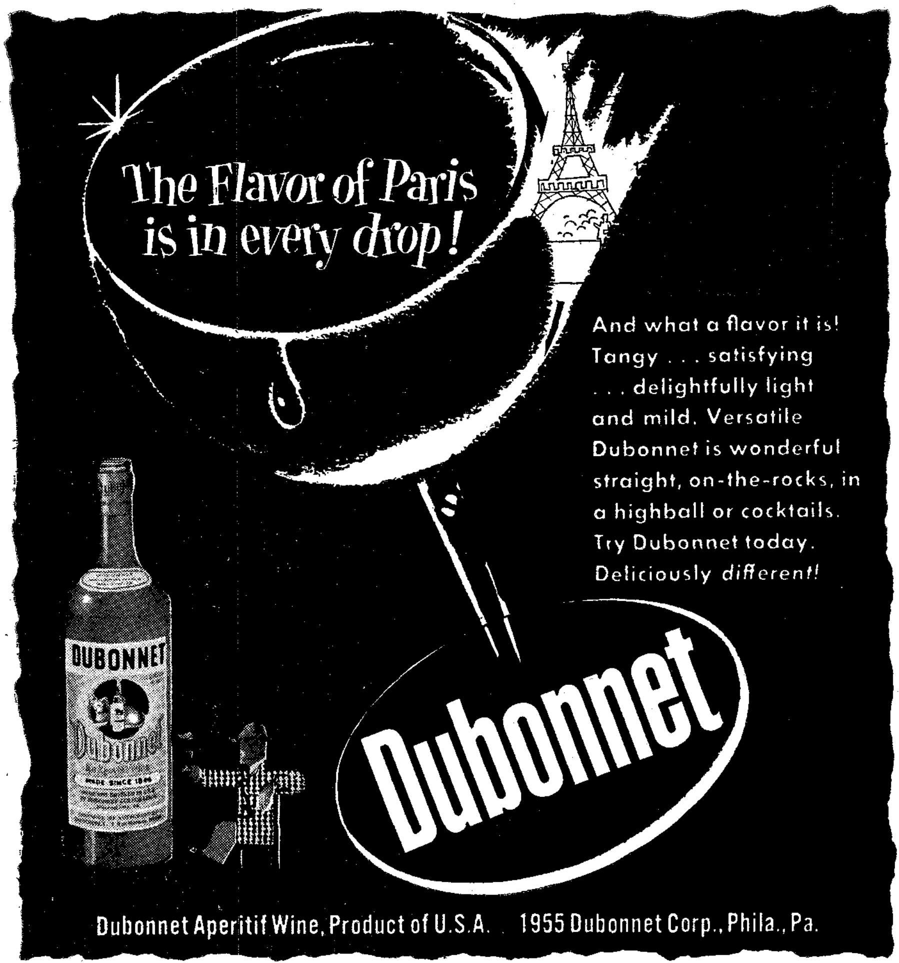
His technique had a certain aesthetic appeal, but at the moment it was primarily of utilitarian concern to me, and, after carefully analyzing every phase of it and making sure that I had it all well in mind, I tried to imitate it. On my first attempt, though, my boot went in up to the knee, just as before. Lanza, who had stopped to watch my experiment, waited with a tolerant smile while I extricated myself. "It takes some practice," he said. "But if you've been trapping these meadows as long as I have, you do it by instinct. I'm thirty-three, and I started in when I was eight. Well, keep plugging. We're not far from my first trap."

On we plodded, through alternating stands of the nine-foot foxtails and clumps of much shorter cattails. When we were among the foxtails, they obliterated the view—even, to a considerable extent, the view of the sky—and, thus engulfed, and lulled by the soft sighing of the wind in the feathery panicles, I would get the feeling that they must spread out to infinity in all directions; except for the intermittent muffled thunder of the trucks on Route 3, there wasn't the slightest hint that we were surrounded by a highly complex civilization. Down on the meadows floor, the reeds shut out the extraneous scents of factory and pig farm, and again, as in Kraft's back yard, I was able to enjoy the smell of low tide.

Before long, as we were bursting out of a growth of foxtails into a growth of cattails, Lanza pointed to a conical pile of mud, reeds, and grasses ahead of us; it was about four feet high and perhaps six feet in diameter at the base, and it was so strikingly neat and regular that I thought it must be man-made. Lanza put me straight. "Muskrat house," he said. "Lord knows how many rats live in there—probably fifteen or twenty, in a house that big. Some trappers push their traps right into the walls of muskrat houses, but I don't. For one thing, it's against the law, and besides I figure if I don't disturb the houses, there'll be more rats, and I'll get more in the end. When I talk about rats, of course, I mean muskrats. There are water rats around here, too, but if I talk about them at all, I call them water rats."

Not far beyond the muskrat house, we came to a tidal rivulet of clear, gently flowing water that was then some eight inches deep. Lanza dipped his stick into it, hook first, and pulled out a rectangular wire-mesh cage, about eight inches wide, eight inches high, and twenty inches long, with doors at both ends. This was a box trap, Lanza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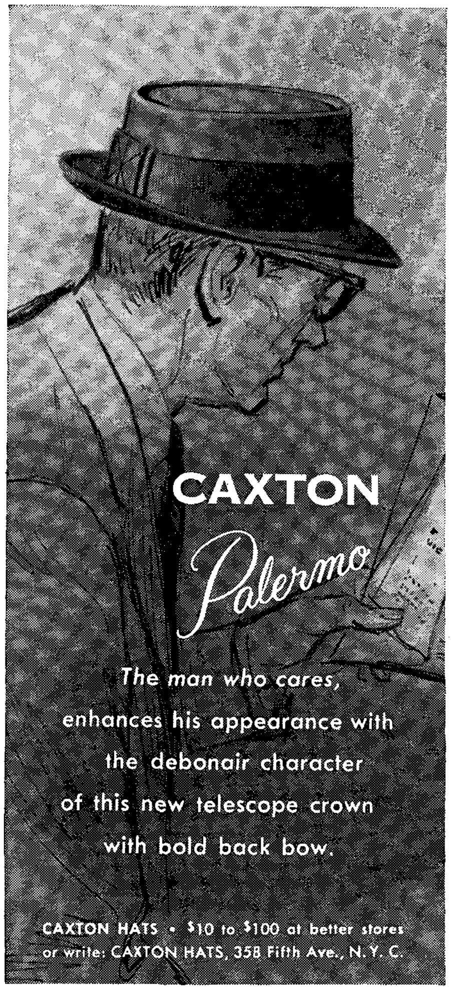
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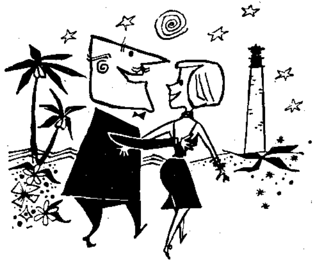

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told me; when a muskrat nuzzled one of the doors in the course of swimming about, it would open inward to admit the animal and then fall shut and latch. The trap was empty, and there didn't seem to be any bait in it. When I asked Lanza about this, he said patiently, "No point in using bait. Muskrats eat roots, and the muskrats in these meadows have got acres and acres of roots to eat, so the chance of catching their eye with one particular piece of root would be pretty slim." Slinging the trap over his shoulder, he went on, "The trouble with this run is that it's gone dead. What I'm after is a run that the rats swim in regularly, hunting for food or doing whatever else they do. I use either box traps or steel-spring traps, depending on the location. Box traps are best for runs, and spring traps for holes."

I asked Lanza how he could tell that a run was dead, and not just frequented by crafty rats that had learned to be suspicious of traps. "Look at the grass on the creek bottom there," he said. "See the white coating on it? That's salt from the tidewater. I don't mean that the salt drives the rats away, because it doesn't. They can stand a certain amount of it, or there wouldn't be any rats here in the meadows. It's the other way around. When the rats are using a run, they stir it up, and the salt doesn't get a chance to collect before it's carried away. But as soon as the rats stop using the run, the salt begins to settle. One of the big mysteries is why rats suddenly stop using a run. Or, anyway, it's a mystery to me."

Lanza had little difficulty finding a new run to put his trap in—a muddy rivulet only ten or fifteen feet from the dead one—and after he had set it we slogged along until we came to an unexpected little pond right in the middle of a clump of foxtails. Unexpected, I should say, only to me, since Lanza made directly for a point at the water's edge and hauled out a steel trap that was chained to a wooden stake driven into the mud at the shoreline. The trap had been sprung, but it held no muskrat, and Lanza cursed resignedly. "Somebody stole my rat and didn't even bother to reset the trap," he said, resetting it himself. "It always happens in the kind of fairly decent weather we've been having lately. The meadows swarm with thieves. Well, I guess I'm lucky this one didn't steal my trap, too. That's what they usually do. When the weather gets rough the thieves and the amateurs drop out, and that's when I really get going. A few weeks ago, my legs

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swelled up on me from breaking through surface ice and bumping against the sharp edges. I couldn't quit trapping then, though. The weather was fierce, but the competition was home by the fire and I was knocking the rats for a loop."

Lanza's next trap—a box one—had a muskrat in it. The animal was dead, and Lanza explained that nearly all his catches are drowned by the tide before he finds them. As he extracted the muskrat from the trap, it looked like a ball of mud, eight or ten inches across, with a long, flattened tail hanging down at one side. Lanza, however, found it prepossessing. "A brown one, maybe four pounds," he said with satisfaction, brushing off some of the mud and ruffling up the fur. "Nice pelt, too. Yes, a very nice pelt, even if brown *is* the most common color." I inquired what other colors muskrats come in. "Black, mainly," he replied. "And the black ones generally sell a little higher. Europeans like them. Ninety-nine per cent of the rats in the meadows are black or brown. Along the Overpeck Creek, up near Leonia, though, you get a platinum-blond one once in a while." Recalling that most of the meadows were owned by private citizens—principally by real-estate speculators, who hope to cash in on their property someday—I asked Lanza if he knew whose land we were on, and he told me he had no idea and, furthermore, didn't give a hoot. None of the land he trapped on was posted, he said, and muskrats on unposted land are fair game for trappers.

Popping the brown muskrat into the basket on his back, Lanza swung off to the east at a ninety-degree angle. He had a number of sets over that way, he said, near a motel called the Peter Pan. As we pushed through a stand of cattails, I saw that we were walking parallel to and no more than fifty yards from Route 3, which I had thought we'd left far behind. Now, in mid-afternoon, a brisk wind was picking up, and clearer, colder weather seemed in prospect. While Lanza moved easily forward and I stumbled along after him, he gave me an over-the-shoulder account of muskrats and the economics of trapping them in the meadows. In his opinion, muskrats have survived there primarily because they are so prolific. They litter three times a season, a litter averages six rats, and the young begin littering at nine months, so under ideal conditions a single pair can produce a hundred young a year. From the muskrats' point of view, conditions in the meadows, in spite of the toxic,

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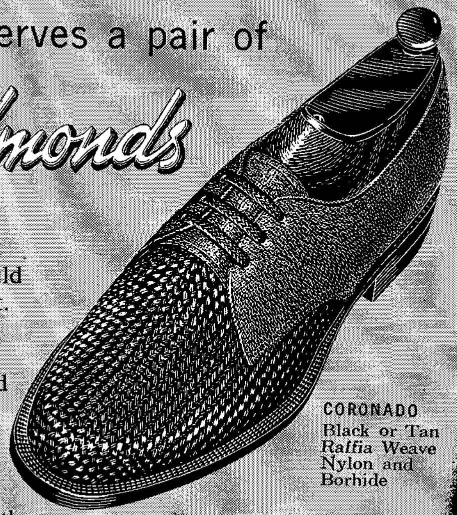

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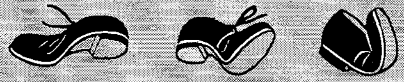

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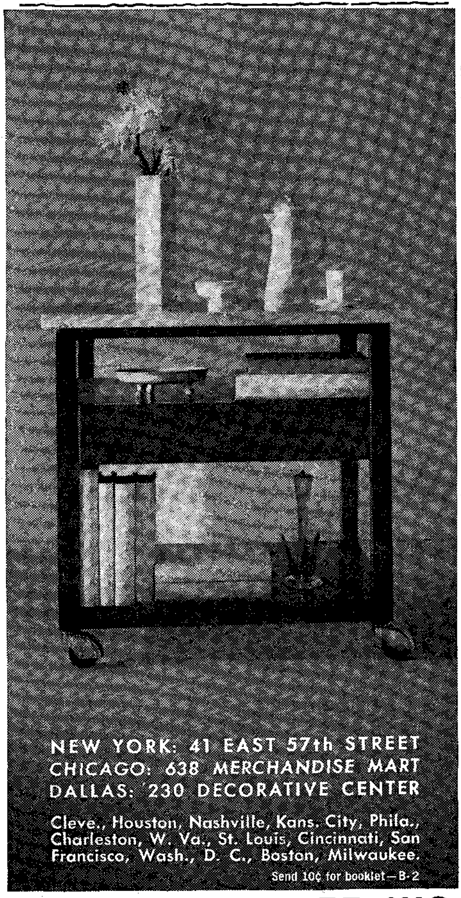

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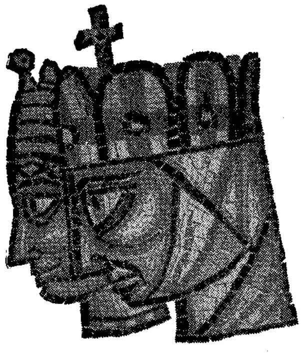
saline waters, seem to be pretty close to ideal; indeed, by a peculiar twist of nature, the unhealthy environment has actually been a boon to the animals, since it has driven away the water snakes and almost all the minks and weasels, which prey on young muskrats. It is the trappers' good luck, Lanza said, that the New Jersey climate is almost exactly right for the development of first-rate muskrat fur. In warmer regions, muskrats develop a tendency toward languor, and in colder ones they hang around inside their houses most of the winter; in either case, their coats get to looking scrubby—or, as trappers say, flat. As a matter of fact, for commercial purposes the muskrats in the Jersey meadows are rated third-best in the United States, being excelled only by those of northern Ohio and western New York.

But no matter how good his pelts are, Lanza told me as we closed in on the Peter Pan Motel, the price he is getting for them this year is pretty discouraging. He has known times when pelts brought as much as three dollars and thirty-five cents apiece, he said, but at the moment he is getting only a dollar-fifteen. Last year, the price was better, and the year before that better still, but right now it seems that women simply aren't interested in muskrat coats. All the same, selling the skins doesn't present any difficulty; Lanza has been selling his for twenty years to a dealer who lives in Caldwell, some ten miles from where he lives, and who stops by at his house every few evenings and takes his full output. When Lanza gets his muskrats home, he lets them dry for a day, and then he has to skin them—once, as a stunt, he skinned a muskrat in fifty-eight seconds, but it usually takes him a couple of minutes—and scrape and stretch the pelts. What is left of the muskrats he feeds to the inmates—seven, so far—of a mink farm that he recently set up in his yard and hopes to expand against the day when the meadows become intolerable even to muskrats.

Lanza estimated that there are around two dozen commercial trappers working full time in the meadows, but he declined even to guess how many hundreds of amateurs operate there on a now-and-then basis. In a good year, he said, an experienced meadowsman making the rounds of his traps daily will bag about two thousand muskrats, and, if the year happens to be a reasonably good one in the market, too, will thus take in four or five thousand dollars for three and a half months' work. "That's more than I can make as a mason in the



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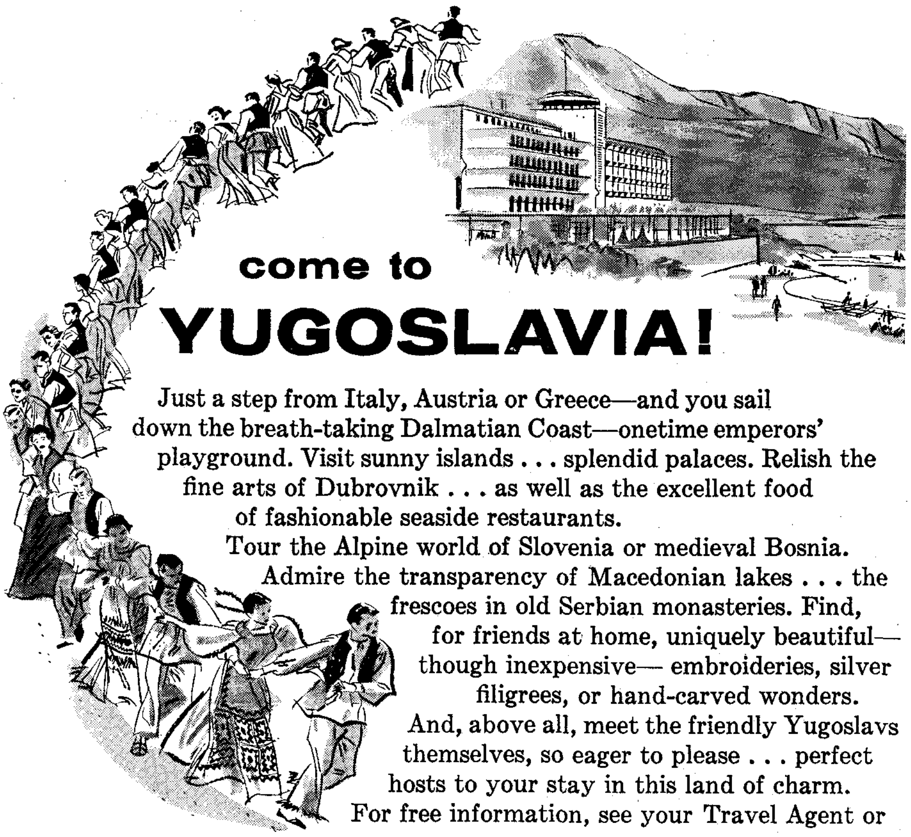
same length of time," Lanza said, adding suddenly, "Here, now, watch your step!"

Hardly a yard ahead, as we broke through a thick curtain of reeds, the ground fell away sharply to form one side of a six-foot gully, somewhat wider than it was deep, that had been carved through the muck by a tidal creek. At low tide, the creek was a tame-looking trickle, with old cedar stumps projecting above its surface, but Lanza told me that when the tide came in, the gully would be pretty well filled and quite an obstacle to anyone with a mission in that part of the meadows. "I've got a lot of traps down there," he said, "but it's pretty slippery going, so take it easy. You'll find that those cedar stumps make good stepping stones." He slithered down to the creek bed with so little effort that I was unable to detect how he did it, and a moment later I cautiously lowered myself after him, clinging to bits of reeds and roots, or simply clutching vainly at the muck itself.

The gully was a fruitful one; along the edge of the creek Lanza found a muskrat in trap after trap, and his basket began to fill up. "Now we'll cross over," he said, finally. "Stay on the stumps. It's really soft through here." Turning, he leaped across the stream, landing accurately on a stump; two quick curtsies through the muck beyond and he was on firm ground—stick, basket, muskrats, and all. Now it was my turn. I jumped, missed the stump, and suddenly found myself stopped as if a high-speed camera had caught me in a running position, with one leg well above the knee in mud and the other stretched out behind. Trying to extricate the stuck foot, I shifted my balance to the other one, and was rewarded only by feeling it, too, sink in almost to the thigh. I reached out for a bunch of foxtails growing on the bank, but when I pulled on them, they crumbled in my hand. After a moment's unreasoning panic, I gratefully recalled that a scientist who had studied the meadows had asserted that they are devoid of quicksand. Thus steadied, I squirmed and writhed about (science notwithstanding, I was relieved to find that this activity did not cause me to sink deeper) until I was in a position to take hold of the stump I had missed. By bearing down on this with the palms of my hands, I inched my legs slowly up out of the muck, and at last, to the accompaniment of a loud and welcome "thwuck," they came free. Then, as best I could, I curtsied the rest of the distance to the bank, and, scrambling to the top of the gully, stretched



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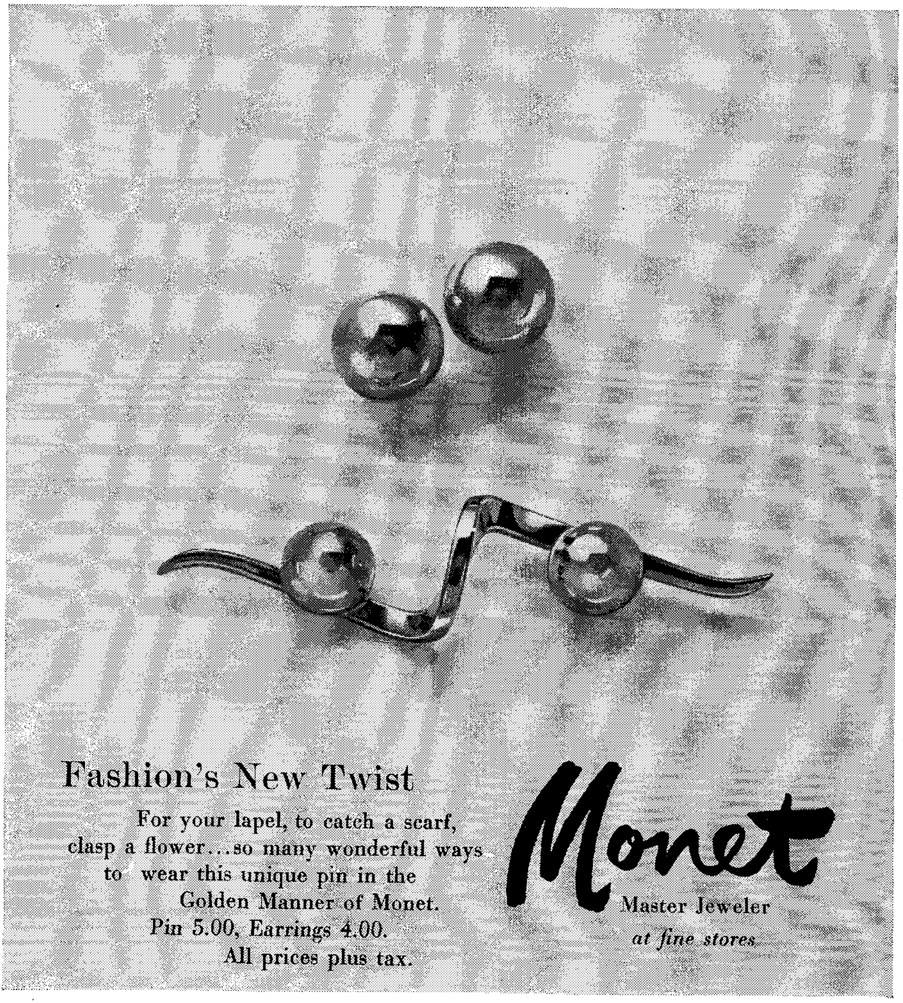

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out on my back among some cattails to catch my breath. And there, right in my line of vision, and looking grotesquely oversized and chunky, was the upper half of the Empire State Building.

"All set?" asked Lanza, who had been watching my performance with a mildly condescending expression, for which I could hardly blame him. "Don't worry, I've seen people out here after muskrats have a worse time of it than you. They do it for sport. With me, it's strictly a business." I asked him if the inexperienced ever got into serious trouble in the muck. He glanced over at the Peter Pan Motel, now in plain view some fifty yards away—a woman was rigging up a clothesline outside her quarters—and replied, "Oh, once in a long time we hear about somebody getting panicky and drowning. But you don't have to worry as long as you keep your head."

The rest of Lanza's line of traps led us back toward our starting point. On the way, we picked up four more muskrats—two in spring traps and two in box traps. After we had climbed the embankment to Route 3, Lanza dumped his catch out on the ground beside his truck and counted it. "Nineteen," he said. "Exactly the same as yesterday."

WHILE Lanza and I were out in the meadows, I'd mentioned having spent the morning with Kraft, and now Lanza said that he was glad I'd reminded him of old Jake; he thought he'd stop by and say hello to him before going home. I was in no hurry, so I went with him—or, rather, I followed his truck—and when we arrived, we found Kraft puttering about in his yard. He seemed glad to see Lanza, and asked how he'd done. Not too badly, Lanza admitted. He brought a few of his muskrats out of the truck, and the two men ruffled their fur professionally and commented on its quality. Then the three of us wandered to the edge of Kraft's back yard, and I saw that the water in the creek had now reversed itself and was flowing briskly in from Newark Bay.

It was dusk; the air had become sparklingly clear, and the wind had blown away even the Trubek smell. The lights were coming on in Manhattan, and they looked unbelievably close. We all stared at them silently for a few moments. Then Kraft said, "You know, what I always say about that place is I wouldn't live in it if you gave it to me, but it's a nice place to live *near*. I don't go in so

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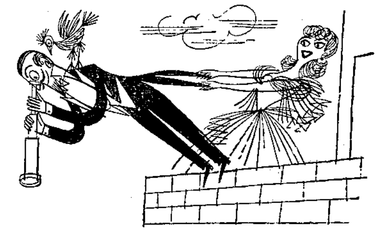

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much any more. Used to all the time. Generally took my skins to market personally; I knew all the dealers along Sixth Avenue from Thirtieth Street up. I used to like those trips into town when I had my rounds to make. After I'd seen the fur dealers, I'd stop at the Washington Market and sell the buyers there some frogs. Then I'd go down to the Aquarium that used to be at the Battery, and sell some killifish for feed, and then over to Fulton Street to buy fish nets. I'd generally wind up at Katz's delicatessen, on East Houston Street, for corned beef. The wife and I liked to tell ourselves we could hop in the car any time and be in Times Square in fourteen minutes. Made us feel good."

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(*This is the second of two articles on the Jersey meadows.*)

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[*From an article in The Golfer*]

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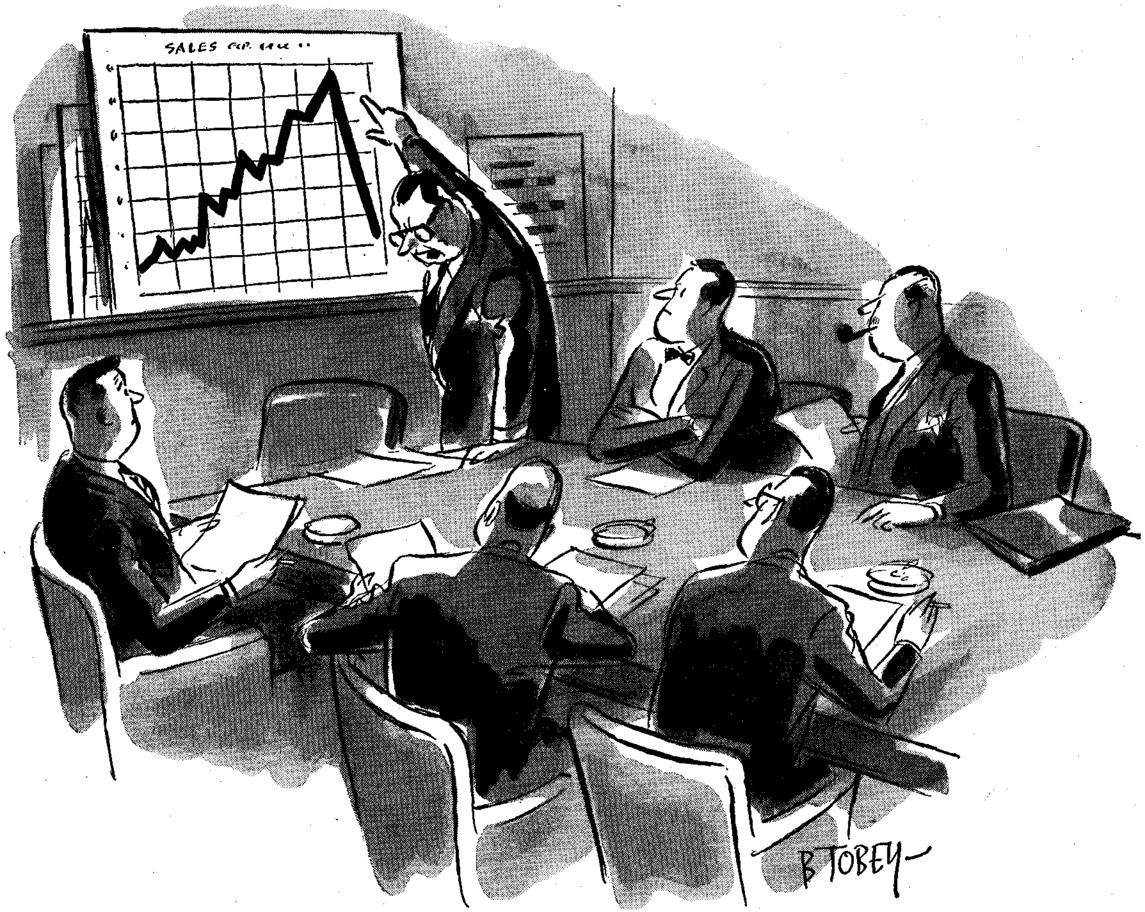
LETTER FROM GAZA

MARCH 7

THE large town or small city of Gaza sits athwart what the late Earl Wavell, in his book on the Palestine campaigns of the First World War, called "one of the world's oldest and greatest highways, the main route between the earliest known cradles of civilization, the valleys of the Euphrates and of the Nile." From Egypt, he wrote, "its course keeps close to the sea while passing over the inhospitable desert of Sinai; thence it runs up the fertile plains of Philistia and Sharon, leaving the high, rocky fortress of Judaea to the east." The road, in fact, comes straight up from the desert's edge to Gaza through the thin leg of coastal land now known to the world at large as the Gaza Strip. The area was Turkish until 1918, and then part of the British mandate of Palestine until 1948; on the day Israel became free, it was invaded by the Egyptians. Wavell was concerned with Gaza because the British fought three great battles against the Turks there, in March, April, and November, 1917, to force a gateway to Palestine. On the third try, they succeeded. Since early 1949, however, the intercradle road has ended at a checkpoint a couple of miles north of Gaza, which has become a gateway to nowhere for three hundred thousand people. The presence of two-thirds of them was originally caused by a military accident. When the cease-fire came in the 1949 Israeli-Egyptian war, the Egyptian lines extruded from Sinai, which has been officially Egyptian since 1906, into the southwest corner of Palestine. Trapped behind these lines were an estimated quarter-million Arab-speaking refugees from the whole coastal region of Palestine; in their flight, they had followed the historic highway from north to south, and had stopped where they were because they had arrived at a desert. It is unlikely that they would have wished to cross it in any event, since they were Palestinians, not Egyptians, and the breeds are as incompatible as the regions are different. Their exodus, like that of the French civilians in 1940, had been hasty and ill-advised. Many of the last fugitives came from villages a few miles north of what was to become their prison wall. Had peace ensued, or had the Israelis won the Strip before the armistice, the refugees would have been reabsorbed into Israel, returning to their homes within weeks or months. But no treaty followed the armistice, which was never more than an imperfect cease-fire. The state of belligerency between Israel and her opponents continued, and the Gaza refugees, who were belligerent against nobody at all, remained where they are today, as if the French refugees backed up against the Spanish frontier in 1940 had been held ever since within a coastal enclave extending from St.-Jean-de-Luz to Bayonne. During all this time, Egypt has stopped the southern exit from the Strip, never proposing to annex it and never offering the Gazans Egyptian citizenship and freedom to remove to the Nile. Few Gazans might have accepted this option if it had been offered, but none were given a chance to decline. The refugees and the older residents have consequently lived together for eight years like people trapped in a submarine at the bottom of the sea, with an uncertain air supply and no means of egress. When dramatists treat of such situations, they supply lots of dialogue, and they are right; people who can do nothing effectual about their circumstances talk, and that is what the captives of the Gaza Strip have been doing almost incessantly since 1949.

The Strip is not a forbidding prison; most of it is agreeable but unspectacular country, flat except for a low ridge, called Ali Muntar, north and east of Gaza town. From Gaza south, it is green for twenty miles, then begins to go shabby and semi-desertic, and tails off into bleakness at Rafah, the last village. It is roughly twenty-five miles from north to south, and five from west to east, but its arable width is diminished by beaches and sand dunes along the Mediterranean shore. The better soil nourishes orange groves, eucalyptus trees, cactuses, and goats. When the cease-fire caught the refu-



"And right here, Mallory, is where we began using that damn-fool slogan of yours, 'Buy 'em and compare.'"

gees here, the tract was already overpopulated. This was because, in addition to the peasants and fishermen it might have normally supported, it contained Gaza, the most considerable place in southern Palestine, with a pre-refugee population of forty thousand, and Gaza's economic life depended on the hinterland, from which the war cut it off. Gaza was, of course, a famous place of old; it belonged to the Philistines and is associated with that Biblical Fanfan la Tulipe, Samson, who is locally alleged to have picked up the pillars of the Philistine temple after he had pulled it down on his head and carried them to the far end of the crest of Ali Muntar, where admiring posterity has erected a marabout as a marker. Gaza was captured at various times by Alexander, Pompey, Napoleon, and Saladin, which shows that it must have been considered worth capturing, and during the Middle Ages it was a textile center that gave its name to French *gaze* and English gauze. Its modern eminence may be gauged by its prison, the largest built by the British in all Palestine. The town is graced by the homes of Moslem landowners whose properties once extended far to the north and east of the present boundaries. With its resident population plus its refugees, it is impossible for the Strip to be self-supporting.

The Israelis, during their four-month occupation of the Strip, which began when they captured it last November 1st and is ending as I write, did nothing to reduce this human edema on their borders beyond shooting a disputed number of civilians when their troops entered and removing twenty-five families compromised by overfriendliness when they left. Their renewed contact with the refugees seemingly offered an opportunity to begin negotiations for the return of some and the compensation of others, but the chance was neglected, and the popular Israeli line on Gaza following the withdrawal may be gleaned from a piece, signed "Diplomatic Correspondent," on the front page of last Tuesday's Jerusalem *Post:* "To continue to administer this island of misery and hate would be a tiresome and costly undertaking for such a small country as this. The best thing for the refugees themselves is, probably, the way chosen by nearly a million Jews—emigration." Diplomatic Correspondent's advice to people trapped in a submarine is to call a taxi.

MY own acquaintance with Gaza dates back only ten days, but I had the good fortune early in my visit to

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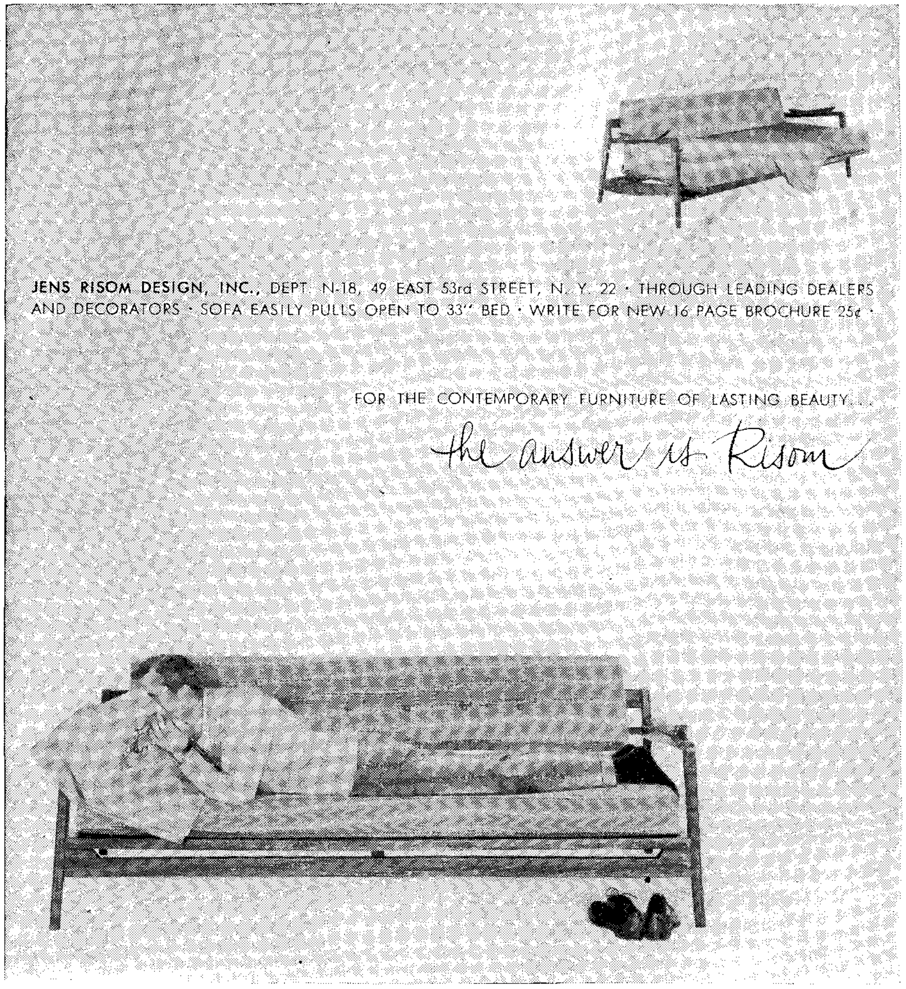

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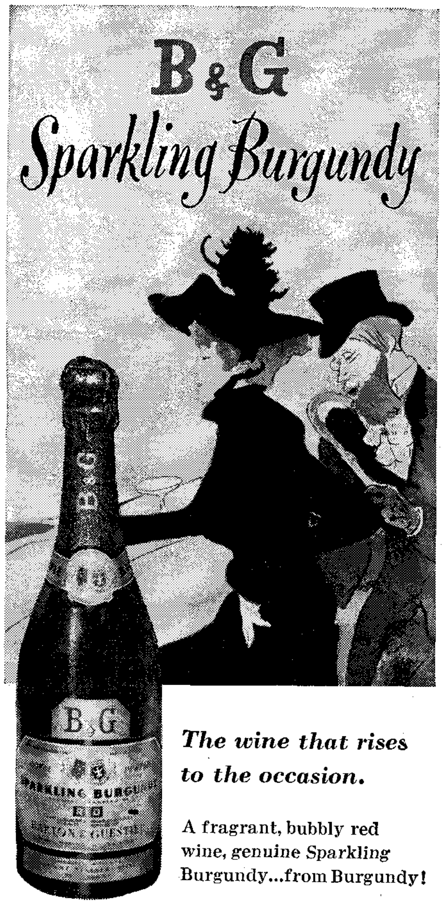
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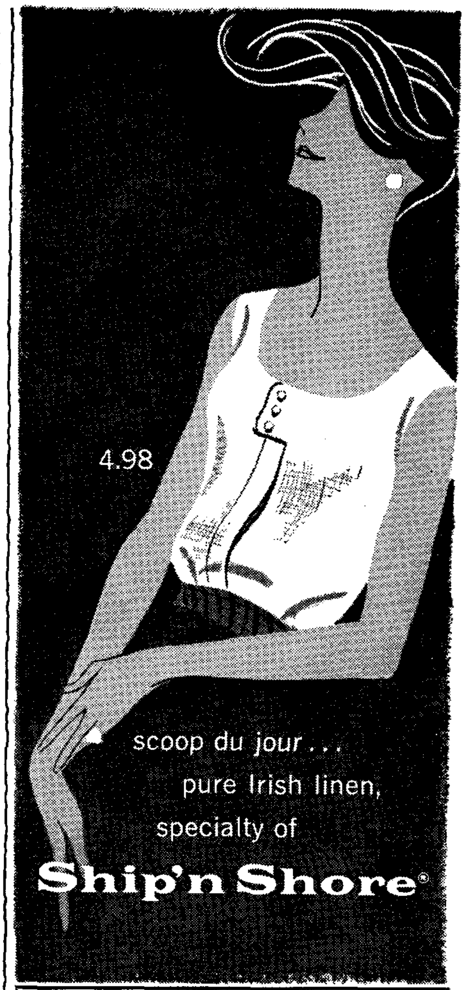
acquire the perspective of a man who had known it a long time. He was General Refet Bele, commander of the Turkish Army corps that defended the city forty years ago against the British. The General sat in the postprandial sun on the terrace of a trim *pension* and regarded with restrained amusement the undamaged villas around him. The *pension* is well removed from the old Arab part of town and stands among the dwellings of the big landowners. A small, thin man with a falcon's head that looked large in proportion to his shrunken neck, he was dapper in a suit of small checks; by his own account, he is seventy-five years old. The General is the Turkish representative on the advisory commission of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees—or UNRWA—and has ambassadorial rank. UNRWA feeds, medicates, and educates the refugee community, which at the last head count totalled 219,423 in the Gaza area. General Bele told me that when Turkey entered his war, he was a major of thirty-three; three years later he was commanding a corps. "As a major, I took a detachment from Palestine to the Suez Canal, at El Kantara," he told me, "but I had not sufficient strength to take the Canal. The British spoke so highly of me, though, that I was promoted." He sighed, as if at a reminiscence he chose not to disclose. "A generous enemy is more helpful than a jealous friend," he added. He spoke in French; he said that he had studied it in Caucasian garrisons from the novels of Pierre Loti and Paul Bourget. He told me that this was his first visit to Gaza since its capture from the Egyptians by the Israelis last year (the Israelis were still there, of course), and then he gave me a clue to the merriment I had seen in his face. "When I defended Gaza," he said, "I left it completely flat. Not one house—not the littlest one—was standing." He moved his right hand in a horizontal arc, palm down. I could see that he was flattered by the deterioration in the quality of war since his day.

I asked him what Palestine had been like under the Ottoman Empire, and he said, "A country of pastoral happiness, where everyone slept on both ears every night. Jew and Arab and Christian lived together in security. They felt they had a father." He felt that the British fomenting of Arab nationalism had opened Pandora's box, and he regretted the passing of the Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman Empires. "They were not sufficiently strong to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inspire fear," he said, "but by aiding Germany they balanced the colossus Russia. They have been destroyed, and today one sees the result!" I left him in the sun, the calmest and most reasonable man I have encountered in Gaza. The General, however, is not trapped here. His tour of inspection ended and the battlefields revisited, he will go home bearing presents for his latest child, aged seven.

Even the members of the international staff of UNRWA who are stationed in Gaza suffer from a trapped feeling, though their situation is not as irrevocable as that of their three hundred thousand fellow-inmates. Two planes a week from UNRWA headquarters in Beirut land within the Strip, and a man is always free to ask for a transfer or to resign. Social life was limited before the arrival of the United Nations Emergency Force—there were eleven "internationals," nine men and two women—at the apex of the staff of three thousand; all the rest were refugees, except for a few Egyptian and Lebanese doctors, nurses, and teachers. In addition, there were within the area half a dozen officer observers of the United Nations, Egypt, and Israel Mixed Armistice Commission, who had had no official duties since the armistice exploded last November, and two American Baptist medical missionaries, who were running a hospital. Some of the UNRWA men had had their families with them before the November fighting, but just before the Israeli attack the families were shipped off by air to Beirut, where they remain. The UNRWA personnel have also felt the lack of a large city for distraction, such as they have in the Arab states that harbor other refugees. But the chief source of the trapped feeling is contagion. It is hard to live long in a prison for three hundred thousand without sometimes feeling claustrophobia.

MOST of the refugees are divided among eight great villages of cabins, built by their labor with UNRWA materials and direction. All the refugees are registered on a ration roster, but of the forty thousand families getting rations, only twenty-four thousand have UNRWA housing, and these occupy thirty-three thousand rooms; it works out to about a room and a third per family, or four persons per room by Arab-peasant standards. The crowding is not as bad as it sounds, but the minority ménages where one man has two or three wives are cramped. The food ration consists basically of just bread—

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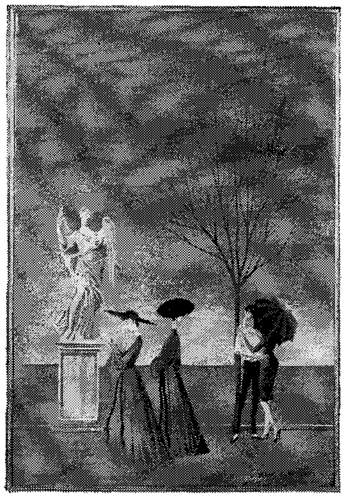

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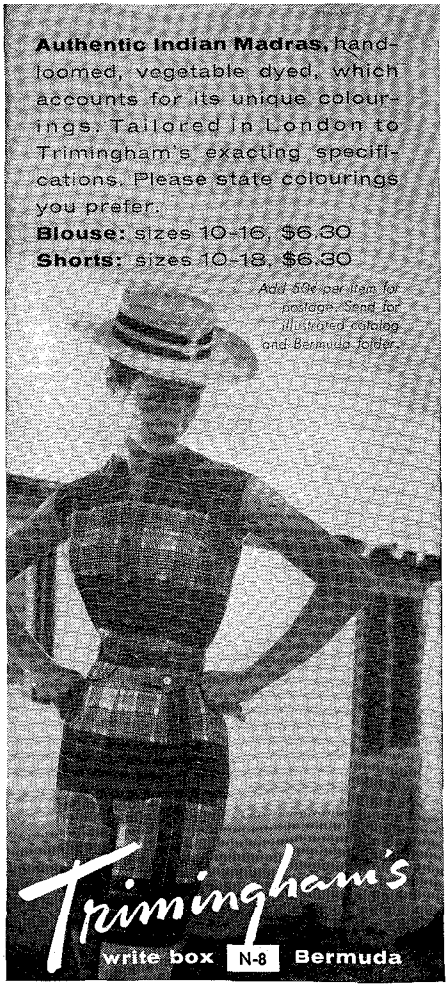

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twenty-two pounds of white flour per head per month, which the women bake into flat loaves—plus infinitesimal amounts of lentils or beans, oil or fat, sugar, rice, and occasionally dates. It all comes to fifteen hundred calories a day; children get supplementary meals at school. It isn't brilliant, but, *à la rigueur*, it will indefinitely prevent a human being from dying. The normal refugee, therefore, spends a considerable part of his time on small schemes for bridging the gap between subsistence and getting enough to eat—by working for UNRWA, by working for people who work for UNRWA, by keeping a scraggly hen or goat, or by trading white flour for a greater quantity of the less valuable but equally filling local gray variety. The rest of the time he devotes to political conversation and reflection.

I asked a man who speaks a bit of English to describe his daily routine. "I get up in the morning and I walk around the village and look at nothing," he said. "Then I sit outside a coffee stall, even when I have no money for coffee, and listen to the radio. Also I play trictrac"—a form of ticktacktoe played with stones on sand. The women have hardly more to do, since housekeeping is not complicated. They also bear and scold children. The children are the best off, because they have school to occupy their minds and school meals to bolster their diet. A good half of the population is under the age of sixteen, and at least a quarter of the present refugees must have been born in the Gaza Strip. Officials say that the reason the probable real increase in the refugee population is not reflected in the statistics is that the earlier rosters were inflated by refugees pardonably interested in obtaining extra rations. The gap between the real and the fictitious populations is constantly narrowing, though, as UNRWA checks its figures.

Such picayune details of the refugee's life may tend to belittle him at a range of several thousand miles. A refugee camp is, in fact, a belittling environment; only gas chambers, torture, and starvation can dramatize the human predicament in these latter days, and even they pall easily. But the Palestine Arab peasant—which is what most of the refugees are—is a human type impossible to reduce to a figure of fun. The broadcasts he listens to are all political speeches or news commentary with a political slant: Radios Cairo, Damascus, and Cyprus, the Voice of America, even an Israeli program in Arabic—he is insatiable. The political romanticism of revenge that grew up

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during his first eight years of such listening suffered considerable shock when the Israelis demonstrated their strength in November, and his hope of a total solution of the refugee problem by force has been shaken. The Egyptians, when they were here, tried to strengthen this romanticism by precluding the hope of any other solution; it was a species of treason, for example, for an individual to admit that he might accept compensation from the Israelis for his land if compensation were offered. Egyptian security agents kept excellent tabs on the interminable public conversations, and there was no temptation to depart from the official doctrine of all or nothing, since there was no possibility of getting past the barrier up the road. In the Egyptian days, no refugee could be found who would say even that he would take his own land back if it meant returning to Israel as an individual and living among Jews. (There is no record, of course, of any such offer's having ever been made.) This legend of the monolithic intransigence of the exiles—not the Gaza lot alone but all the diaspora, in Lebanon, Syria, and Jordan—was in its time useful to Israel, too, because it barred any payments to anybody. The Israeli argument when visitors raise the question of the possibility of piecemeal compensation is that conditions have changed since the Arabs went away—and besides Israel can't spare the money. On the piecemeal resettlement of the refugees in Israel, it is "We need the land for a hundred thousand Jews we expect from Portugal"—or Pimlico or Guatemala; details are unessential. Many Israelis are not only incapable of thinking that this is a paradox but unable to believe that it seems odd to a foreigner. Yet there are Palestinians on the Gaza beach who say, "My land is five miles from here, and they have taken it to give it to men from ten thousand miles away." The difference of opinion is irreconcilable. The degree of intransigence expressed varies, however, with the known political views of your interpreter, who is usually a camp official, and the men among the refugees who have the most substance and education, and who themselves speak English or French, are generally the most reasonable of all. "I would go back and see if I could live happily in the new environment," one such said to me—I had been warned against him as a hothead—"and then see if I couldn't sell out and go where I felt I had more freedom."

The expulsion of the Egyptians last

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November brought a chance for contact between the present Palestinians and the ex-Palestinians. The chance still exists, as long as the Egyptians don't return. The incursion of the Israeli Army, however, shut off the Strip's most important source of outside revenue, aside from UNRWA's contribution to the economy. This was the money sent home by between five and ten thousand men from the Gaza Strip who work in the oil fields of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait and Qatar. The Egyptian authorities, while they were in command, stopped the Gaza people from coming farther into Egypt than the scabby oasis of El Arish (although they made an exception for Gazans studying at Egyptian universities), but they permitted men to go out of the Strip to work in the oil countries. The Palestinians are often more literate and always more advanced technically than the Arabs of the Hejaz—or, for that matter, than the Egyptians. Their labor is therefore at a premium in primitive Arab lands, and the revenue they sent home was estimated at from twenty-five thousand to a hundred thousand Egyptian pounds monthly. (Gazans, when they talk money, still talk in Egyptian pounds, which are officially worth two dollars and eighty cents. The Israeli pound, officially worth fifty-five cents, found slow acceptance in the Strip, and the day before the withdrawal of the Israeli forces you could get from seven to ten Israeli pounds for one Egyptian pound—a situation that offered a magnificent opportunity for quick profit in what I think is called arbitrage. That same week in Beirut, I was informed, one could buy an Egyptian pound for two dollars. The imagination staggers.)

When the Israelis took over the Strip, all communication with the Arab countries was naturally cut off, since Israel is still technically at war with them. One of the first and most pressing tasks of the United Nations administration at Gaza will be to hold the Strip open to communication and economic exchange at both ends. Maybe we can get those people out of that submarine.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

His serious talk was well punctuated by the witticisms for which he is fast becoming famous. Referring to the new system of payment for fat cattle, for instance, he said that mercifully he would not have to explain it, although it was really very simple when it was well described.

—*Manchester Guardian.*

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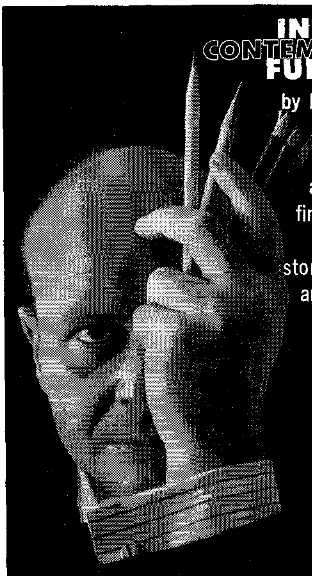

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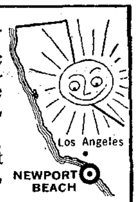

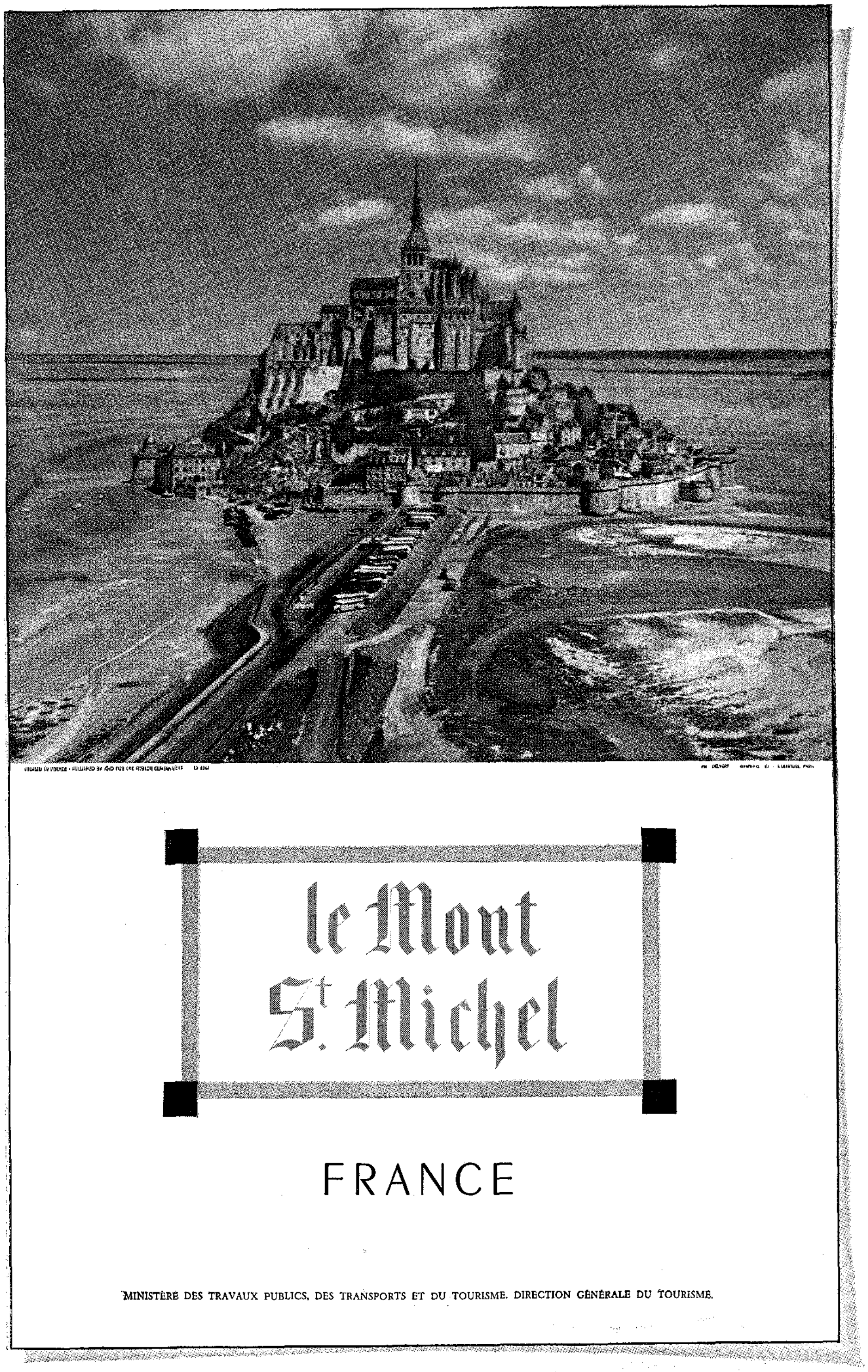
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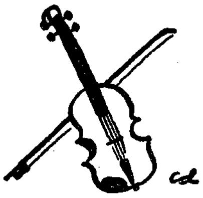
MUSICAL EVENTS

A l'Italienne



I DOUBT whether there is another opera house in the world at the moment that possesses a permanent group of star performers capable of dealing with the *bel-canto* roles of nineteenth-century Italian opera as they are being dealt with nowadays at the Metropolitan. Not all the Met's stars are ordinarily present in a single cast, of course, but when a fair number of them are present, as in the revival of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" a week ago Thursday, one can at least be sure of an evening of magnificent singing. Curiously, relatively few of these performers are Italian by birth or have had Italian training, but they are such masters of Italian style and inflection that it would be hard to find their equals in Italy today. There is, for example, Richard Tucker, who was born in Brooklyn and is a *tenore robusto* of really compelling power and brilliance. There is Leonard Warren, a native of the Bronx, whose baritone combines large resonance with the exquisite restraint of a true artist and whose vocal interpretations will undoubtedly go down in operatic history as models of their type. There is Giorgio Tozzi, born in Chicago of Italian parents, who, as a comparative newcomer, is showing himself to be a bass of formidable eloquence in this kind of opera. And, finally, there is Zinka Milanov, who was born in Yugoslavia, has been around for a long time, and occasionally has an off moment, but who at her best is still capable of some of the most limpid and expressive singing in dramatic-soprano roles that one is likely to come across anywhere.

None of these artists is any great shakes as an actor, by Broadway standards—and none of them, except perhaps Mr. Tozzi, is particularly glamorous to look at—but this only serves to point up the fact, as I see it, that there has lately been a good deal of confusion in the public mind about operatic acting. The Broadway ideal, which during the past decade or two has increasingly become the Met's ideal—thereby, I admit, improving the visual side of many of its productions no end—is not, in the last analysis, applicable to opera of the heroic Italian type. Here one looks primarily

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for beautiful tone, subtlety of dramatic inflection, and histrionic artistry of the sort that expresses itself in purely vocal terms. In an opera like "La Gioconda," a cast of individuals as stunning as movie stars—even supposing they could sing—would seem not only irrelevant but actually out of place. The traditions of this kind of opera are built around a different set of values from those of the legitimate drama, with its emphasis on sleek good looks and deft theatrical timing, but they are by no means less impressive.

The Met's revival of "La Gioconda," the first in two years, provided an unabashedly—and, to my mind, pleasantly—old-fashioned operatic evening. The scenery was undeniably antiquated and the direction comfortably conventional. The preposterous libretto, which includes even more than the usual quota of stabbings, poisonings, betrayals, and arson, unwound itself melodramatically enough, but there was ample opportunity between catastrophes to concentrate on the singing. Here there were few disappointments. Miss Milanov, in her very best form, negotiated some soaring pianissimos that were a glory to hear; Mr. Tucker sang "Cielo e mar" as if his heart was fervently in it; Mr. Warren managed his big voice with the utmost suavity; and the chorus, which plays an unusually large part in "La Gioconda," performed, under Fausto Cleva's direction, with great spirit. In addition to all this, Nell Rankin, who comes from Alabama, embellished the role of Laura with both some agreeably passionate singing and a strikingly attractive appearance, and the new Mexican contralto Belen Amaparan disclosed some fine dark-hued tones as La Cieca. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

A first solo flight was made Feb. 6, by Navy Ens. James Hinkley, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hinkley of Club Road, Riverside. In addition to solo flights, he is receiving training in Communications, Navigation, Engineering, Athletics, "I'm going to the pasture, Mom," at the Saufley Field Naval Auxiliary Air Station, Pensacola, Fla. —*Old Greenwich (Conn.) Village Gazette.*

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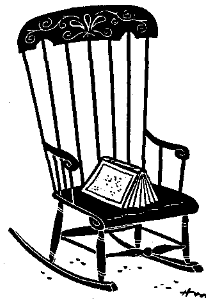
BOOKS

The Wish Game



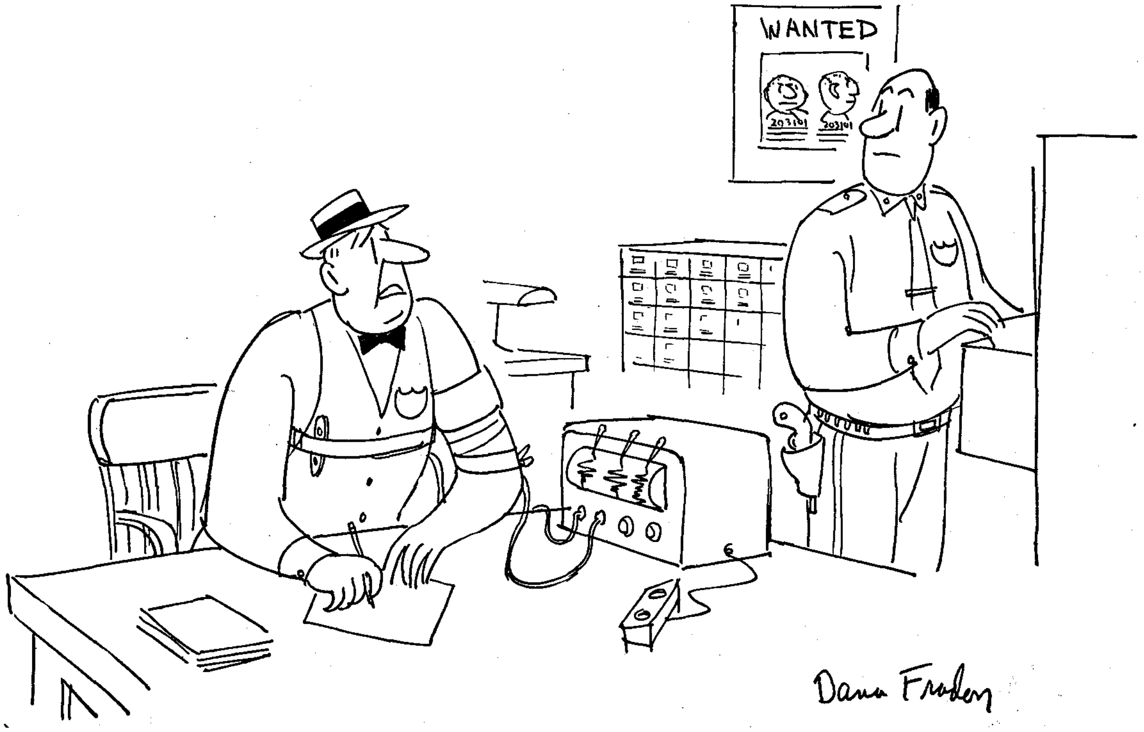
WERE some fanatic to learn the whole of Proust by heart, word for word, and then try reciting it to an audience in a drawing room after dinner, the chances are, I fancy, that within half an hour most of the audience would have fallen asleep, and their verdict upon "Remembrance of Things Past" would be that it was a boring and incomprehensible story. The difficulty of judging fairly a printed folk tale, still more a collection of tales that were never intended to be grasped through the eye, is just as great. Our feeling for orally transmitted literature is distorted by the peculiar nature of the only literature of this class that is still alive—for us the spoken tale is the unprintable tale—but it is possible, even in the smoking-room story, to perceive some of the characteristics common to all storytelling. To begin with, both the occasion of the telling and the voice and gestures of the teller are important elements in the effect; the story that has delighted us on one occasion may, in a different context and told by a different speaker, fail utterly to amuse. Then, the ear is much slower in comprehending than the eye, far less avid of novelty, and far more appreciative of rhythmical repetition.

Folk tales have also suffered from certain preconceived ideas on the part of the general public. They are commonly thought of as being either entertainment for children or documents for adult anthropologists and students of comparative religion. Children enjoy them, it is true, but that is no reason that grownups, for whom they were primarily intended, should assume that they are childish. They undoubtedly contain elements drawn from ancient rituals and myths, but a knowledge of such things is no more essential to appreciating them than a knowledge of the reading and personal experience of a modern novelist is essential to enjoying his novels.

A religious rite is a serious matter, an act that must be done in exactly the right way in order to secure supernatural aid, without which the crops will fail and men die. A myth almost always contains playful elements, but it claims to answer a serious question—how did such-and-such come to be?—and to some degree or other demands to be believed. But a tale is to be told only if someone wishes to hear it, and the one question it presupposes is "How are we to spend a pleasant evening?" As the soldier-narrator of "John-of-the-Bear," one of the stories in "The Borzoi Book of French Folk Tales," edited by Paul Delarue (Knopf), says:

> I go through a forest where there is no wood, through a river where there is no water, through a village where there is no house. I knock at a door and everybody answers me. The more I tell you, the more I shall lie to you. I'm not paid to tell you the truth.

"The Doctor and His Pupil," another of the stories in the book, contains a motif common to many folk tales—that of one character pursuing another through a series of magical metamorphoses. The hunted turns into a hare, whereupon the hunter turns into a dog, whereupon the hare becomes a lark, whereupon the dog becomes an eagle, and so on. The primal source of this idea is probably a ritual fertility dance in which the twelve months were symbolically mimed. In such a rite, if it existed, the symbolical animals would be fixed in number and kind and the worshippers would know in advance what they were, but a tale that makes use of the notion can use any beasts, and any number of them it pleases, provided that the pairs logically match. If the storyteller makes the hunted one a hare, he cannot make the hunter a donkey; if he wants the hunter to be a donkey, then he must make the hunted something like a carrot. The pleasure of the audience is that of suspense, pattern, and surprise, so that at each transformation it wonders, "How will the hunted get out of that one?" Similarly, the motif of the Virgin and the Seven-Headed Dragon in "The Three Dogs and the Dragon" and "The Miller's Three Sons" may well be derived from the myth of Perseus and Andromeda, but there is no apparent attempt to relate those tales to any historical event or person. Questions of religion and history, however interesting and important, are not the business of the literary critic. He can only ask the questions he would ask of any work of literature; e.g., what kind of writing is this, as compared with other kinds? What are its special virtues and its special limitations? Judged by



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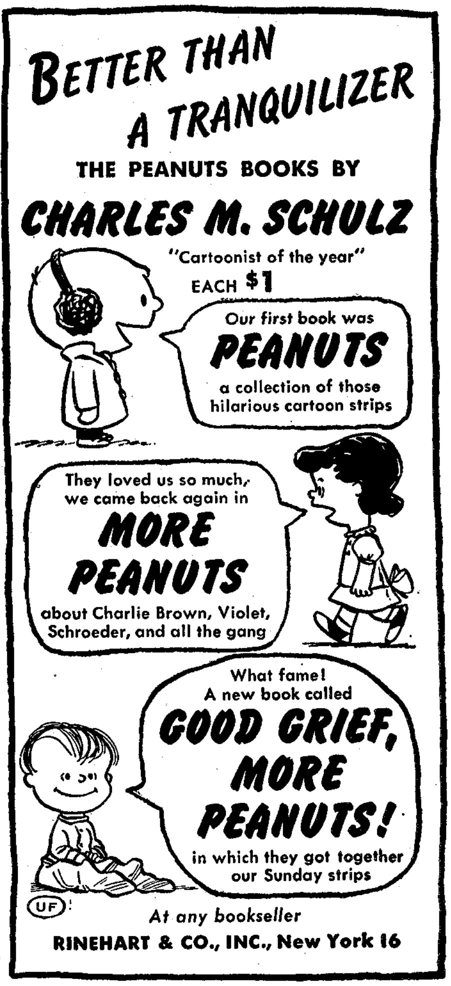
its own intentions, what makes one tale or one version of a tale better or worse than another?

One characteristic that clearly differentiates the fairy tale from other kinds of narrative is the nature of the fairy-tale hero. The epic hero is one who, thanks to his exceptional gifts, is able to perform great deeds of which the average man is incapable. He is of noble (often divine) descent, stronger, braver, better looking, more skillful than everybody else. A stranger meeting him in the street would immediately recognize him as a hero. Some of his adventures may be sexual, he may marry, but such matters are incidental to his main object, which is to win immortal fame. Even when he is transformed into the knight-errant in whose life the ladies play a great role, his honor is still more important than his love.

Like the epic hero, the fairy-story hero performs great and seemingly impossible deeds, but there the resemblance ends. He may be by birth a prince but, if so, he is, as it were, a prince of the first generation, for he never possesses, as the epic hero always does, a genealogical tree. More commonly, however, he is the child of poor parents and starts his life at the very bottom of the social scale. He is not recognizable as a hero except in the negative sense—that he is the one who to the outward eye appears, of all people, the least likely to succeed. Often he is a child, lacking even the strength and wit of the ordinary adult, and nearly always his relatives and neighbors consider him stupid and lacking in ambition. The virtue by which he succeeds when others fail is the very unmilitant virtue of humble good nature. He is the one who stops to share his crust with the old beggar woman or free the trapped beast, thereby securing magical aid, when his proud and impatient rivals pass by and in consequence come to grief. The fairy-story world is purely Calvinist. That is to say, the hero's deeds cannot be called *his;* without magical assistance he would be totally helpless. Officially, he is a lover, not a warrior, who desires glory and treasure only in order that he may deserve the hand of the princess, but no fairy-story character, either in speech or in behavior, shows real erotic feeling. We find neither outright sexual passion nor sentimental *Frauendienst.* Fairy-story "love" is not an emotion but a formal principle, one of the rules by which the story game is played. If the fairy-story hero differs from the epic hero in having no visible *arete,* he differs also from the hero of the modern novel in that he has no hidden qualities that are



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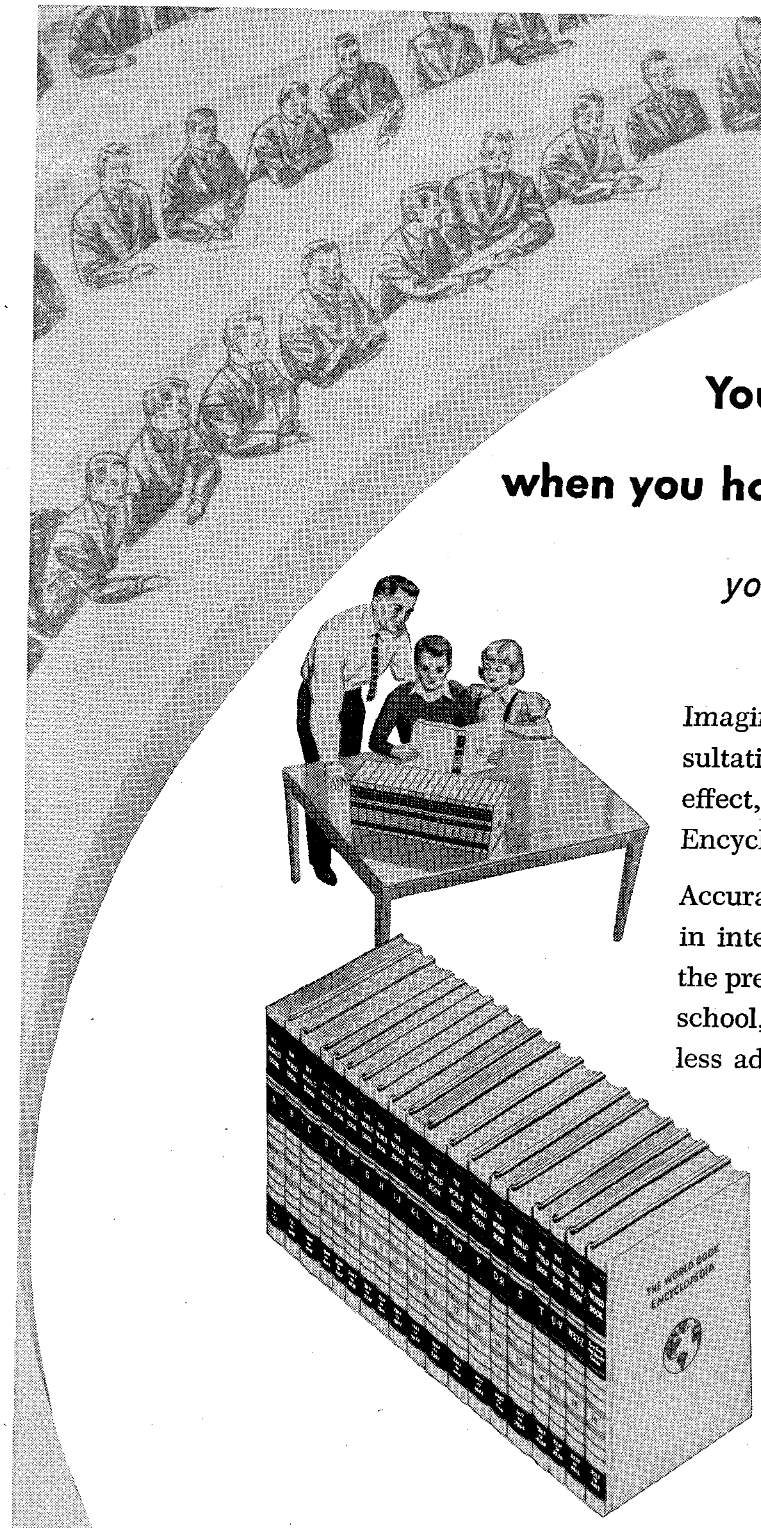

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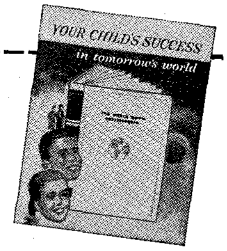

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in time revealed. As a character, he is the same person at the end that he was at the beginning; all that has changed is his status. Nothing that happens to him can be called personally significant in the sense that, thanks to it, his awareness of himself is altered.

Since the characters in a fairy story are either good or bad, benevolent or malevolent—it is rare for a bad character to repent and unknown for a good one to become bad—they cannot be said to be tempted. There are occasions when the hero (or heroine), though warned not to do something—not to pick up a wig or enter a particular room—ignores the warning and gets into trouble, but the prohibited act is never, in itself, immoral. There is only one fairy-tale motif, to my knowledge, that contains an element of inner conflict: the theme of Grimm's "Faithful John" and M. Delarue's "Father Roquelaure." The Prince's loyal servant learns by chance that, in order to save his master, he must do things which will appear to be evil, and that if he explains the reason he will be turned to stone. He does them and—under threat of death or because he cannot bear his master's displeasure—he tells and is turned to stone. The Prince then discovers that to restore his faithful servant he must sacrifice his own child.

In other kinds of fiction, the plot evolves through the clash between fate or chance on the one side and will and desire on the other; the fairy story is peculiar in that the main cause of any event is a wish. A desire is a real and given experience of a human individual in a particular historical context. I am not free to choose what desire I shall feel, nor can I choose the goal that will satisfy it; if the desire is real, it proposes its own satisfaction. When I desire, I know what I want. I am then free to choose either to remain in a state of unsatisfied desire by refusing to assent to its demands or to use my reason and will to satisfy it. A wish, on the other hand, is not given; I am free to wish anything I choose, but the cause of all wishes is the same—that which is should not be. If I say, "I desire to eat," I do not mean "I desire not to be hungry," for if I were not hungry I should not desire to eat. When a scolded child says to a parent, "I wish you were dead," he does not mean what he actually says; he only means "I wish I were not what I am, a child being scolded by you," and a hundred other wishes would have done equally well. If the young heir to the fortune of a disagreeable old aunt says, "I wish she were dead," he may really desire her death, but his wish does not

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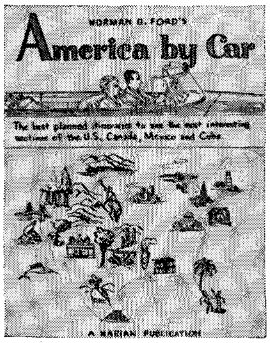
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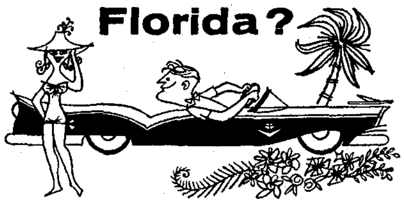

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express this desire; its real content is "I wish that my conscience and the law did not, as they do, forbid murder." We can wish anything we choose precisely because all wishes are equally impossible, for all substitute an imaginary present for the real one. A world in which all wishes were magically granted would be a world without desire or will, for every moment of time would be disjunct and there would be no way of distinguishing between animate and inanimate beings, animals and men.

Wishing is not the sole cause of events in the fairy tale, but the license it is given prevents the fairy tale from arousing any strong emotions in the audience. That, however, is one of the peculiar pleasures the fairy story affords—that it can take images of beautiful maidens or cannibalistic ogres that, in our dreams, arouse violent emotions of desire or terror, or it can inflict horrible punishments on the wicked (like rolling them downhill in a barrel full of nails) that in real life would be acts of sadism, and make them all *playful.*

A game, of course, must have rules if it is not to be purely arbitrary and meaningless, and the characters in the fairy tale have a "fate" to which even their wishes must submit. They must obey, for instance, the laws of language. We can lie in language, that is to say, and manipulate the world as we wish, but the lie must make sense as a grammatical proposition:

> "What are you doing there, good woman?" he asked.
>
> "I'd like to take some sunshine home, a whole wheelbarrowful, but it's difficult, for as soon as I get it in the shade it vanishes."
>
> "What do you want a wheelbarrowful of sunshine for?"
>
> "It's to warm my little boy who is at home half dead from cold."

The other law, so often introduced in the fairy tale, that they must obey is the law of numerical series. The hero who is set three tasks cannot wish them into two or four.

It would be misleading to say that because the fairy-tale world is a fantastic one, such literature is "escapist." A work may justly be condemned as escapist only if it claims to portray the real world when in fact its portrait is false. But the fairy story never pretends to be a picture of the real world, and even if its audience were to respond with the feeling "How I wish we could live in this world instead of the world we have to live in" (and I very much doubt that any audience ever felt this way), it would always know that such a wish was impossible. The kind of enjoyment the fairy tale can provide is similar, I believe, to that pro-

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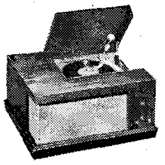

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vided by the poems of Mallarmé or by abstract painting.

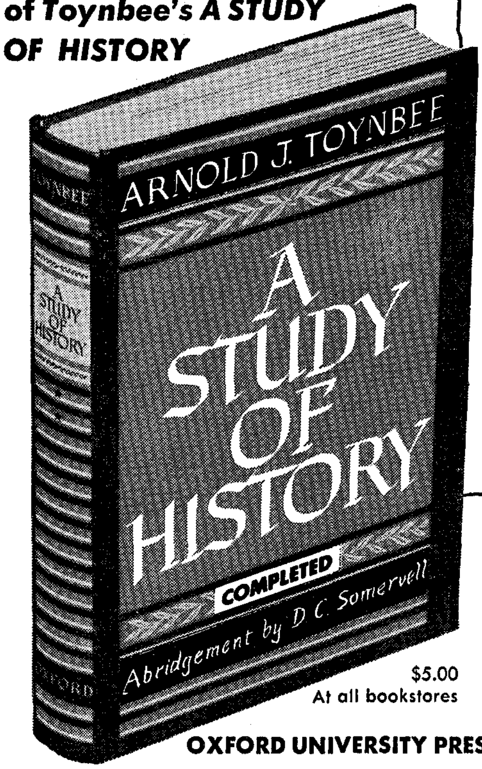
M. Delarue's collection of French folk tales includes versions of several stories that are also to be found in Grimm. A comparison of the one with the other may help to show the qualities we look for in a folk tale and by which we judge it:

"*The Lost Children*," "*Hänsel and Gretel.*"

In their respective openings, the German version is superior both in richness of detail and in dramatic suspense. The French version lacks the conflict between the bad mother and the kind but weak father, and the children do not overhear their conversation, so the drama of the pebbles and the crumbs is lacking. The French children climb a tree, see a white house and a red house, and choose to go to the red house, which, of course, turns out to be the wrong choice, but we never learn what the white house is. This is a violation of one of the laws of storytelling; namely, that everything introduced must be accounted for. In the central part of the story, the French version replaces the witch in her edible house with the Devil and his wife on an ordinary farm, and the children succeed in killing the Devil's wife while he is taking a walk. There is a loss, perhaps, in beauty of imagery but a gain in character interest. In its conclusion, the French version is much superior. In the German version, Hänsel and Gretel merely wander through the forest till they come to a river, which they are ferried across by a duck. The presence and nature of the duck are not explained, nor is the reason there should be a river between them and their home that they did not have to cross before. But in the French version, the Devil pursues the runaways, and his pursuit is punctuated by a ritual verse dialogue between him and those he meets. They all fool him and finally cause him to be drowned in a river that he is told the children have crossed, though in fact they have simply gone home.

"*The Godchild of the Fairy in the Tower*," "*Rapunzel.*"

In the German version, the witch learns about the Prince from the girl herself; in the French form, from a talking bitch she has left to keep watch on the girl, a variation that is more interesting and more logical. But the unhappy ending of the French version—the witch turns the girl into a frog and grows a pig's snout on the Prince—seems to me an artistic mistake. In the



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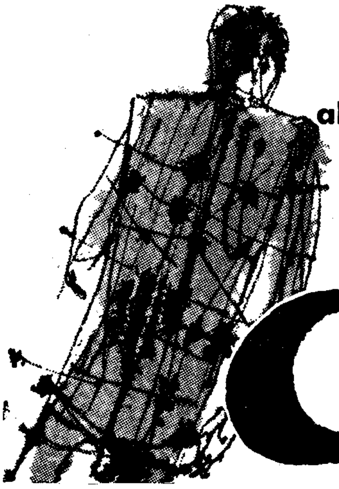

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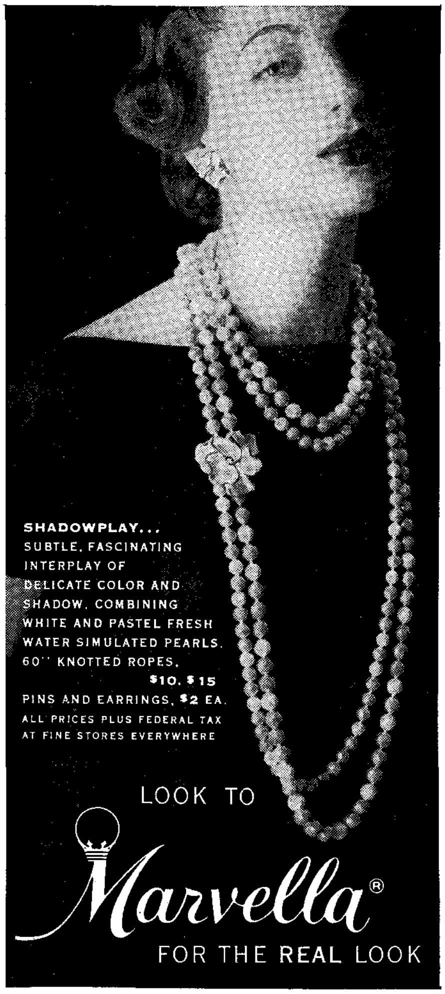

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playful world of the fairy story, all problems, including that of moral justice, must be solved. When a fairy story ends unhappily, we do not feel that we have been told an unpleasant truth; we merely feel that the story has been broken off in the middle.

"The Story of Grandmother," "Little Red Riding Hood."

M. Delarue tells us in his notes that the Grimm story is largely derived from Perrault. The French oral version he prints is infinitely superior to either, and a model of what a folk tale should be:

There was once a woman who had some bread, and she said to her daughter: "You are going to carry a hot loaf and a bottle of milk to your grandmother."

The little girl departed. At the crossroads she met the *bzou*, who said to her: "Where are you going?"

"I'm taking a hot loaf and a bottle of milk to my grandmother."

"What road are you taking," said the *bzou*, "the Needles Road or the Pins Road?"

"The Needles Road," said the little girl.

"Well, I shall take the Pins Road."

The little girl enjoyed herself, picking up needles. Meanwhile the *bzou* arrived at her grandmother's, killed her, put some of her flesh in the pantry and a bottle of her blood on the shelf. The girl arrived and knocked at the door.

"Push the door," said the *bzou*, "it's closed with a wet straw."

"Hello, Grandmother; I'm bringing you a hot loaf and a bottle of milk."

"Put them in the pantry. You eat the meat that's in it and drink a bottle of wine that is on the shelf."

As she ate there was a little cat that said: "A slut is she who eats the flesh and drinks the blood of her grandmother!"

"Undress, my child," said the *bzou*, "and come and sleep beside me."

"Where should I put my apron?"

"Throw it in the fire, my child; you don't need it any more."

And she asked where to put all the other garments, the bodice, the dress, the skirt, and the hose, and the wolf replied: "Throw them into the fire, my child; you will need them no more."

"Oh, Grandmother, how hairy you are!"

"It's to keep me warmer, my child."

"Oh, Grandmother, those long nails you have!"

"It's to scratch me better, my child."

"Oh, Grandmother, those big shoulders you have!"

"All the better to carry kindling from the woods, my child."

"Oh, Grandmother, those big ears you have!"

"All the better to hear with, my child."

"Oh, Grandmother, that big mouth you have!"

"All the better to eat you with, my child!"

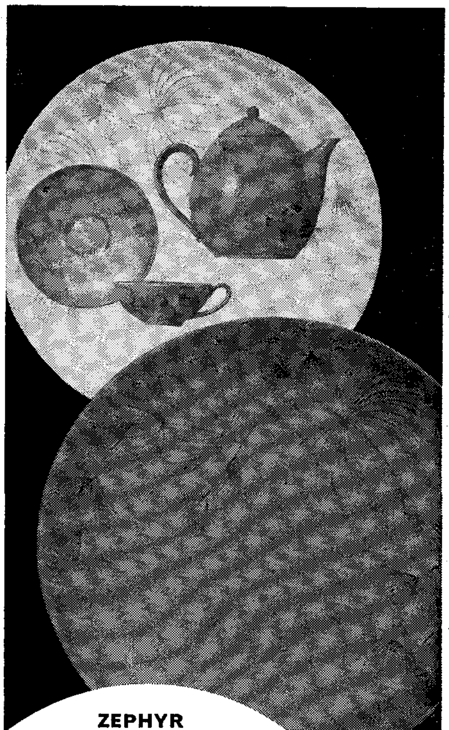
"Oh, Grandmother, I need to go outside to relieve myself."

"Do it in the bed, my child."

"No, Grandmother, I want to go outside."

"All right, but don't stay long."

The *bzou* tied a woollen thread to her



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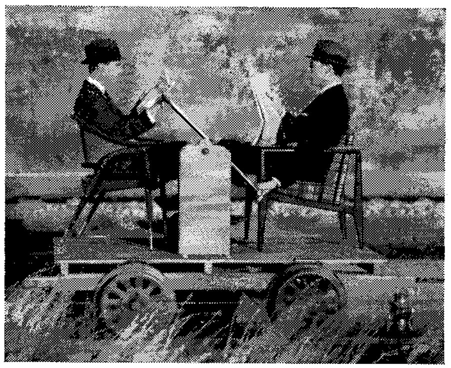

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feet and let her go out, and when the little girl was outside she tied the end of the string to a big plum tree in the yard. The *bzou* got impatient and said: "Are you making cables?"

When he became aware that no one answered him, he jumped out of bed and saw that the little girl had escaped. He followed her, but he arrived at the house just at the moment that she was safely inside.

I wish I could say nice things about the translation of this book, but it shows defects that I cannot pass over in silence. I have not seen the French text, but when I read, "A *coal miner* whose hovel of branches stood in the wood," I cannot but think that he was really a charcoal burner. However a prince may be addressed in French, in English he is Your Highness, not Your Excellency. A proofreader should have caught "Let's transform ourselves, you into a pear tree, and I into an old woman." And no one, even though he is translating from a foreign tongue, should write such sentences as these:

> He, seeing her fright, reassured her by explaining to her that he could become a man when he chose, either day or night.
>
> At the end of a moment when the club was well entertained at their expense, and seeing them almost at the end of their strength: "Wretches!" he said.
>
> As they were passing near a house where a man was busy heating his oven, having in his hand a long iron fork, the knight stopped.
>
> Or else, one asks a man whom one wants to separate from his wife in order to deceive him the easier to supply some undefined object having a strange name, and the man receives from a fairy a wand that permits him to cause beings to stick together in postures that are sometimes improper, and he brings in the chain thus formed, which he calls by the name he has been told.

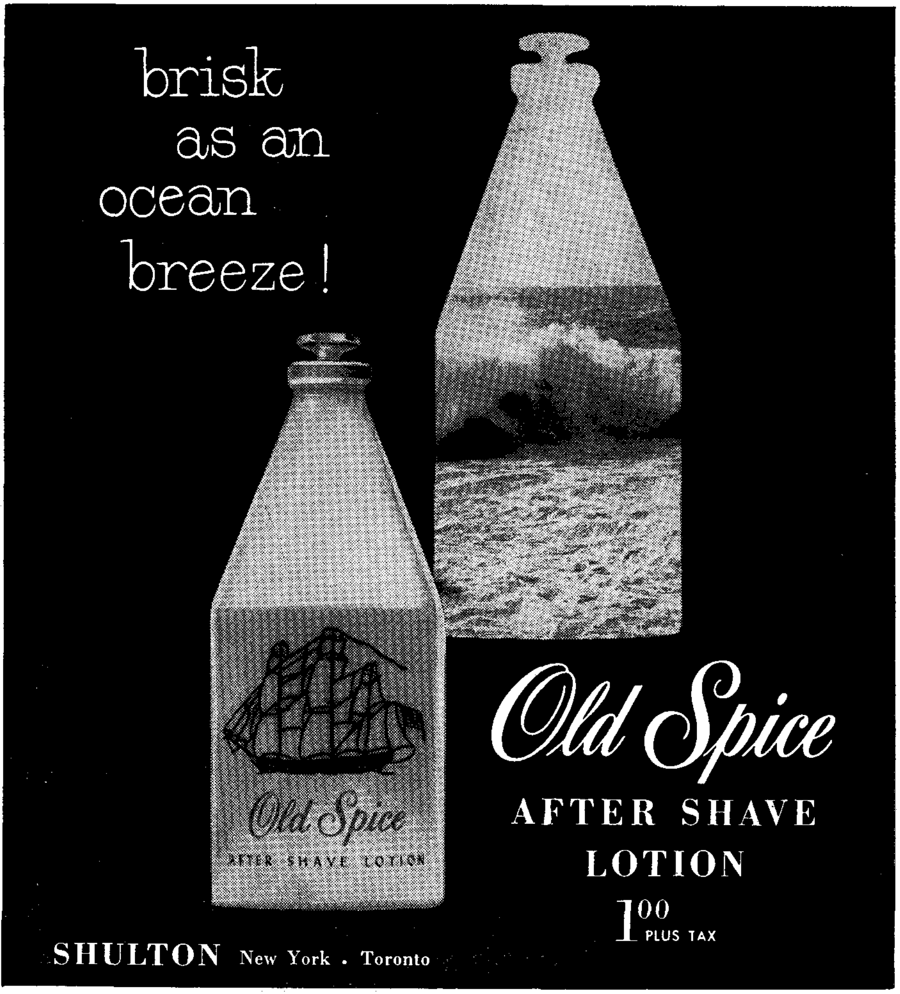
The illustrations, if not remarkable, are in good taste, and that, in books of this kind, is as rare as it is praiseworthy.

—W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LAST ANGRY MAN, by Gerald Green (Scribner). A long, vulgar, ill-written, and engrossing account of the life of Dr. Samuel Abelman, an irascible Jewish doctor in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. An advertising man hits on the notion of putting Dr. Abelman's far from distinguished career on TV, and it is the gathering of material for the program that permits us to follow the Doctor nearly every step of the way from birth to death. The glib, harried ad man is a bore, but Dr. Abelman, with his tantrums, his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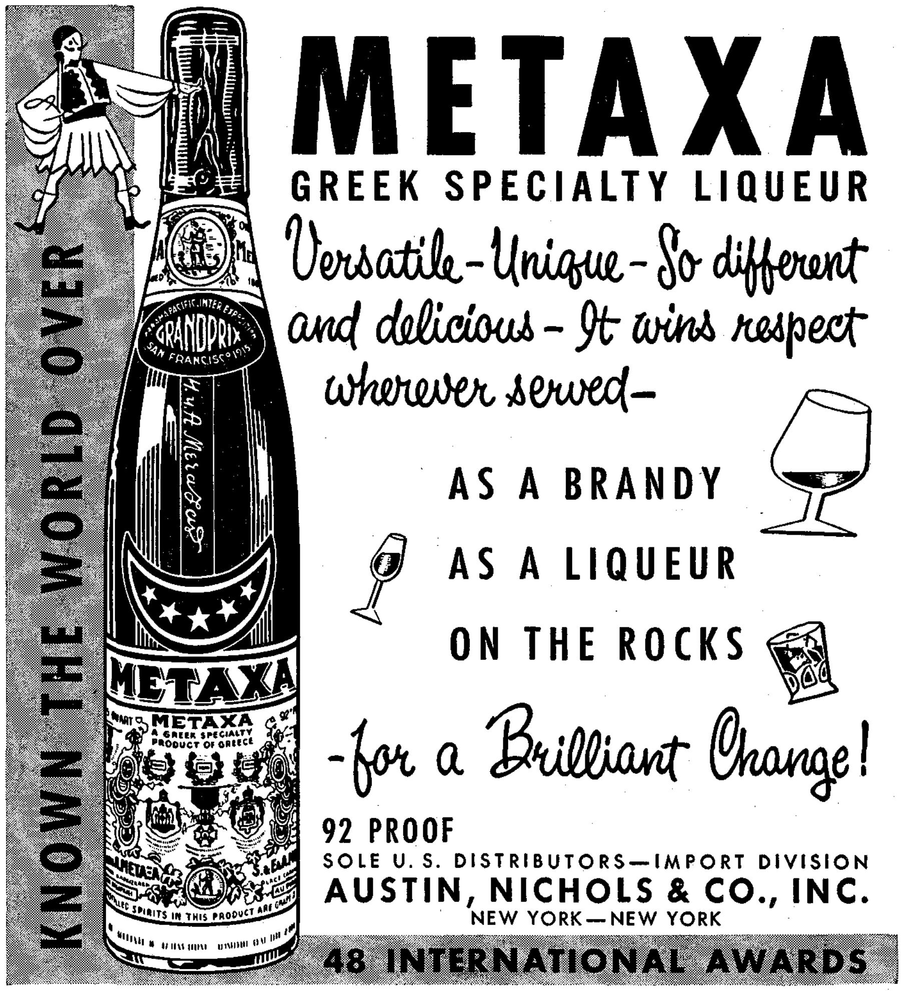
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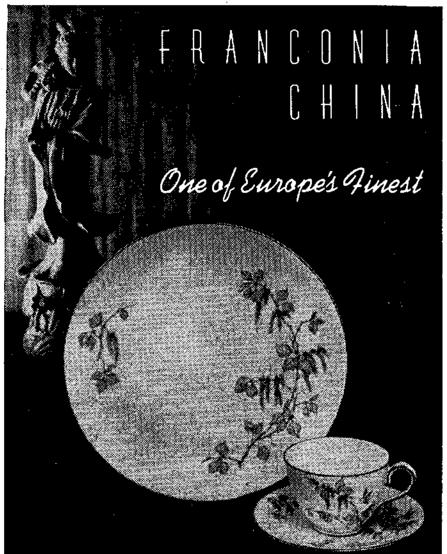

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medical skill, his love of gardening, and his exacerbated suspicion of all his fellow-men, is a marvel of vitality. The author appears to know little about his craft except how to make his hero live; this clumsy novel is proof that that little can sometimes be enough. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

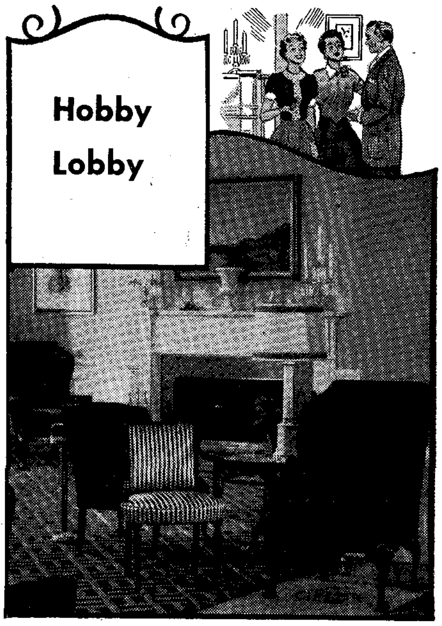
Onionhead, by Weldon Hill (McKay). Onionhead is the nickname given by his shipmates to Al Woods, a very young and very poor University of Oklahoma student who enlists in the Coast Guard and becomes a cook. Mr. Hill writes in a direct and brashly tender manner that is enlivened by a large supply of small jokes. Al, a nice, ordinary soul who has no wish to be a hero, changes before our eyes from a pathetic youth into a cheerfully independent man. The story begins shortly before America's entry into the Second World War.

The Midwife of Pont Clery, by Flora Sandstrom (John Day). Pont Clery is a small village in Normandy. Mme. Quimpernay, the village midwife, is a virtuous, good-natured, self-satisfied young widow who is too pretty to be accepted by the wives she nurses and equally too pretty to be ignored by their husbands. The development of a movement to ostracize her, and her solution of the quandary in which she finds herself, makes the plot of a tidy, whimsical little story.

The Angel in the Corner, by Monica Dickens (Coward-McCann). A catalogue of the misfortunes of the defiant daughter of divorced parents, Virginia Martin, whose husband mistreats her because he feels inferior to her. Miss Dickens' bracing, cheery tone does little for her doleful work. The scene is London.

GENERAL

The Lisbon Earthquake, by T. D. Kendrick (Lippincott). A witty and adroit study of the effect on mid-eighteenth-century European thought of the great Lisbon earthquake of 1755, which killed between ten and fifteen thousand people and was, as the author points out, a "disaster that . . . shocked Western civilization more than any other event since the fall of Rome." At the time, the educated people of Europe regarded themselves pretty much as perfect beings in a perfect world, and the earthquake dropped



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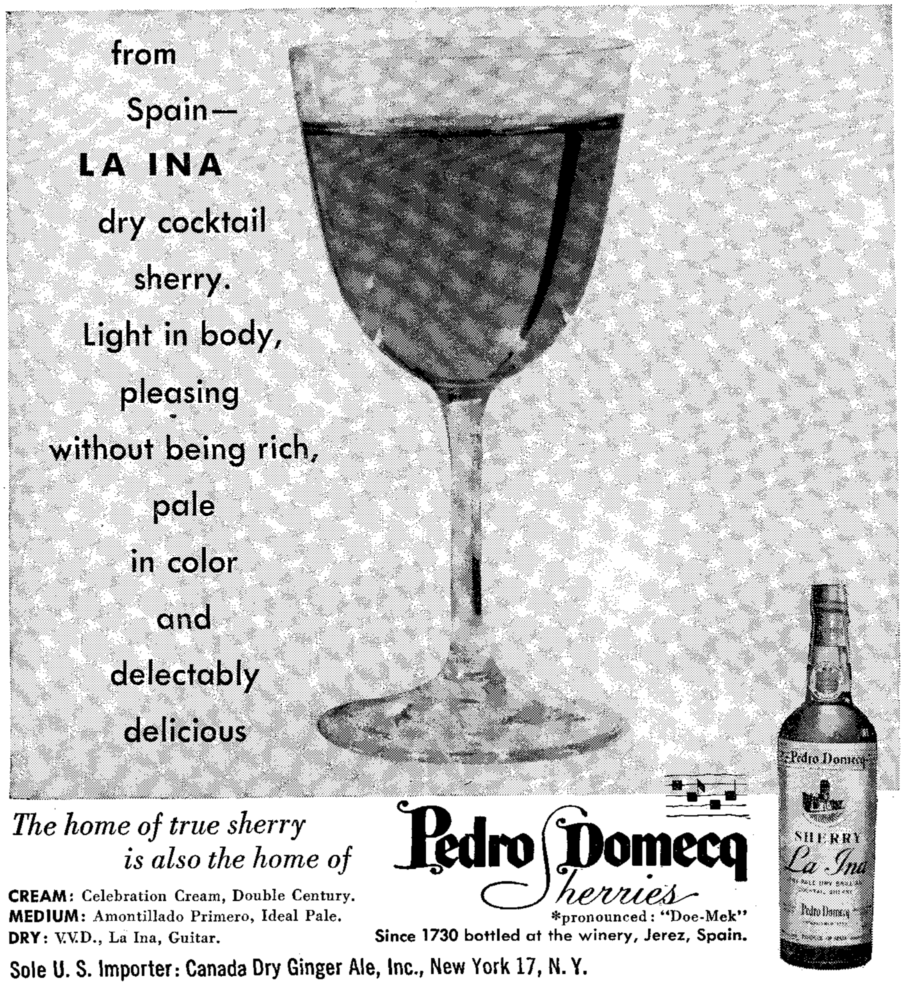
an inconceivable wrench in the works. It was ascribed, variously, to an angry God ("Learn, O Lisbon," one sermon said, "that the destroyers of our houses, palaces, churches, and convents . . . are your abominable sins"), to the Inquisition, to a neglect of the teachings of Moses, to malevolent spirits, and to compressed air. A bill for the "Reformation of the People" was hastily prepared for the House of Commons, and Horace Walpole reported that "nobody makes a suit now but of sackcloth turned up with ashes." Then Voltaire published his celebrated poem on the disaster (in which he held that the world was inescapably evil but not without hope), and when it was followed, not long afterward, by his ruthless "Candide," the "best of all possible worlds" began to pale. Mr. Kendrick, who is the director of the British Museum, threads his way through all these astonishing intellectual and emotional gymnastics with unfailing ease, pausing every now and then for a faint but unmistakable chuckle. Illustrated with reproductions of contemporary paintings, cartoons, maps, and the like.

THE AGE OF ROOSEVELT: THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER, 1919-1933, by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin). This volume, the first in a projected four-volume history of the Roosevelt years, provides the background for the inauguration ceremony of March 4, 1933, when Herbert Hoover, glum and scarcely civil, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, grim but, the author says, unafraid, took the traditional limousine ride to the Capitol. Probably no more thoughtful or surgical or compassionate study of the period in the United States has been written, and while Professor Schlesinger lets his essential liberalism shine through in describing the wild party that was America in the twenties and in appraising the sombre years of the depression, he does not let what Adlai Stevenson once called "twenty-twenty hindsight" get the better of him. A Book-of-the-Month Club choice.

THE BRIDGE AT ANDAU, by James A. Michener (Random House). A few months ago, Mr. Michener spent some time in Austria interviewing refugees from the Hungarian Communist terror—frequently near the old and unsteady footbridge at Andau that was one of the principal escape routes—and this book is based on the stories they told him,



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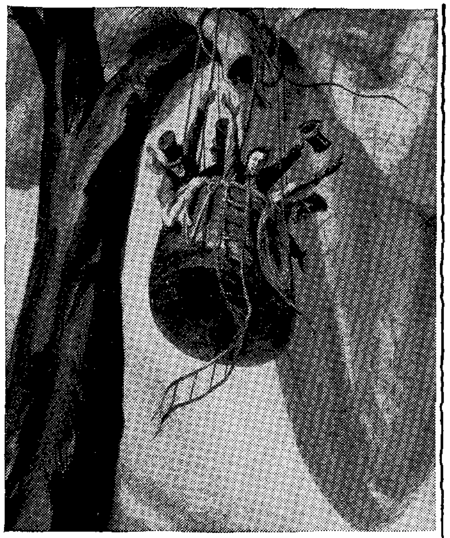

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AN OLD LADY living near Henderson, N.Y. in 1859 scolded at the way the four men had arrived. Such sensible-looking men in such an outlandish vehicle!

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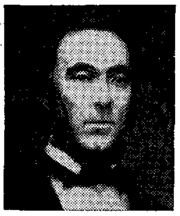

From *AMERICAN HERITAGE*

usually through interpreters, about life in Hungary during and after the uprising. For obvious reasons, some of the characters portrayed by Mr. Michener are composites, and these have a somewhat wooden "typical" quality, but he does provide a vivid picture of the Freedom Fighters' tragic heroism, and of the horrors committed by the Hungarian secret police, which were every bit as chilling as anything attributed to the Gestapo. In his later chapters, Mr. Michener speculates on the causes of the temporary but significant collapse of Communism in Hungary, and ruefully passes on some of the remarks that the Freedom Fighters made to him, usually more in sorrow than in anger, about the Western propagandists who led them to hope they would have allies in their lonely struggle.

AN INTIMATE JOURNAL OF THE DREYFUS CASE, by Maurice Paléologue (Criterion). The author, who died in 1944, kept this diary from October 12, 1894, a few days after the ordeal of Captain Dreyfus got under way, until the end of his second court-martial, at Rennes, five years later, at which his guilt was reaffirmed by the French Army. At the time, M. Paléologue was an official in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs assigned to liaison duty with the Ministry of War (he later became a highly regarded writer, as well as a career diplomat), and he not only was on familiar terms with most of the important actors in the affair—except Dreyfus himself—but was privy to many secret documents. Convinced at first that Dreyfus was guilty, he gradually began to perceive the lineaments of a monstrous plot, and in this journal, which he refused to have published during his lifetime, he recorded his growing suspicions, along with many waspish and witty comments on the personalities involved. Aside from its lively historical interest and its high literary merit, the book is valuable in that it provides a new clue, though a nebulous one, to the abiding mystery of the affair: In whose specific interest was it to convict Alfred Dreyfus?

GERTRUDE STEIN: HER LIFE AND WORK, by Elizabeth Sprigge (Harper). A study of the self-defined "creative literary mind of the century" that, while possibly more factually accurate than "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," is

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only a trifle more objective and, inevitably, quite a bit less entertaining. Although the author tells us at intervals—almost as an act of will, it seems—that Miss Stein was "spoilt by self-esteem," that her lifelong deprecation of Joyce was rooted entirely in envy, and that she quickly tired of friends (Matisse, Hemingway, Braque, Laurencin, Edith Sitwell) when their admiration for her work ceased to be total, it is perfectly clear that Miss Sprigge considers these flaws no more than the engaging crotchets of genius. An indulgent view and probably an overblown evaluation of Miss Stein's stature as an artist. Illustrated.

THE HERO IN ECLIPSE IN VICTORIAN FICTION, by Mario Praz, translated by Angus Davidson (Oxford). Signor Praz has followed "The Romantic Agony" with a study of literature at the opposite pole. His subject is the ideal of mediocrity, contentment, and respectability that came to dominate English literature in the nineteenth century, but, characteristically, he brings to light a good deal that was morbid, grotesque, eccentric, or picturesque on the part of its principal exponents. Conversely, he shows the existence of this ideal in writers like Scott and De Quincey, who are not usually thought to embody it. The author is at his most brilliant in his descriptions of the Dutch painters and in his comparison of Trollope, Dickens, and Thackeray. All the forty illustrations of the original Italian edition have been included, and they illustrate the points made in the text in a manner that is revealing and unexpected. Praz is unique among contemporary critics in compelling whatever he deals with to take on the color and flavor of his temperament. Those who complain of his lack of system should be grateful for his gifts as an artist. The translation is excellent; it reads as if the book had been written in English. Eleven dollars.

ESSAYS ON MUSIC, by Alfred Einstein (Norton). The twenty-two essays in this collection were assembled after Dr. Einstein's death by Paul Henry Lang, a fellow-musicologist and the music critic of the *Herald Tribune*. They were chosen with the double intention of putting between hard covers pieces that either had been published in obscure places or had not been published at all and of displaying the great breadth of Dr. Einstein's interests. This small volume,

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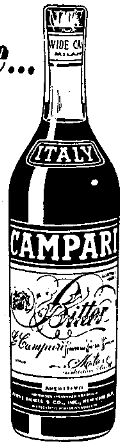

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But there'll come a time—when he is ready for college, or marriage, or his first full-time job—when he'll appreciate your foresight, be grateful for a gift that may have grown with the years, paid dividends along the way.

Rules of grammar notwithstanding, the present with a future is the present perfect.

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like a sample case, illustrates the variety of the man who wrote, among other things, the standard work on the Italian madrigal and a number of books on nineteenth-century music, and who edited the Köchel catalogue of Mozart's work. It also shows a lightness of touch that is less evident in Dr. Einstein's large-scale works. For all their scholarship, these essays are engaging and amusing. They are not pieces that define, organize, and classify; having done all that elsewhere, Dr. Einstein felt free to narrate, to suggest, and to start the reader imagining.

FROM ONE CHINA TO THE OTHER, by Henri Cartier-Bresson, with an introduction by Han Suyin (Universe Books). Another splendid volume in M. Cartier-Bresson's magnificent photographic record of our time. It is also perhaps the most dramatic that he has yet produced, for he has done nothing less than set before us—in a progression of nearly a hundred and fifty high-tension pictures—the galvanic eleven months of 1949 that saw the collapse of the Kuomintang and the triumph of Mao Tse-tung. The captions, by M. Cartier-Bresson, are brief and properly matter-of-fact. The reproduction is the work of the Maîtres-Imprimeurs Draeger, of Montrouge, France, and it is admirable. Ten dollars.

•

A BIRTHDAY CANDLE

Thirty today, I saw
The trees flare briefly like
The candles on a cake,
As the sun went down the sky,
A momentary flash,
Yet there was time to wish
Before the light could die,
If I had known what to wish,
As once I must have known,
Bending above the clean
Candlelit tablecloth
To blow them out with a breath.

—DONALD JUSTICE

•

Mayor Wagner announced his candidacy for reelection to a second term at a special City Hall press conference Thursday.

Overruling protests of Metesky's counsel, Judge Mullen ordered the 54-year-old Mad Bomber brought to court from Bellevue Hospital and, after the hearing, told reporters:

He declared he would complete another full term as Mayor if he were elected.

—*The Mirror*.

Provided City Hall is still there.

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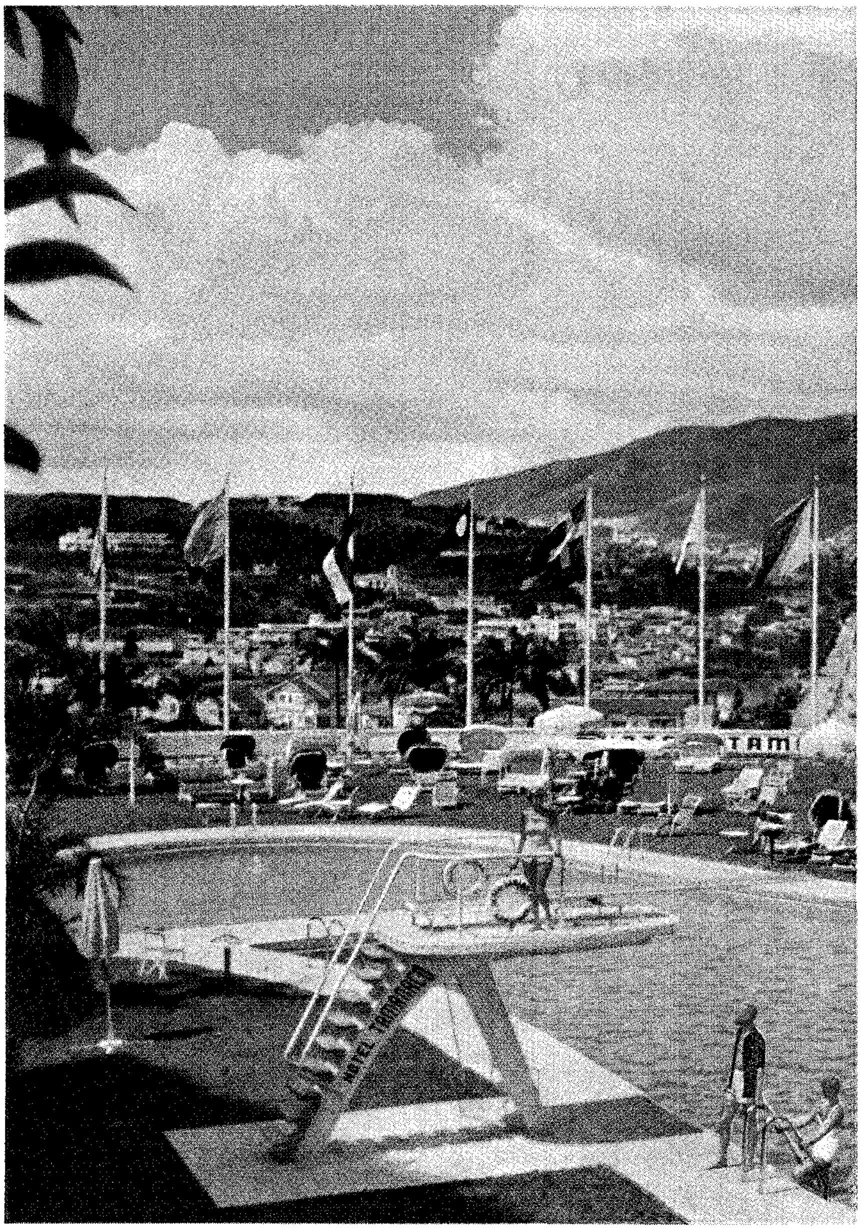

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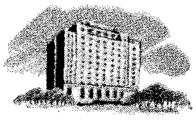

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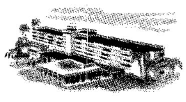

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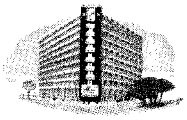

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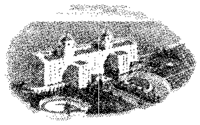

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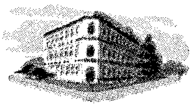

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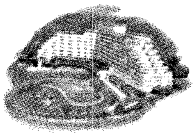

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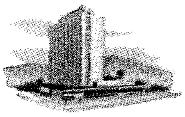

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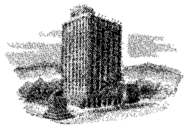

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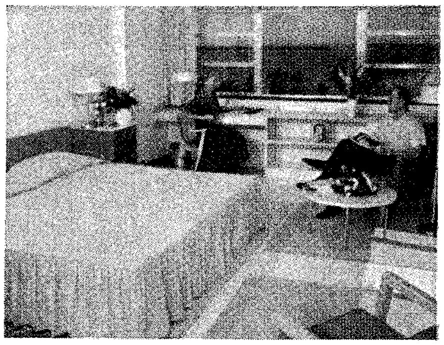

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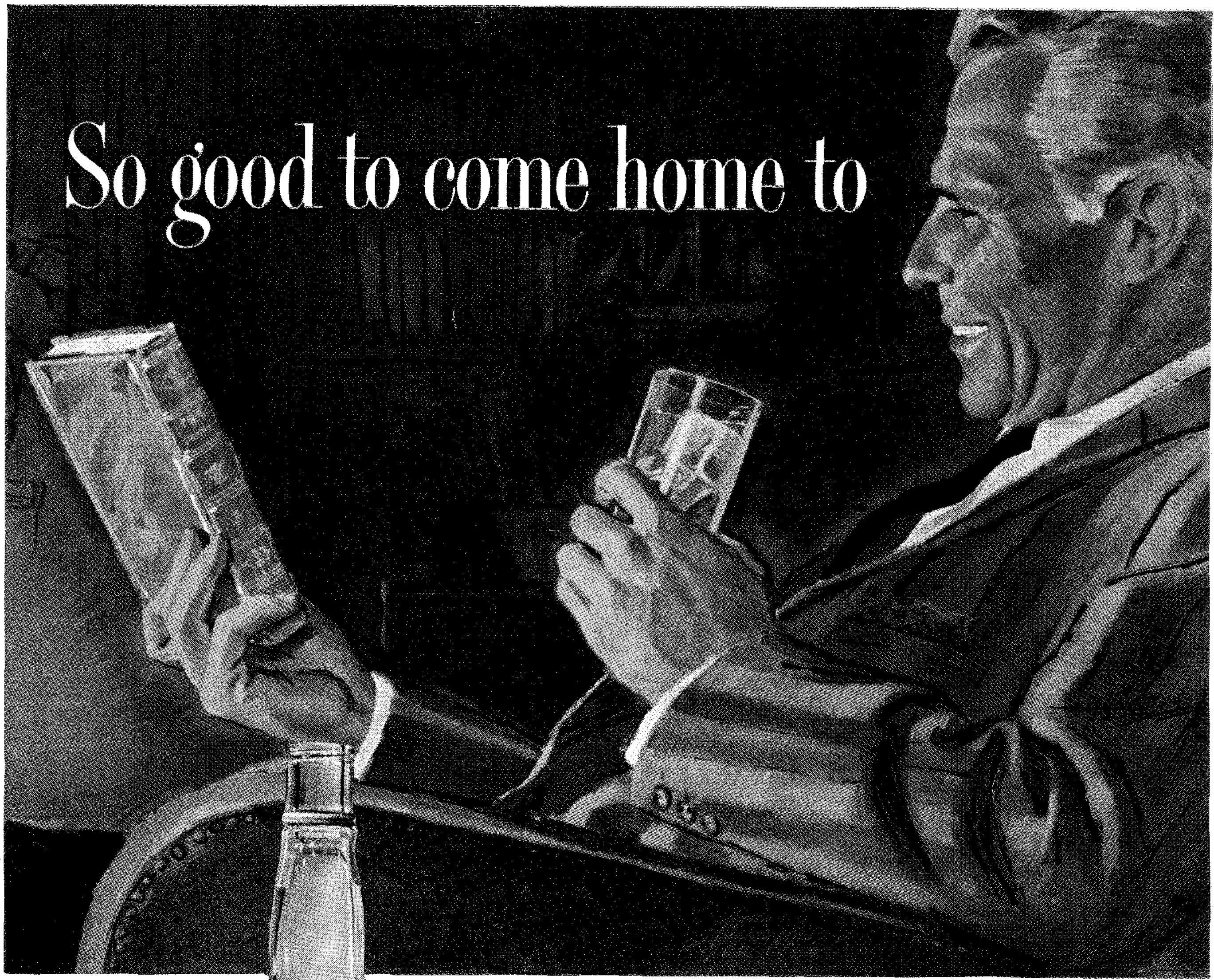
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